THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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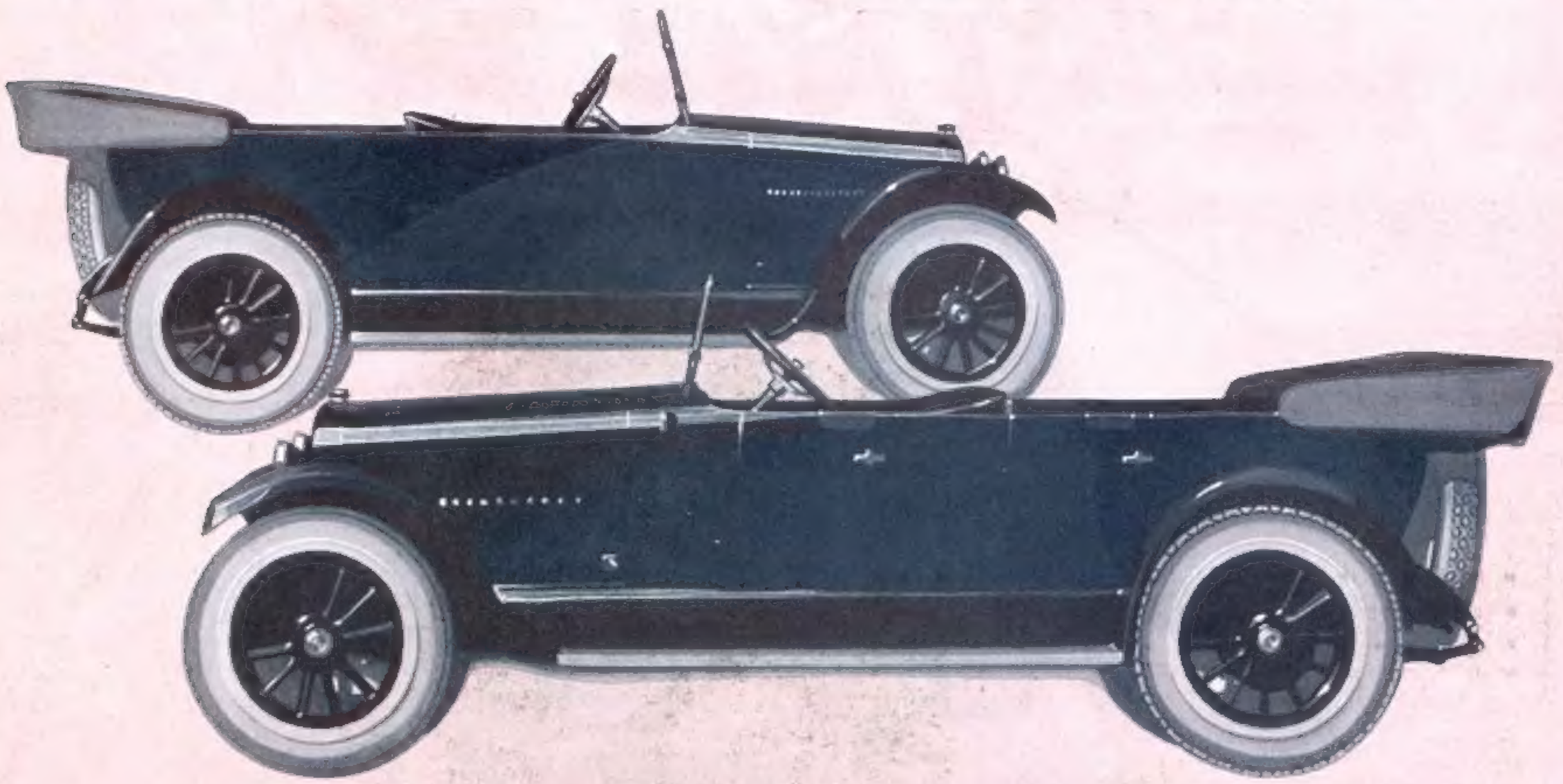
Beginning

A New Ma Pettengill Series—By Harry Leon Wilson

THE TWO OUTSTANDING MOTOR CAR VALUES TODAY



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First introduced at $1395, and even at that figure representing amazing value, the radical price reductions since effected, through increased production and a narrow profit margin, have given this car unquestioned *value leadership* in its field —the quality car at a popular car price.

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2-passenger roadster — *5-passenger sedan*

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The New Nash Six

The New Nash Six—the finest automobile C. W. Nash ever built.

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See this Greater Nash Six at your dealer's—then drive it.

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2-passenger roadster — *4-passenger coupé* — *7-passenger sedan*

See these Nash Values at the Automobile Shows

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THE NASH SIX — NASH — THE NASH FOUR

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FOR YOUNG MEN
and MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

IN an atmosphere of culture and refinement SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES command instant approval. Brilliant in style-conception and finely tailored, they are a splendid realization of elegance in dress.

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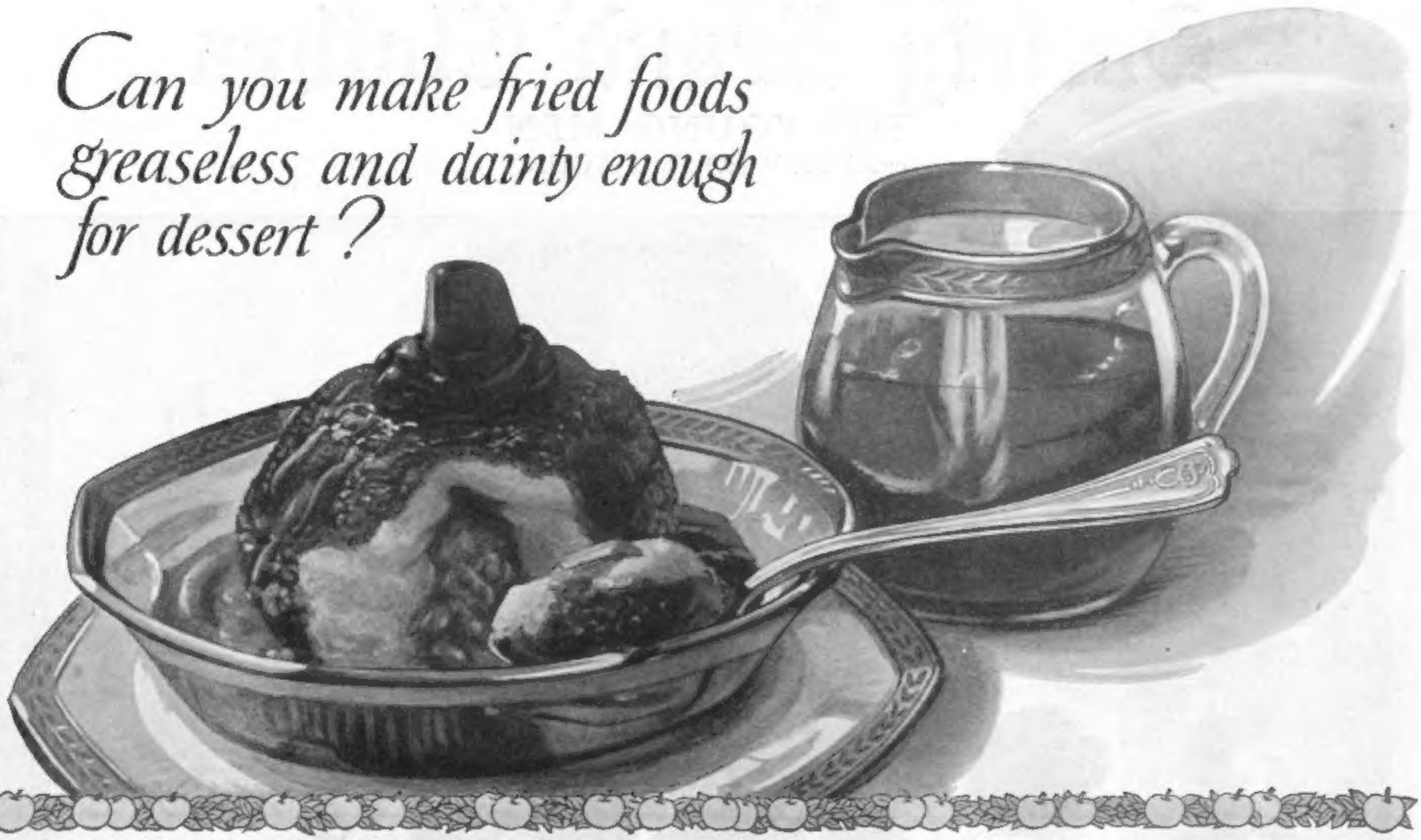
Can you make fried foods greaseless and dainty enough for dessert?



A New Fried Apple Dessert

An apple, boiled in syrup, then fried in Crisco, gives a dessert of a new and delicious taste. Follow this exclusive recipe—one of many in the cookbook offered below.

Apples with Red Currant Jelly

6 cooking apples	6 glace cherries
4 tablespoonfuls flour	red currant jelly
1 egg	Crisco
cake crumbs	syrup
apricot jam	

Choose apples as much as possible same size; peel and core them carefully, so as not to break them. Put 1 cupful syrup in pan or baking tin, put in apples and cook over fire or in oven until nearly done. Baste them occasionally with syrup. Let them get cold, then roll them in flour, brush over with beaten egg, toss in sifted cake crumbs, and fry in hot Crisco a golden brown. Drain on piece of paper, fill centers with apricot jam, cut out some rounds of red currant jelly, place 1 on top of each apple and a glace cherry on that. Dish up and serve hot or cold. An apricot syrup should be sent to table separately with apples.

Should Fat be Heated in a Hot or Cold Kettle?

The answers to practical questions like this, covering all branches of cookery, make "A Calendar of Dinners" one of the most helpful books a housekeeper could have. Its author, Marion Harris Neil, formerly cookery editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal," fills 231 pages with cookery instructions drawn from her wide experience, gives instructions for marketing and carving, tables of weights and measures, cookery time tables, 615 exclusive recipes, and 365 complete dinner menus—one for every day in the year. You can not duplicate this book at any bookstore. Each book *costs* almost fifty cents to print. You can get one copy for only 10c in stamps mailed with your name and address to Section K-1, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HALF the credit for dainty, greaseless fried food goes to the skill of the cook, and half to the frying fat.

The cook's part lies in knowing how to heat the fat without spoiling its quality; in knowing how much fat to use and how hot it should be; in knowing how to coat the food for frying and tell when it is done; and in knowing how to drain off the surplus fat while the food is still warm.

The fat, for perfect results, should be of vegetable origin, so it will not make the food hard to digest; it should be tasteless, so it will give no fatty flavor to delicate foods; it should give up its heat quickly to form on the food a protecting crust that will keep the fat out and the flavor in; it should heat without smoking, so that the frying kettle is pleasant and easy to use; it should not take up any food odors or flavors, so that it can simply be strained after each frying and kept always ready to use again.

You can get *all* of these qualities for perfect frying in Crisco, the modern, vegetable cooking fat. You can get the expert directions that will enable you to do your part right, in the complete cookbook offered at the left. You need not be a user of Crisco in order to get the cookbook. But we are sure that if you once try Crisco, as directed, you never will go back to old-fashioned methods or old-fashioned cooking fat.

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For Cake Making

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GENTLE ANNIE

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THIS Sunday morning on the Arrowhead began deceivingly. Peace was promised by all the portents; a day of unflawed leisure in which parties could catch up on their correspondence, do a bit of cleaning around the house and maybe sneak a cat nap or two while the merry old ranch ran itself for a day. So said Ma Pettengill as breakfast faltered and died. The meal had been slowed by Lew Wee's last offering of waffles. It is his way to shuffle in with the very best of these after one has decided that all is over. New effort must then be made, because it is not within human power to decline perfect waffles at any time; not even those coming after one has believed all to be over. It can't be done, and is not, to my knowledge, attempted by people one would care to know.

My hostess and I behaved humanly now while the apparently indifferent artist affected to busy himself at the far end of the big living room. He seemed to have been stricken with concern about the disorderly array of magazines on a table. He realigned them with the utmost care. He puttered falsely. What he actually waited for were words of praise for his waffles. When these presently were spoken he appeared deaf to them, for that is his way. He too greatly loves praise to betray the raptures it will bring him. One might now have suspected his delicacy to be even a little offended by the warm bluntness of my own words. He shrugged in deprecation. Nevertheless, he instantly quit all sham concern about the neatness of the magazine table and withdrew to cherish in secret the tribute his skill had won. Such is the Chinese cook of the Arrowhead, baffling in his complexity to Occidentals, who often convey the same effect of indifference at such moments, though merely because they are not thrilled as a simple Chinaman is by praise of their achievements.

Ma Pettengill leaned an intent ear toward the door that had closed upon her chef, remaining immobile until a dulled rattle of crockery assured her of his actual presence in the remote kitchen. Then she arose and tiptoed lightly, for a creature of her bulk, to the fireplace. Here, safely behind a smoldering backlog, she left the last half of her last waffle and returned softly to her seat at table, where, after an uneasy glance at the kitchen door, she noisily busied herself with a coffee cup and spoon in pretense that she had not left her seat.

"You can't ever tell when that boy's watching," she explained in a rumbling whisper. "If I'd tried to smuggle that into the pail for the chickens he'd 'a' caught me sure. He did ketch me with a half a one not long ago, and I had to pretend I'd brought it to eat on my way to the corral. He followed along while I et it too," she concluded grimly.

I said it was a low trick to play upon a trusting cook; one I would never descend to. If you sincerely believed you could always eat one more waffle the power would be vouchsafed you. I proved this in the full and doubting gaze of the woman. The incident was closed. Ma Pettengill rolled a cigarette and again joyously enlarged upon the trifles that would impart an agreeable zest to her day of leisure. The omens were still auspicious.

There came a swift battering of hoof beats on the hard road that leads up the lane to the outer highway, and half a dozen of the Arrowhead's crack cavalry galloped past the window.

"That's how them dumb-bells enjoy a day of rest," remarked their employer. "They'll now beat it eight miles down to Kulanche and have cowboy sports and pastimes till you'd think it was the first chance at a little exercise they'd had in a month. Wouldn't you s'pose they'd want a change one day in the week? Wouldn't you think the sight of a saddled horse on Sunday would plunge 'em into a sullen rage? Not so. They ride six days a week because they have to and the seventh because they want to. I guess some human-nature sharp could explain it in a book for two dollars. He could explain it to himself. But not to me, because the six days they have to ride they talk highly sincere about its being a dog's life. Me? I know it's that. Can you see me going out now and setting up in a saddle when I can stay in here and set pretty in a gentle rocking-chair and think about how weak-minded I am to keep on in the cattle business? You cannot!"

So I did not try, feeling too slightly effortful even for tasks where earnest endeavor might be rewarded. Certainly I was not fit to attempt the impossible. Always the last waffle seems to make more difference than any of the others. I strolled to the window that looks down toward the bunkhouse and corrals. This permitted a view of four less adventurous members of the Arrowhead staff—of the infantry, these—who engaged in laundry work. The corral fence had already a gay air, being festooned with simple forthright garments running from scarlet to neutral tints that seemed joyously to welcome the morning breeze. All here was peace. A Sabbath calm persisted. Lew Wee lent it color. Upon the back steps, which the sun now warmed, he read what appeared to be his home-town paper.

Inside, Ma Pettengill had gone to her desk and above certain documents there she grumbled; but largely from habit, I thought. Her tone lacked asperity. It was the perfunctory grumbling of one facing a day of idleness that seemed too good to be true. Could she spend her spare time answering Uncle Sam's inquiries about how many cattle she'd turned on the forest reserve without a permit? She could not, because the forest-service birds franked their letters and she had to stamp hers, and just with that one little advantage they had her a loser. When she gambled she wanted a chance, and she was already gambling. Wasn't she staking a good bunch of cattle on a guess that her hay would outlast the winter? The bunch was worth forty-three thousand dollars; that was what she said. The bunch was worth thirty-five thousand; that was what the buyers said. And she was setting tight for what she said. She might whiten a little on the mane while waiting, and show another crease or two in the complexion; but being pretty is one thing; making a cow outfit pay is another.

She'd Sing to Him That Beautiful Hymn About Butchering the City People and Getting Steeped in Their Rich Red Blood

And here was a notice from the bank that her account was overdrawn. Some snip of a bank clerk that wouldn't know a cow if he seen one! If he knew anything about her game he wouldn't be surprised her account was overdrawn. She was astonished it had lasted this long. Fussy people, bankers. The minute they find an account that won't subtract they act like it was something against Nature. Still, they only asked a note for it. That showed there was brains in the place somewhere. Somebody'd knew enough not to ask for anything better than a note. Anyway she was having one good day of rest.

The bomb exploded fairly in the midst of our Sabbath peace, leaving devastation on all sides. It was hurled by one of the home-staying ranch hands, who came to report a domestic imbroglio in one of the adjacent pastures. Ma Pettengill listened to the report of her adjutant, uttered commands to him in a strained voice and fled to her room, trailing imprecations meant for one Alamo Reuben, who, it appeared, was not only a fighting character but immoral. I had not as yet grasped the full import of the catastrophe. Thus far it seemed nothing to be anguished about. I therefore picked up the Breeders' Gazette from the table recently neatened by Lew Wee, and when the lady reappeared five minutes later accoutered in the riding breeches, putties, khaki shirt and broad hat of her week-day travail I was deep in a sprightly column headed Chats on Fertilizers.

She paused to acquaint me with some of the snares that await a misguided woman with not enough brains to get up a good headache, who has thought she could raise beef cattle at a profit; a woman, moreover, so besotted in her delusions that every once in a while she would get to believing she might have a free Sunday, same as other working people. She spoke thus while awaiting her horse, and, after enlarging upon her own pitiable deficiencies of intellect, she limned for me the rude details of the present crisis. Alamo Reuben, the fighting character, was not only immoral but nearsighted. Therefore he had failed to see three lines of wire fence between his own domain and the seraglio of Majestic Folly, another male Hereford that could win prizes at a county fair, but in a bull fight seemed unable to back up the rumblings he sent forth. No matter about that, because they was both bluffers when it come to a pinch, and likely to take it out in pawing the earth, lowering the head in a threatening manner and calling names.

What did matter was that the fuddlehead who had thought you could get a tranquil day now and then must go out and again bunch three paddocks of registered cows, classing them according to the highly important numbers branded on their horns. And not a puncher left on the place; just some walking ranch hands that for all the good they'd be in this here emergency might as well be in a bank, hounding decent people about their accounts. Served her right for keeping thirty years at a game no one had ever beat unless luck struck, so come on out and see the fun.

Whereupon I abandoned Chats on Fertilizers and went on out to see the fun. It proved to be funny in spots, both to see and to hear; for Ma Pettengill not only continued to lament her broken day of rest but at frequent intervals would make personal remarks about the riding prowess of her assistants. More than once she bluntly accused them of attempting subterfuge; of contriving an appearance of fast riding that was actually not fast. She said if a cow needed heading it fooled no one to ride at a walk and lean a long ways forward in the saddle. It might fool children, but not grown people—and she had her growth.

Yet the herds were at last cut and in their rightful pastures, after which the marauding roué, Alamo Reuben, now seeming much ashamed of himself, had to receive treatment for his barbed-wire cuts. Unguents were applied by his owner, who meantime reviled him to his face in the harshest manner. When she left him, apparently resolved to lead a better life, the woman spoke briefly of barbed wire. She said it had been the outstanding delusion of modern times. Never until the late war had it been the least use to man or beast; even then its advantages had been fifty-fifty, because the prying Germans had someway found out about it. But it showed you what farmers was. You could sell a farmer anything that sounded good. Barbed wire sounded good, so the chuckleheads kept on buying it in spite of proof aplenty that it always done more harm than good, because if stock was going through a fence it would go. It sent no scouts ahead to find out if the wire was barbed. It went and found out later.

And here she was hungry again, and betting dinner would be late like it always was on Sunday. I, too, was hungry again. Four active hours in the crisp open had made the morning abundance of waffles a remote and gracious memory. It was not now easy to believe that one had ever been endowed with too many waffles. The lady excused herself on regaining the house. She would again get into something easy, though aware that this would be tempting the powers of evil to renewed malignity. She reappeared ten minutes later in a beflowered robe and soft shoes. Her nose was expertly powdered. But the eye did not linger here. It ran to the brown bottle she clutched to her bosom. She approached the table set for another meal and placed two glasses side by side.

"Have a shot of Gentle Annie," she urged.

I sipped of the prettily named beverage, finding it indeed gentle, of an innocent and fruity flavor. Two more sips and it seemed fairly persuading. There was a tang that lingered, a tang rich with promise.

"Such is the message of Russia to Kulanche County," said my hostess when she had drained her glass. "But we won't try to read it all at once," she added as she recorked the bottle.

"Russia?"

Sam Thought His Father-in-Law Was Going to Help Annie, But the Old Man Explained That He Was There Merely to Look On

"Revolutionary stuff—Bolshevism in the home. Folks are likely to claim at first they can't seem to get along any on it. But they do; they do, indeed! It seems to soothe the vitals, but it carries a message of insurrection and turbulence. Parties that trifle with it get to feeling that no government is good enough for 'em."

"Russia?" I again queried.

"Named after Annie Arensky. If you was to take as many as four drinks of it you'd know all about Annie."

"Isn't there some easier way to find out all about Annie?"

"Oh, you could be told, I s'pose. If you ever do get told, then you'll know all about this here nectar. One interprets the message of the other, as Mrs. Henrietta Templeton Price would say."

I sipped again of the drink—cautiously.

"Is this stuff's namesake one of our neighbors?" I demanded.

"Yes; she's the semidetached wife of Sad Sam Roach. Before this revolution there would be times when Sad Sam didn't seem to be too well named. He'd have little bursts of gayety when he'd made a good trade or saved two dollars or something. But Annie changed that when he started his counter revolution. Ever since then she's made the name fit him like a coat of tan."

So I bluntly demanded particulars. Too bluntly, perhaps, for the lady reverted to the apparently irrelevant topic of barbed wire. I had to hear again that farmers bought it because it sounded good. Not that she blamed the crooks who sold it. Somebody was bound to get a farmer's money. Might as well be the wire man as anyone. But it was funny that no one in all these years had done enough headwork to figure out that barbed wire never did anything but cut up stock that was going through anyway.

This was unimportant, even if true. What had wire, barbed or not, to do with Annie Arensky, semidetached wife of Sad Sam Roach? Why would the woman persist in shop talk? It was not until the end of dinner that she caught up the loose ends of wire with the loose ends of Annie and wove them together. Even then it was only to remark that divorce laws were only wire fence around the home pasture, and that barbs should be left off of 'em. If people was going to leave the home paddock they left whether the law was barbed or not. All the barbs did was to cut 'em up needless. Rampaging stock or rampaging married couples was the same. All you could do—put up a plain fence they could see. If that didn't hold 'em barbs wouldn't do the trick.

The self-starter had worked at last; the engine was turning over. I threw the gear shift into low with "How did Annie semidetach herself from Sad Sam?" and Ma Pettengill was presently humming in high.

It was Henrietta Templeton Price, Red Gap's social leader and almost-younger matron of the smart set, that took up Russia in a serious way a couple of winters ago. She'd got used to taking up things during the war, and when that was over mebbe she thought Russia was the only thing left to take up in a serious way; or mebbe what started her was Truman Carr coming back from Vladivostok with his war bride that he'd won while being a soldier over there; or mebbe it was because Truman had also won his bride's father and her sister, this gentle Annie. Henrietta said they both had more atmosphere than Truman's bride, who was merely wishing a chance to be not murdered. All three of 'em had been nearly shot by both sides over in the home town, they being too pro-something or other. I never knew which side they had been too much for. I don't think they did. They was Russians, all right.

Anyway Henrietta left Italy and the Balkans flat the minute she seen these survivors of the Russian millennium. I s'pose the father was the one that decided her, him being picturesque in the most Russian way; intensely Russian, Henrietta said. He was all haired up. The whiskers you see nowadays are likely to be just a foible. With Ivan they had been a life work. They was hardy perennials, a tangled mesh of same. He was known at once as Ivan the Terrible on account of this pandemonium of hair.

The minute Henrietta catches sight of this fur-bearing muzhik she says with clasped hands, "What can his message be to us of the West?"

Henrietta is always looking for messages. Anything that has a message she'll take up. So she took up the Arenskys proper. She said they'd have a message to our modern nervous times, and weren't we struck with the longing in their faces that spoke of the vast melancholy of the Russian steppes? And we must have a course in Russian novels and some rare evenings of Russian song.

The novels came first. Everyone in Henrietta's set would read one and write a paper on it. She even made me do some reading. It was a fine novel. Small-town life. Everyone committed suicide in the last two chapters; everyone but the author and an undertaker, I hope. I told Henrietta it seemed to make Russia's message all too plain, but she said it portrayed the subtlety of the Slavic genius. It didn't really mean that everyone ought to kick off; it meant something different, though I never learned what. And I heard some of the papers read about the other novels. It seemed I'd struck an extra good one. In the others only the hero killed himself, after finding out in the last part that nothing else would interpret the Slavic genius. They was all bound to interpret this at any cost.

When we'd got some of these inklings of the Slavic genius Henrietta had her evenings of Russian song. It was on one of them I first met Annie and her father. Ivan was like I've told you, with the vast Slavic melancholy of his whiskers; and Annie was a stout, medium-sized girl, with mouse-colored hair and downcast eyes, very quiet and earnest, like she had the message of Russia all ready to hand out. She was broad across the cheeks; kind of broad all the way down, for that matter. Her mane was roached and her chin was one of them you can get a fight out of if really so minded. But she was slow and gentle. Henrietta said that she, also, shadowed forth the subtle melancholy of her native land, the icy fervor of the Slavic genius.

The evening of song was grand. Ivan would sing something, then Annie would oblige. Ivan's foliage kind of fogged some of his low notes, but Annie had no impediment. The minute she opened up I got the notion that her gentleness was some more Slavic subtlety. Her voice was hoarse but determined. When she sung a thing she meant it. After one of 'em had done a song we'd find out what it meant in English. Henrietta would read the translations, making her tones as deep and Slavic as possible. And what these songs meant in English was trouble; simply that.

The first one, I remember, began, "Ah, how it hurts!"

They all hurt. They was lamentations about moaning forests and flowing streams of bitter tears and mountains

lying heavy on the heart and fatal accidents and criminal violence. They might begin gay enough, but that was to fool you, like the one that started off about the joys of spring that melts the snow and brings the pretty flowers; but the joker was that an old peasant had got froze to death under the snow and the song needed spring to show how well he had kept. Another started gay about some happy girls that go out to gather wild strawberries. Their songs and laughter resounded, but all at once one maiden, it says, can't be found.

"Then the others weep and cry, 'She's been eaten by some wolf near by.'"

I'm just telling you. That was the end of the song. It showed the Slavic genius had hard work to be merry, like another one, a jolly boat song where the boat, gliding through the beauteous water, tipped over and drowned two little girls in the Volga. One of the good ones was called Despondency, I remember, and even the cradle songs was Slavic.

One mother, singing to her child, says, "By-by, sleep my pretty boy! Distress and grief and despair have we and there's no relief from our misery," and so forth. Another mother sings by-by, that her little one is going to have one tough time of it from insult and injury if he don't watch his Russian steppe, or something. Even kids in the cradle got the message of Russia.

The swell song of the evening was one Annie sung at the last. It was then I saw for sure that any time she didn't get her rights she'd be more Slavic than gentle. This swell song was called The Dark Forest, and told about how people lived there in freedom until they grew powerful. Then, it says, "Now in vengeance they fell on the city folk and they slaughtered them, and their enemies did they laugh to scorn, and they steeped themselves in the blood that ran."

Annie simply threw herself into that Russian song hit. Her big chest swelled and her voice burred up something fierce when she got to butchering the city folks and steeping herself in their blood out of revenge. The song didn't say what the revenge was for.

All in all, I felt I now had the message of Russia, though it seemed to be nothing I could use at the moment. It was one of them things you file for future reference. So I turned my thoughts to the message of Kulanche County, with its vast melancholy that comes from trying to get 85 per cent calves and keeping your summer range fenced so no degraded sheepman can say he never knew he was on it. It seemed more in line with my own subtle yearnings. Of course if this here to-day had been a Russian novel I'd 'a' steeped myself in the blood of them flicker-brained ranch hands this morning, and would now for some hours have been suspended by the neck out in the hay barn as cold and lifeless as the hero of any Russian masterpiece you ever read. But I guess I ain't got much Slavity. However ——

Off up here, far from the thriving metropolis of Red Gap, I hear nothing more about the message of Russia till I learn it has been delivered to Sad Sam Roach. He's a kind of a third cousin of Henrietta Price's, though not one she boasts of or often lets into the house when company's there, account of him being dressed in the cheapest clothes money will buy and depending far too much on his knife at table. Sam has that place on the other side of the valley, about six miles down the creek. He raises grain on his land and hogs on mine. He is not a spendthrift. They say what first made him sad was learning at the age of tender infancy that two cents and two cents don't make five. He will now fondle a dollar to death. Even Safety-First Timmins says Sam is close, which is some tribute. But he must of got let into one of Henrietta's evenings of Russian song, where he saw gentle Annie; heard her sing, mebbe, though it's a good bet he didn't get the English of it. And Annie and Ivan the Terrible took to him at once. He seemed to have a vast Slavic melancholy of his own, and they also said they wanted to get back to the land.

Sad Sam ain't one of your sentimental mush-heads either. He'd killed one wife by hard work, and another had left him for the same cause just before perishing, and you can believe it wasn't Annie's voice that won his affection. It would have been her big hands and staunch feet and general build, and probably some talk he had with her father in which Ivan disclosed that Russian females make the best farm workers in the world if only they have a good driver. Sam must have been throwed into a tender glow when he heard this. Only a little before that he'd confided to me that what he needed was one of the old-fashioned womanly women that wasn't above getting out into the open air and doing a few things that would bring the roses back to her wan cheeks. He said the women nowadays was getting to be a lot of sissies. So the message of Russia must of read good to him, and pretty soon gentle Annie become his bride.

She spent her half of the honeymoon cleaning ditches, mending harness, building fence and plowing the rich soil of the Kulanche steppes. Also, she done a few little odds and ends of blacksmithing. It must of looked to Sam like an ideal marriage; like he'd at last found his soul mate. I s'pose it didn't look so bad to Annie either. It was the same busy way she always had conducted herself, and over here no one was going to back her up to a trench and stop her from thinking so-and-so about whatever government was then doing the subtle Slavic stuff. She didn't have to care who was president, and she couldn't hear of anyone out gathering strawberries that was et by some wolf near by. She was not the pampered toy of a man, but on the other hand she was in a country where high explosives is chiefly used to blow stumps out of the ground, and where mothers didn't croon to their babes that life was going to be just one steady hurrah of fancy killings, with the survivors doing it to themselves.

It was then that Ivan, her father, disclosed some more of Russia's message to America, which is that free-born men will make merry with a ukase forbidding 'em to drink. He'd come along to Sam's with Annie, but of course he was above doing woman's work like she did. He started in with one samovar he'd fetched from holy Russia, and by means of some subtle copper tubing he was soon turning out the unpermitted beverage you just sampled. He made a hit in no time. People would come miles to hear him sing "Ah, how it hurts!" or the other blithe ditties, and pretty soon he was rich enough to move a couple of versts farther down the creek to a shack of his own and go into quantity production.

His product was a grand relief in one way. These fool ranch hands had been trying out different things with a kick, and many had kicked beyond all reason. The best they'd been able to do with hard stuff was something that looked like gasoline and tasted like machinery. One swallow made you guess you'd took a few papers of needles. I never did take more than that, not figgering in a Russian society novel. And beer they tried. It was busy stuff. When they'd start to open bottles of it for a party the scene would look like Yellowstone Park, with Old Faithful and the other geysers spouting their darnedest. About the only thing you dared touch around here was apple juice that someone had put in a barrel and let Nature commit the offense. I hear it said you can be pinched if you don't stop Nature from doing this dirty work, but I don't know.

Anyway, Ivan, still looking as if a barber should engage in welfare work on him, proved to be a good influence in our little ranching community. His beer was just insurgent enough, and a lot better than you used to buy, and this gentle-Annie stuff kept people from corroding themselves with amateur poisons. And like I told you, although meek tasting, it carries a high voltage and should be partook of

(Continued on Page 55)

The Evening of Song Was Grand. Ivan Would Sing Something. His Foliage Kind of Fogged Some of His Low Notes

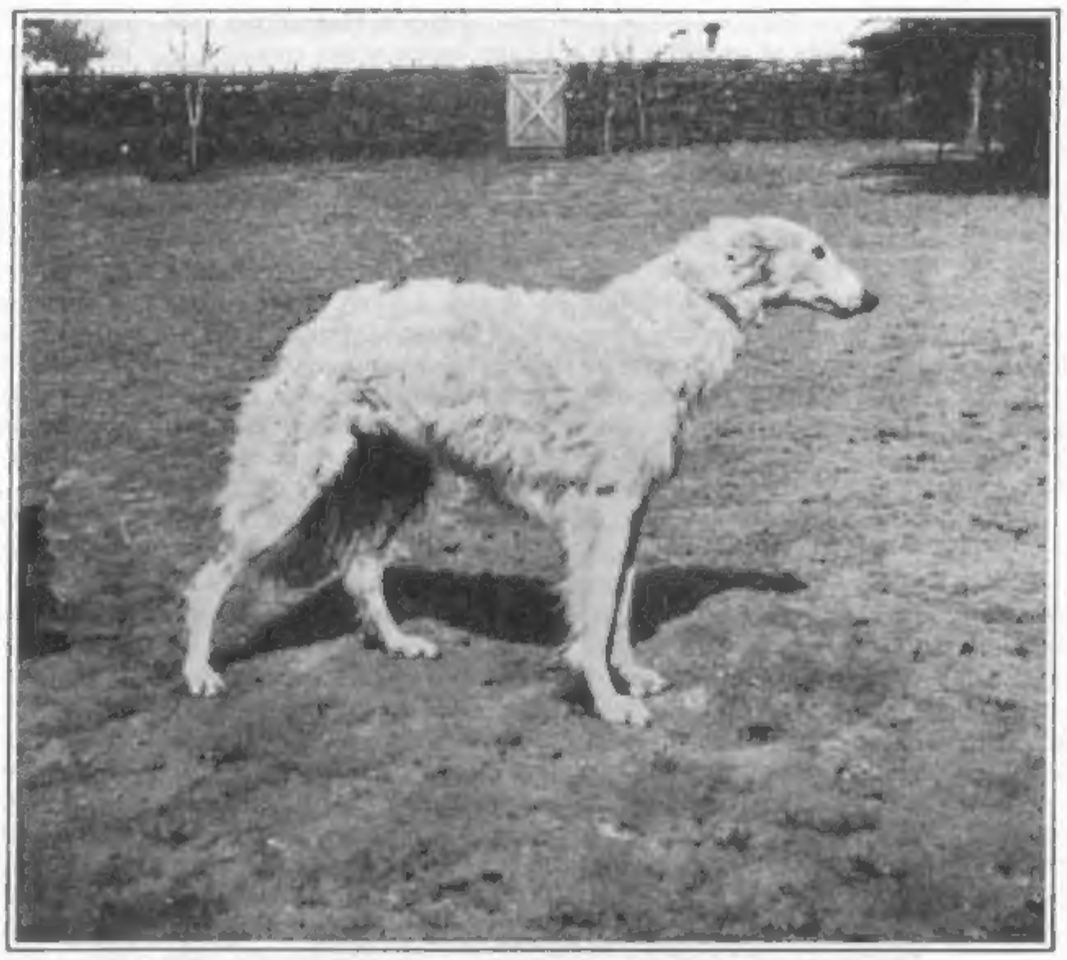
Country Life in Old Russia

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

RUSSIA to-day is a land of mystery in the tales we are told of life under Bolshevik rule. Heart-rending are the sufferings of its people; touching are their patience, faith and nobility of character; strong their appeal to our admiration and charity. As much because of their silent dignity as because of the intensity of their sacrifice and the depth of Christianity they show in their attitude toward a hideous fate do its people hold our attention. Land of fatality, of talent and of strength, that strength of inert resistance, it promises us after the darkness of night a brilliant dawn. Even most superficial observers—thick-hided speculators, cranks and relief workers all feel this lure. Outside, we wonder why would-be doctors—whether charlatan or sincere—should regard this invalid among the nations as so certain of recovery in spite of long martyrdom, writhing misery and delirium alternating with a weakness which is so near to death at times.

Is it because of the past of Russia's people? Is it because of their riches or because onlookers feel the pulse of the vast bear still undiminished in its beating through this agony? Or are we so Christian as to remember that after a crucifixion came a resurrection once before, and does thus our faith survive in an ally who seems exhausted?

It is hard to guess the reasons; but I find that Americans who gaze from inside on the tragic sight, as well as exiles who have suffered and survived, hold one opinion—Russia will return in greater glory, reborn to a new future and strong to aid the world. They claim this in the face of most discouraging circumstances, and after ineffective fumblings in a desire to aid they will stand back and let the Russian people find their way to light and safety, I think. Slowly the colossus turns. We wonder how this healing is to come about. We know so little of Russia, and that little seems so futile now. This vast portion of our earth, this large portion of our race, has a nature apart from all the races we have previously studied. Riches untold, material and spiritual, for a thousand years have lain there, and we have been content to accept friendship and support in many a crisis of our history without a further thought of our benefactors.



A Typical Borzoi, Wolfhound, of the Bouromka Kennels

Popular Misconceptions

STORY-TELLERS presented us pictures—broad plains covered with snow, a lonesome sleigh traversing them, carrying two or three richly dressed people, their heads bent to escape the icy wind; wolves yelping in pursuit of a prey which was being swept ahead of them at the top speed of three strong black horses. That was Russia as known to the outside world. Yet the sleigh must come from somewhere, be going somewhere; the men and their steeds must eat and sleep. Other artists in words presented Russia as a plain, hot and dry, with ferocious Cossacks madly galloping, knout in hand, beating fleeing, weeping peasants; seizing grain, but driving its producers in long processions across Siberian deserts, into prison houses, where life was unspeakably frightful, and where everyone was soon killed off. Over this depicted misery hung in our minds a final story of an Aladdin's fairy court, served with every luxury from East and West—all this brought to offer a Czar with the attributes of an executioner, or at best of a slave driver—and that is all we even thought we knew of Russia.

I confess when I went to my adopted country after my marriage amazement was my predominant emotion. For months, even years, little by little I found myself discarding notions which had been created in my mind as in others by the legend of Russia served broadcast to the reading public.

Why let a bloody tale of Ivan the Terrible dominate one's opinion of the gentlest sovereign in Europe, Nicholas II, when the latter was really so shy and modest, so gentle and mystic that the history of no other country could point to another such figure? And even Ivan, if looked at by the standards of the age in which he lived, did not hold a candle to the popes, and sovereigns in several other countries. Compared to the Borgias and various French Louis; compared to some of the German Williams or Fredericks, Ivan was as a child in crime. But the legend was there and we all believed. Darkest Russia and a terrible Czar lived together in our imaginations.

How many know that women's votes in the provinces of Russia on all zemstvo, or district, questions were exactly of the same value as were the votes of men? How many know that one of the greatest mathematicians of the last generation was a woman of St. Petersburg? That Russia threw open the doors of most of the professions to women among the first of the world countries? That nowhere in Europe were all paths open so completely to the self-made man as in Russia, where fortune, rank, title, constructive work, social position and grateful recognition were given him without stint, and that the peasantry owned more than thirty per cent of the whole land ever since the liberation of the serfs is also true but unknown.

Yet there were autocracy, bureaucracy, an ignorant peasantry, an official church and patriarchal forms of life, an organization of caste strata, one above the other—all the things Americans condemn, even to a dominated press and a secret police force snooping about. After I arrived in Russia and began to get the local point of view I grew by degrees to feel in some things it was better than our American attitude, possibly because in some of their actions or ways of thinking the Russians had grown slowly, were more natural than ourselves. In 1776, when we as a nation were born grown up, we knew what we wished to make of ourselves. They had no knowledge save from past experience, and felt their way. The Russians lure one on, and seem full of unexpected turns and new horizons, like some country road still of soft earth and loose stones, while the rest of Europe has reached the conventionalized stage of paved city streets to an observer.

At dinner I often sat by a cabinet minister who had sprung from the peasantry or from the simplicities of a small provincial town, yet who ranked with the best of political brains on the Continent, and could talk of Italian music or English painting or of Tom Sawyer with equal appreciation and knowledge; or one sat by some brilliant amateur sportsman, by profession an officer of the Imperial Guards, rich and born with one of the empire's greatest names, and he would plunge into a discussion of Maeterlinck or Kant, and had been intellectually fed on the poets of all nations. Imagine an American millionaire or an English aristocrat talking of such matters at a dinner party!

Children though the Russians are, with eighty or more per cent who cannot read or write, to my mind they have the most brilliant intellects, the cleverest hands, the strongest bodies of any people I have encountered; and though to them often the longest way round is the shortest way home, there is no doubt that other nations must look to their laurels, for slowly but surely Russia will reach her goal. Even the defects of this greatest of the Slav family are strong primitive faults and follies, not the viciousness or degeneracy of an old nation past its prime.

Will History Repeat Itself?

THE riot of Bolshevism is in its degenerate sides alien to Russia—both the organization and the organizers—and it was only by captivating the idealistic imaginations and feeding the childish ambitions of the least developed classes that the foreign propagandists got their hold. Then like a parasite, because the people were healthy and the resources so great, this monster of intrigue and exploitation lived on our riches. They haven't killed yet either soul or brain or body, and group after group still protests and rises up against the vile tyrants. The misery of disillusion came, the effort to fight off this domination followed, and as some centuries ago the Tartars were thrown back, so will our Russians make a mighty move, wash themselves in blood from the mud of these bad times and fill a rôle in history.

The Russian is not a faultless being—far from it; but I knew many of them in varied surroundings, and in spite of irrepressible impatience with some of their ways I found myself always recalling the old French proverb: "One esteems people for their qualities; one loves them for their faults."

Yes, one loves them. Even their most faulty specimens have charm, and one esteems much and admires much as well. One's heart aches; one stands in awe before their heroism and sufferings in this great drama they are going through. The people who go in and out over the frontiers, looking for the first time on some small part of Russia's landscape, watching one or two small sections of the population in its present stress and strain, and

Prince Cantacuzène's Four-in-Hand

then coming back to their own comfortable homes—these spectators report on Russia with an air of having intimate knowledge. It is as if some Frenchman who spoke no language but his own landed at Tampa during a strike of the Spanish cigar-factory hands, who might have risen there against the German factory owners; and then as if the Frenchman went back to Paris and lectured on life among the Pilgrim Fathers or the Yukon pioneers. No Frenchman would do this about the United States, but everyone talks of Russia with about this much opportunity for study. Yet what writer can seize the traditions, instincts, passions of a thousand slow, heavy years' growth which some heap of rags, a sleeping refugee lying in a Volga station, personifies? Who knows the dreams which came to him as he wandered in our forests or followed the plow over the steppe land in earlier days? Does the casual visitor learn aught of the legends and the music this man received from his ancestors and transmitted to his offspring—the spiritual power, the religion of old Russia long before the war?

Even after twenty years among these people, one realizes that to know them well one must be of them for a long, long time, and love them still in their misery to-day. This present famine and blood are but a small patch in the quilt which took all time in the making, and it is as a result of the past and as an element in future development that the peasant is most interesting. Just now his condition is fluid, somewhere between two epochs and his influence is less felt.

Looking Across the Lake of the Cantacuzène Estate

I grew to love our villagers at Bouromka, and I felt their fate was very sad when I first reached my home in Russia. On the estates there were, I found, three of these villages, each one with a very different character.

The Villages at Bouromka

THE first was made up of peasants who had been rich and free always, who were descended from the nomad Cossack bands of olden times; the second's population was composed of real Ukrainian types, with dark, quick, intelligent faces; and the third village was largely full of northern Slavs, who, having drifted south or been brought there by the landed proprietors in ancient days, were quieter and slower. But they had grown rich on the lands they tilled, and they lived in mild content and solid comfort. In this village of Mihaïlovka there was a big church, and a rich man here and there rented many acres of us and drew from these a maximum production, kept flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; and one used a fine old farmhouse, where he and his sons lived with all their combined families in crowded peasant fashion. They bought smart agricultural machinery and piled their money up in the post office or at the priest's house, unless it was kept hidden on the farm itself, in some dark corner. There was plenty of money.

Each year this farmer rented more land and added to the hands who worked upon it; each year, when he came to sign his contract at our courtyard office, he and our superintendent consumed much tea and smoked many cigarettes over the details of the document. The old man would show the shrewdest sense of his own value as a tenant, while of the land he worked his knowledge was supreme. Yet his name on this official paper was only a cross! Once business was finished, there followed a friendly dinner with our superintendent, where Mrs. Superintendent and her fourteen children sat in silence, while her admirable borsch and her cheese and black bread were done full justice. Tea and cigarettes and vodka figured, potatoes and some lard; but probably meat was not included in the fare.

Before he left, this bigwig of the farthermost village on our estate had been the rounds of those fields we handled ourselves and developed with most intensive methods, and he had noted and discussed every little change a season or two of cultivation had brought. Sorting out in his mind the information thus gathered, when he went home he had decided which of these improvements would be profitable to him within the dimensions of the land he farmed. He was huge of stature, with a thick mane of blondish-gray hair, with heavy features, high cheek bones and blue eyes, which were dreamy or keen by turns. Kassoulia wore a full beard. His powerful short hands and immense shoulders demonstrated perfect health. He even possessed most splendid ivory teeth, which his thick lips revealed when he talked or laughed. His whole personality impressed one with his power. He was a kindly giant who ruled his patriarchal household with autocracy unquestioned even by his five or six stalwart sons, the eldest of whom at thirty bowed to this father of fifty in perfect faith and absolute obedience.

The women of the family lived together in comparative peace, daughters-in-law cooking, spinning, weaving or embroidering under the severe eye of the old farmer's wife, while a swarm of children were rapidly augmenting the family circle. These grew up helter-skelter, played merrily about their mothers' feet, were carried in their fathers' gentle arms, and learned early to aid in doing the lighter chores about the home. School was little thought of, but they learned to sing and listened to many a thrilling legend, told in the long, dark winter months.

Peasant Fashions

NO ONE could read or write, though all in primitive fashion could count sufficiently to keep track of cows or pigs or geese committed to their care; and the men could keep track both of rubles and of grain, or bargain ably for the latter's selling with the village's Jewish middleman.

So this old farmer worked and lived in what to the Russian peasant meant both self-respect and riches. His clothes testified to the latter, with their gay hand embroidery in red and black on collar and sleeve bands of his home-woven linen blouse. His trousers were cut full and were of the heaviest homemade linen, and he wore them tucked into high boots, while the long, graceful lines of his homespun coat with its swinging skirts gave a serious elegance to the whole costume. The wife's long chemise showed a band of drawn work or embroidery on the lower edge. This hung below the garment which replaced a dress skirt, but which was in reality only a flat piece of home-dyed material wrapped about her legs. Full skirts gathered on a tape and hanging thick about the waistline sometimes replaced the more ancient garment and grew popular.

The upper part of the peasant women's bodies was dressed in delightfully gay white linen blouses covered with embroidery in red and black, the whole thing made by the wearers. Over this blouse, in dark cloth or velvet, was a short, quaint, sleeveless garment which flared at the sides and back from a seam on a level with the armpits. These coatees were black or brown, green or blue, or sometimes even red; and were covered down the front with beads which hung in numerous strings and were tied with streamers of ribbon as many colored as the beads themselves. Coral and amber or glass and metal imitated variegated precious stones. These necklaces often made a rope as thick as a child's arm where they lay one upon another at the rear.

A small cap and a kerchief over it were the married women's headdress, while the girls wore wreaths of field flowers, and their hair, done in hanging braids, was tied with more streamers. They had heavy half shoes in the

(Continued on Page 52)

Catching a Colt

Near the Lake at Bouromka

Superintendent's House at Bouromka

The Notes of an Antique Weevil

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SOONER or later, in the breast of nearly every human who ventures forth into the great world and exposes himself to the foibles and follies of humanity, there arises the passionate longing to collect the musty and worm-eaten products of earlier ages.

Some of us collect antiques merely because they are antiques. We pick up, for example, a dilapidated specimen of an early colonial horse trough and a rare sample of skillet scraper dating back to the time of Oliver Cromwell, place one on the library table and hang the other directly over the genuine nickel-plated champagne cooler belonging to the Hoffman House era, and become peevish and fretful if the neighbors don't burst into screams of excitement when they see our prizes for the first time.

Others of us collect antiques because they are beautiful and cheap. We spy, let us say, in the dusty corner of a little shop, a piece of Sheraton or Heppelwhite pewter which has, from the dents in it, been used solely to throw at the neighbors' chickens when they strayed on the wrong side of the fence. Concealing our elation at the find, we price it casually and find that we can buy it for a mere nine dollars. So we buy it and spend one hundred and twenty dollars' worth of time in polishing it up and straightening out the dents, and devote the next seven years boring our friends by telling them how we happened to stumble on it.

Still others of us collect antiques because they are beautiful and expensive. We—the word is used in a purely editorial sense—figure that no antique dealer would dare to soak a buyer so unmercifully for anything that wasn't genuine, and so we pay the high price as insurance against being stung.

Tales the Ferrets Tell

WE WHO belong to the latter class are very touchy about having anything slipped, as the saying goes, over on us. Not long ago a man bought a fetching painting of a sea battle by the celebrated Dutch painter William Vandevelde the Younger, who started doing odd jobs of painting for his father back in 1674. It set him back seventy-five hundred dollars, which shows how fetching it was; and after its owner had entertained guests at dinner he would lead them up in front of the painting and rave about its gorgeous coloring and its inimitable realism and its startling vividness or its vivid startlingness until he almost broke down and wept. Finally an expert came along who took down the picture and ran his tongue along the back of the canvas, smelled of it thoughtfully, removed an antique flyspeck with a pin and a pessimistic air, and went through five or six of the mysterious movements known only to experts. He then announced happily that the painting was a clever imitation, probably executed in Paris around 1895. The broken-hearted owner instantly lost all interest in its gorgeous coloring and inimitable realism, over which he was wont to become so stirred, and hid it away in the closet under the front stairs, where somebody later threw an antique overshoe through it. The horrible part about it was that the expert might have been wrong.

An Expert Took Down the Picture and Ran His Tongue Along the Back of the Canvas

And still others of us collect antiques because we want to collect something, but don't care to go in for postage stamps again.

Whatever one's bent in antiques may be, he will find it encouraged in Europe to a point undreamed of in America. Antique shops are as plentiful in every large European city as saloons used to be in South Boston, and their contents in many cases seem to have an equally intoxicating effect. Sober-minded persons who go into them with the intention of purchasing just one small Louis XV egg cup will frequently emerge in a wild-eyed state laden down with a Provençal dough trough, a pair of stirrup irons, half a dozen smudgy French prints, an old leather purse, four pewter plates and a large dingy painting of a vaseful of wild flowers. The streets of Paris are freckled with shop signs which read, ANTIQUITÉS; the streets of Rome and Florence and Milan and Venice are spotted with ANTICHITA signs; just around every corner in Vienna and Berlin is an ANTIQUITATEN shop. The word for antiques is approximately the same in all languages, probably as a result of an international agreement between antique dealers to adopt easy bait for easy marks.

The shops start in the expensive shopping districts with the large, impressive, brightly lighted establishments where important-looking salesmen remove individual treasures from safes and cupboards, exhibit them proudly and learnedly, and quote prices on them that make the unsuspecting shopper turn green around the gills. They end in little side streets with small dark shops smelling of a peculiar blend of cheese rind, fish glue and unfinished subways, in which the pallid proprietors wait with simulated unhappiness for customers to come in and fight for twenty minutes over whether they can get a four-dollar article reduced to sixty-five cents.

The latter shops, of course, present the greatest attractions to the itinerant or catch-as-catch-can antique hunters, of whom I am one; for one always hopes to stumble on something rare and costly which has lain hidden in a shop corner, regarded by the shopkeeper as a mere piece of junk—something, for example, like one of Marie Antoinette's crown jewels, or a piece of genuine fifteenth-century Arras tapestry, or one of Henry VIII's numerous marriage certificates, or a coal scuttle which was used by Madame du Barry—something that can be bought for a dollar and a quarter and sold for ten thousand.

When the Carving Is Finished the Manufacturer Turns Over the Product to Three or Four Burly Stevedores Whose Sole Duty Consists of Beating Up Furniture

Needless to say, there is about as much chance of an antique dealer failing to recognize the value of any of his possessions as there is of a healthy tiger failing to regard a piece of raw meat as edible. Still, it has happened; and if you listen to the more enthusiastic antique ferrets it is happening all the time.

Wherever one moved about in European antique circles last winter one heard the story of the boobish amateur who stumbled into a Marseilles antique shop and bought an amber necklace for twenty-five dollars. When he got it home he took it to a large jewelry shop to have it valued. The jeweler, after examining each bead with great care, offered its owner a thousand dollars for it. This aroused the owner's suspicions, so he took the beads to an expert and thereupon learned that each bead was engraved N à J in very small letters, and that it was a string that the late Napoleon had given to the even later Josephine Beauharnais as a little token of his esteem. Some of those who told the story declared that the lucky owner sold the beads for ten thousand dollars. Others said he sold them for twenty-five thousand dollars. The most enthusiastic antique hounds claimed that he received fifty thousand for the string. A little matter of fifteen or twenty-five thousand dollars is nothing to us amateurs in antiques—when we are only required to talk about it.

Now this story, and the thousands of others like it that are constantly going the rounds in Paris and Rome and other antique centers, may be true, though I doubt it very much. I doubt it because all the people who tell these stories almost invariably state that they happened to friends of very dear friends of theirs; and this, as is well known, is almost invariably the trade-mark of a good old-fashioned lie. But even if they aren't true, they make business for the antique dealers. I sometimes suspect the European Antique Dealers' Union of hiring a bright young man to think up exciting stories and put them into circulation, for they sound very much like the stock-selling prospecti which persuade the suckers to sink their hard-earned dollars in Oozawooza Oil or the Nitgit Gold Mine by reminding them of the tremendous profits made by early investors in certain safety-razor, camera and copper companies.

Italian Wormhole Experts

GENERALLY speaking, the antique shops of Italy are more satisfactory than those of any other country, because of the fire and verve with which the Italian shopkeepers fight against attempts to make them lower their prices, because of the inventiveness and resource of the antique manufacturers in turning out the best wormholes known to science, and because of the enormous number of places where ancient and medieval art objects can be bought for as little as eight dollars per object—duplicates obtainable from the factory at a moment's notice. I recently asked a very charming American lady which Italian city she had liked the best.

"Oh, Florence!" she declared enthusiastically. "Why, you can get antiques there at half the prices that you have to pay in Rome and about a quarter of what you have to pay in Paris!"

This is because there are so many antique factories in Florence.

The French antique shops are plentifully supplied with both antique antiques and modern antiques, and the latter in particular are superior in general grace and style to the Italian products, because the modern Italian workmen lack a certain dash and spirit which seem to be common to the French—except in the matter of making wormholes. The Italian wormholes stand at the very pinnacle of the wormhole world, and when a modern Italian workman really

lays himself out to wormhole a piece of oak the French workman stands aside in reverential amazement. To most of us, however, a chair is a chair and a chest a chest; and if anyone tried to point out to us that one chair had a dash and spirit which another chair lacked we would probably give him the gentle razz and hold out for the cheaper chair.

The stocks of the French antique shops, though plentiful, are not nearly so plentiful as those of the Italian shops. The average Italian antique dealer will crowd into a given space, say, four wooden candlesticks made to represent four corn-fed angels, a couple of Venetian glass mirrors, a Savonarola chair, seventeen pieces of china, three wooden chests containing fifty-six square feet of surface and eleven miles of wormholes, a dozen venerable and tattered altar cloths made in Naples in 1919, and a few wrought-iron odds and ends supposed to have been removed from a palace up around Pisa by a prominent palace wrecker.

In the same space the average French dealer will have one dough trough, two pewter plates with the salamander of Francis I done on them in *repoussé*, a pair of Louis XIV curling tongs and a washed-out-looking painting of a satin-clad and powdered-haired lady whose face is sufficiently lopsided to have been kicked by a mule in her early youth—and it should be remarked in passing that the average eighteenth-century portraits which are on sale in every Parisian antique shop are only valuable, it seems to me, in that they serve to make every beholder wonder why the French Revolution didn't start revoluting about a hundred years sooner. At any rate, the difference between the French and the Italian shops is one reason why it is far easier to indulge in a debauch of antiquing in Italy than in France.

No Dickering

ANOTHER disappointing feature about the French antique shops is the apparent indifference of the shopkeepers to the attempts of customers to engage them in violent and interesting altercations over the price of their wares. This is a modern phase of the antique business, and ranks in France with such unexplainable matters as why man-sized boys wear little tight pants that only come halfway down to the knee and why a Parisian can apparently live in comfort in his home or a hotel with the thermometer down to forty degrees, yet shrieks with anguish when anyone raises a window in a railway compartment in which the temperature is hovering around ninety-four degrees.

In the old days when a Parisian antique dealer placed a price of fifteen hundred francs on an article the prospective buyer offered five hundred for it, and then the argument began. The dealer shed tears, swore that his business standing would be shattered if he dropped a centime in price; mentioned his sick wife most touchingly; gave a long history of the antique in question, showing its great value; beat his breast and begged the purchaser not to ruin him, and ended by selling the article for seven hundred francs and making a large and satisfactory profit.

To-day when a Parisian dealer places a price of fifteen hundred francs on an article and the customer offers five hundred for it the dealer is more than likely to smile quietly but contemptuously, remark "M'sieu jests," and refuse to converse further on the matter. This removes the zest from the proceeding. The customer knows that no antique dealer in the history of the world ever placed on any antique a price that wasn't too high, so he is naturally unwilling to pay it without argument. Yet if he wants to argue he must argue with himself, and he cannot argue with himself without sacrificing his dignity and his self-respect. Consequently he walks out of the Parisian stores without buying, and waits until he gets to Italy before loading up with antiques.

Sometimes a Fake Antique Is Easy to Detect

The purchase of antiques in Italy is attended with enormous amounts of subtlety, gesticulation, swearing, lying and passion. The proceeding is, or should be, somewhat as follows:

The customer enters the shop, which invariably has a peculiarly fusty odor, faintly resembling recently disinterred boots, and finds the proprietor sitting off in one corner of the shop writing or pretending to write in a ledger and giving an excellent but unconscious imitation of a large spider observing the approach of a juicy bluebottle fly. The customer greets the proprietor simply but elegantly, and the proprietor, going on with his writing, replies in an apparently perfunctory and preoccupied manner. Then the customer proceeds to look around. He notes without interest the worm-eaten sideboards and chests, the paintings of anæmic bunches of flowers, the bronze mortars and pestles made in Florence, the Venetian mirrors that make the face look as though it had been run through a clothes wringer, the venerable vestments that belong in the rag bag, and the hanging silver lamps made out of pure tin; and finally his eye lights on, say, a marble plaque of a pope's head from a monastery wall. It has an air, that plaque. He examines it carefully while pretending to scrutinize a small but horrible painting of St. Mark's by Moonlight. The buying fever seizes him and he prepares for action.

"Have you not a pair of beaten-iron candlesticks in the Venetian manner, projecting straight out from the wall?" he asks the proprietor in order to provide a smoke screen for his future movements.

"No, signore," replies the proprietor gloomily. "We had them, but they were sold yesterday."

"Ah," says the customer in disappointment. He starts as though to go, and then as an afterthought he picks up a bronze mortar and hefts it meditatively. "This little thing, now," he ventures. "The price is prohibitive, eh?"

"A very fine thing, very old and very fine," says the dealer, examining it appreciatively. "And very cheap, signore; very cheap. Four hundred lire only, signore."

The signore laughs loudly and bitterly and turns away in disgust.

"Cheap!" he ejaculates in scornful tones. "Cheap! You mistake me for two millionaires. Madonna, what a price! For such a thing as that good-for-nothing imitation in the corner, that pretended pope's head, you would probably charge such an impossible price as one hundred lire!"

"Hah!" says the dealer, staring carefully at the customer. "Hah!"

Then he goes over to the corner and looks at the pope's head as though he were seeing it for the first time.

"Signore," he says solemnly, "this is a very fine and very rare piece. It is an historical piece. I will sell it for one-tenth of its value."

"Ah, true?" asks the customer sarcastically. "And what is that, signore?"

"Six hundred lire, signore," replies the dealer calmly.

"Body of Bacchus!" gasps the customer, as though he had been mortally wounded. "Six hundred lire! Are you mad, signore? It is robbery! The thing is good for nothing! It would be dear at sixty lire!"

"Signore," declares the dealer earnestly, "your words are an insult. That pope is worthy of a museum. Look at it, signore! In the large establishments you would pay six thousand lire for it. Signore, I am experienced in the buying and selling of antiques. In selling it at six hundred lire I am giving it away."

A Highly Dramatic Transaction

"POOR little one," says the customer, "that pope's head is a forgery. It probably cost six lire. In buying it at all you must have fallen among thieves."

"Signore, it is not true," says the dealer indignantly. "It is a gift at six hundred lire."

"Pah!" says the customer, wagging his extended thumb and forefinger at the level of his ear to signify utter contempt and disbelief.

"Then what will you give, signore?" demands the proprietor in exasperation. "Name me a fair price."

"No," says the customer, "I do not want it. Your prices, signore, would make a cow weep."

"Then name me a price," insists the proprietor. "Come, name it and let me hear!"

"Sixty lire!" shouts the customer defiantly

"Sixty lire!" wails the proprietor. "Presence of the devil, signore, I paid five hundred lire for that object! I am a poor man, signore, and the thief of a government takes everything away in taxes—the luxury tax and the tax for the wounded and the export tax. One must live. Come, signore, give me five hundred and fifty lire and take it."

"Madonna!" cries the customer in a rage. "I would not pay five hundred and fifty lire for a dozen of them. I will give you one hundred lire and not another soldo."

(Continued on Page 74)

He Examines It Carefully While Pretending to Scrutinize a Small But Horrible Painting of St. Mark's by Moonlight

DON CARLOS VITTORI

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE old lady leaned across the aisle and said, "You're in the Navy," as if she'd studied the matter out of his visible symptoms. Lucretius nodded, flushing, and huddled his sketches together under a blue arm. She went on, "My sister's got a boy on the Nevada. His name's Johnson. Ever meet him?"

"N-no," said Lucretius, wanting to giggle.

"You don't look awful sociable," she mused, peeling a stick of chewing gum. "Nor awful healthy."

Lucretius heard someone chuckle, and the omnibus passed Tenth Street. He got up frantically and shoved past elbows to the rear platform. At Eighth Street he jumped off and trotted, sneezing, through dusty January wind westward. Grains of blown dirt troubled his eyes. He jammed into some tough, moving body and recoiled from a huge sailor placid before a shop front.

The monster said lazily, "Mind your step, Curly. Where y'goin'?"

It was the terrible dark being called Omelet by veterans, reputed the best wrestler of the Atlantic Fleet.

Lucretius cringed and gasped, "D-d-down here."

The giant asked, "Know this part of town? Where's an art store named the Blue Sun?"

"I'm goin' there."

The great boy nodded, spilling cigarette smoke from his brown nostrils, and moved beside Lucretius. He moved lightly. His gleaming short shoes seemed to make no noise. Trails of smoke blew past his naked throat in gray filaments. His stainless white cap was canted down to one eyebrow.

He said, "Sell your pictures, huh? Do one of me and I'll buy it for mamma."

"A-all right," Lucretius managed.

The sailor rubbed his brief nose with the damp end of his cigarette. His flat, pleasant face never changed its blank gravity, even when he was wrestling between decks. His cap rode on dense black cropped hair. It was a legend of the dreadnought that he belonged to some rich family in the West. Lucretius had been plunged from the training station into the vastness now anchored in the Brooklyn Basin only six weeks ago; hadn't made any friends on a swift cruise to England, and lived in peculiar awe of this hero. The giant was a dandy. His clothes clung to every curve and bulge of his limber, hard bulk. His white embroideries were unsullied. His terrific hands were clean, and a steel watch rested in a girdle of fine links on the hairless wrist near Lucretius. His skin was like old paper.

He asked, "How'd you get those scars on your leg, kid? Noticed you bathin'."

"U-used to be l-lame. Op'rated on in Ju-u ——" His tricky throat closed.

"Oh, sent you sailin' for your health?"

"Y-yes."

"How'd you learn to draw?"

"At h-high school. This Mr. Packer that r-runs the Blue S-sun taught drawin', and he ——"

The great boy nodded, and they passed under the blue sign of the art shop. The wind made all the Javanese gaudy dolls dance on their strings above the counter.

Kate Packer swung her green Russian frock from a group of young artists about a plaster statue and cried, "Lucretius Coe! I was hoping you'd blow in. Got your post card from London. More sketches? I'm so glad. Do let's see. How nice your hair looks!" She drew his face down, holding his hot ears, and kissed him on the nose, rattling ahead, "Haven't seen you since September. Why, you're freckled! You duck! And you've put on some weight. Is your knee still all right? Is? And d'you still love me?"

The artists laughed in the cigarette smoke. Lucretius shook her hands off and turned into mute stupidity, adoring her black hair, piled on her head in curious lumps.

He mumbled, "Got s-some sketches."

He Ordered, "Shut Your Trap, Guy! You're Nothin' But a Spot on the Floor"

"Of course! Let's look. Oh," she said to the towering sailor, "did you come with Lucretius? What's your name?"

"Don't remember me, huh?"

The girl drew her brows together and gazed. Then she screamed "Adam! Cousin Adam Egg!" and pounced on the giant like a green butterfly darting at a high blue plant. She rattled, "You awful brute! You've grown some more. Reach down and kiss me."

"Get out!" said Adam Egg over her head. He lifted her casually onto the red counter and went on, "Where's your father?"

"Upstairs having tonsillitis. You're a pig, Adam. You've never come to see the shop, when your own fat mother loaned father the money to start it. And did Lucretius tell you he's going to marry me when he's a celebrated painter?"

Adam took a gold case from his overshirt pocket, put a cigarette in his mouth and said, "No, Curly didn't tell me. I see you're a man-huntin' tiger, though. Gimme a match, Curly." Lucretius gave him a match. The giant lit his cigarette. His jutting chest fell in ledges as he exhaled blue haze toward a wide water color behind the counter. He examined the girl comfortably with his black eyes and drawled, "You're pretty fair-lookin', after all, sister."

The young artists went drifting out in a heave of smoke. Lucretius stared after them in envy and despair; they were real painters with studios and soft hats. One was mentioned in magazines. He sighed and listened to the chattering girl. This must be the son of the wealthy relative in Ohio who had aided Mr. Packer's change from a high-school drawing master to a dealer in art. The shop had been opened last winter and it did well. He thought, "She helps," and shyly stared at Kate's swinging ankles. She was talking to Adam about his mother and his sisters.

"Are Sue and Clara still trying to refine you? And you haven't got refined yet? Well, don't. It's so dreary. And did you get home for Christmas?"

"Sure! Got engaged."

"Oh, Adam! To what?"

"Edie Sims. Fred Sims' girl."

"But she's only a child, Adam. Let's see—why, she had her twelfth birthday the last summer father and I came out. She's only sixteen!"

The giant drawled, "Yes? You're seventeen, ain't you?"

"But I'm awfully experienced. That's why I'm going to marry Lucretius. Come here, fiancé," she commanded, "and show me your stuff. All sailors? No, there's Westminster Abbey. You are good, you know. I mean," she chuckled, "for a boy of eighteen. He is, Adam. Father's immensely proud of him, and we sold ten sketches he did last spring. You ought to make your people look sullen and repressed and Russian, and then everyone'd know it's art. Sit up here and explain things."

Lucretius pulled himself up on the counter and faltered explanations. It wasn't easy. A simmering began in his head. The green, mottled frock brushed his wrist. She wasn't pretty. They'd been in the same class at the noisy high school where her drowsy father taught drawing. She looked like her Cousin Adam in a reduced, slim fashion. He began to be dizzy as she fell silent over his sketch of a man cleaning brass in a gale, and stared away at the giant who'd gone prowling like a mighty cat among the paintings and bits of bronze that shimmered under lamps lit against the January clouds.

"Awfully, awfully good," said Kate. "Poor father's fifty, and he couldn't do half as well. Are you homesick?"

The boy grinned. "H-how d'you mean, homesick? I m-miss seein' you and Mr. Pack-ker. What would I be homesick for? For father, do you mean?"

"Oh, don't be so bitter!"

He said carefully, "Not b-bitter. He just bores me. W-we hav-ven't got anything to talk about. I've b-been home ten days and w-we haven't talked at all. I know kids on my ship better'n I do him. And I b-bore him."

She chuckled, "He won't make an awfully interesting father-in-law."

Lucretius slid from the counter in embarrassed woe.

He said, "L-look out! I might start t-takin' you seriously, Kate."

"Well, why don't you?" she yawned. "Come back here. Your hair's all mussed and you're as sloppy in those things as you ever were. Adam, got a pocket comb?"

Adam came stalking back and produced a pocket comb, collapsible. Kate straightened it and fluttered her dark hands over the boy's pale brown curls.

She told the giant: "You ought to train him. He's quite handsome, and he'd be very attractive if he kept himself looking civilized. His ears are too big, of course."

"He's all right," said Adam, patting his flat stomach and letting smoke ooze from his right nostril. He looked at his watch and ordered, "Get your hat on. We'll go over'n eat at the Brevoort."

"I suppose you know every good restaurant in New York."

"Most of 'em," he nodded, glanced out and grunted, "Here's a goof comin' in."

A black, amazing motor had stopped and children were gathering to watch an old gentleman get out of the limousine.

Kate halted the comb in Lucretius' curls and said. "Oh, spiffy! No footman! He's a real gent. What's he lugging?"

He was carrying a market basket of white enameled wicker in which white fabrics were heaped. His waxed mustaches were white above a furred coat, and a white carnation showed inside the lustrous fur. He came in with a little bow, and faces of Eighth Street children flattened behind him on the glass of the door as he closed it sedately. Immediately the basket shot out a squeal of rage. Lucretius jumped.

Kate said happily "It's a baby!" and Adam rubbed his cigarette on his nose.

The squeal continued. The old gentleman said "Now, Two, be still!" in a weary tenor. He planted the basket on a low teakwood table and asked, "May I look about? I'm told you've some Hokusai prints—and things," he finished after a glance at Adam.

"All the Hokusais are over there"—she pointed with the comb—"on that wall." Kate added, "And there's one Rowlandson."

The old man smiled, murmuring "I suppose I've 'The sort of person who collects prints' written on my face. But I wouldn't comb the youngster's hair so violently. He doesn't look happy."

"He's just my fiancé," said Kate.

"So he'll stand anything? Oh, Two," he sighed at the riotous basket, "in the name of propriety!" The baby was waving pink fists at the ceiling and the squeal soared. Kate tossed Adam's comb on the counter and went to stoop over the traveling crib. The aged man cried, "He bites!"

"Is he ill?"

"I think not. It's just sorrow. His idiotic parents went to a house party at Lake Placid and he's made that noise ever since," the old man mourned, preening his mustaches with thin hands. "So I thought a ride would amuse him. It doesn't."

"Bellyache," said Adam.

"No, two doctors say it isn't "

"Dam' fine lungs," the giant drawled.

"Wonderful! He kept on high C all night without a break. Would you mind telling me how tall and how old you are?"

"Six foot four and three-eighths. Be twenty-one in May."

"That's nice. You still have time to grow."

"Well," said Adam, "wouldn't care to be much taller, sir." And he strolled off to squat before the baby, getting out his gold case.

The old gentleman sighed "He has no ambition," and wandered off into the shop, caressing his mustaches. He paused to look at a clay model of a bull, said, "Bad Barye" listlessly, then veered to the wall hung with antique Japanese prints. Lucretius stole after him, allured by the arched nose and the poise of the soft hat on the white hair. Then the baby stopped its squeal and the old man whirled. Adam had plucked the thing out of its white nest and was tapping its orange head with a finger. Directly it gurgled.

The old gentleman said, "My g-gracious!"

"These are the Hokusais," Kate told him, coming up.

"I see that they are, my dear. But—what's he done to my grandson?"

"His sisters have oodles of babies," she chuckled.

"Oh, practice makes et cetera. Yes, and you're engaged to this youngster? That's very nice—very nice," he pondered, and turned to the prints again.

Kate beamed at Lucretius. Soon Adam strolled up with the baby under his arm and drawled, "He's conceited. Been petted too much. Stuck up."

The baby gurgled amiably and stared at Lucretius with a green eye, chewing Adam's sleeve. Its grandfather looked at it and put out a thumb. The green eye filled with hate. It opened its mouth and Adam stopped a squall by shoving his little finger into the red gap.

He ordered, "Shut your trap, guy! You're nothin' but a spot on the floor. Yell and I'll spank you."

"Extraordinary," the grandfather murmured. "He'd bite me if I did that. What can I have these prints for?"

"They're eighty dollars apiece," said Kate.

The old gentleman made his mustaches bristle into points, regarded one white apex and looked proud of its perfection.

He said, "That's three hundred and twenty dollars. Please do them up. And that Rowlandson"—he nodded to the green prettiness of Vauxhall Gardens in a gilt frame—"is a fake. So you'd best scold the thief who sold it to you."

"But father bought it at Kellerman's on ——"

"Isadore Kellerman is a thief and a blackguard," the old man gently stated, looking wearily about. "His only superior as a crook is Christian Salvat. And Salvat sold me a very nice Goya this morning."

"I've a Goya," said Lucretius without meaning to speak.

The old gentleman raised his fine brows and patted his palms together.

He asked, "You collect portraits?"

"N-no. But I've g-got a Goya. An old Spaniard sold it to m-my grandfather. It's signed a-a-a "

"It does look like a Goya," Kate broke in "Lucretius brought it to show my father. I suppose it's a copy, but it's awfully nice." She ordered Lucretius, "Get the prints down, Curly, and we'll wrap them up."

"It's most refreshing to meet anybody named Lucretius," the old man sighed. "It's bad enough to be named Eustace. You have my sympathy, young man."

Lucretius blushed and helped Kate take the prints in their mats of crushed paper from the wall. He shot looks over his shoulder at the white-haired man who was unwrapping bills from a neat fold.

Kate asked, "You'll take these with you?"

"Oh, certainly, my dear. Two might like to tear them up on our way home. I suppose that destruction's the only form of happiness all men and babies understand. Did anyone ever use you as a model?" he inquired of Adam.

"A guy sculptured me at Newport last summer. That is, he started to. But he wouldn't let me smoke, so I quit goin' to sit for him."

"You've no vanity?"

"If I can't smoke," Adam said, "I get hungry."

He gave the baby another finger to chew. The grandfather walked back to the counter and picked up one of Lucretius' signed sketches, stared at it and took a second.

(Continued on Page 70)

"Give You Till I Count Ten. Speak Out or I'll Bust Everything in the Dump!"

EUROPE IN TRANSITION

German Life and Labor

By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN you analyze postwar Germany you find that she has undergone an almost continuous succession of crises. Communism, reaction and organized resentment over treaty terms provided the principal provocations. Practically every six months has produced some overhead of upheaval that temporarily dislocated reconstruction.

Behind this astonishing resiliency lies the bulwark of the nation—her common people. A trained population is the chief asset of any commonwealth. Germany is better endowed with this unshakable capital than any of her contemporaries. Hence when you seek the answer to the riddle of her survival you have it embodied in the millions of stolid workers who fought as they labored, which means that they took orders and asked no questions. This final German article, therefore, will deal mainly with German life and labor, whose performance these past three years is full of significance for every land.

German Women in an Anti-War Demonstration

No one need be told that labor comprises the principal problem that baffles the world to-day. The universal slump is not altogether due to the fact that people have learned to do with less. It grows partly out of a process of decontrol which has not been matched by adequate deflation. Demobilization of the vast armies of fighting men should have been followed by a corresponding mobilization of man power for production. Instead, the principal by-product of that four years of sacrifice and slaughter has been unemployment, shot through with disillusion and discontent.

Germany is the one country that has accomplished the transition from war to peace without these complications. This is why she has no appreciable army of the idle, why her shipyards and factories buzz with output, why she was able to meet national disaster and convert it into a formula for economic rehabilitation despite the slump in the value of the mark.

The two outstanding facts in the German labor situation are: First, that unemployment has been reduced to a minimum; second, that although the standard of living is perhaps lower than in any other European country except Russia the worker accepts his lot without a murmur and produces as much as before the war.

Working Under the Harburg System

LET us take a look at the statistics. On September first, the latest date for the publication of official figures, the number of wholly unemployed persons in Germany was exactly 232,396, of whom 176,745 were males. You realize how small a percentage this is when you compare it with the total population of 60,000,000. The United Kingdom, with 45,000,000 people, contains practically 2,000,000 out of a job, while the United States rolls up a host of 4,000,000 workless in 110,000,000.

Of course hundreds of thousands of men and women are working on short time in Germany, but they are producing some income. Germany is fast reaching the point where a job for every man is not merely a glib phrase but an actuality. At no time has she duplicated the tragic spectacle, so common on London streets, of a masked officer wearing service ribbons and playing the hurdy-gurdy to rake in a few coppers for his daily bread.

A year ago Germany had more than half a million persons entirely without industrial connections of any kind. These were assisted with the usual unemployment dole, which is considerably lower than the similar subsidy in England. In England the dole has proved to be an aid to idleness. Labor looks upon it as a good graft. Not so with Germany. The Teuton is a born worker, and this inclination spells the regeneration of the country.

Even when unemployment was at high tide—which was during 1919—the Germans devised characteristic ways to combat it. At a time when we in the United States are exhausting every resource to occupy the idle the example furnished by the city of Harburg, located not far from Hamburg, is worthy of consideration.

What is now known throughout Germany as the Harburg System was created by the unemployment committee of the municipality. It established a fund made up of voluntary contributions from nearly everyone with any kind of income. The donations ranged from 10,000 marks, given by industrialists and wholesale merchants, down to one mark, the offering of the unskilled laborer. The public-relief department contributed a proportion of money estimated to be saved by the practical working of the scheme. The city itself made a similar gift. In this way 2,000,000 marks was raised. Instead of handing it out as alms, which would be an incentive to pauperism, the committee hired 2500 unemployed persons to work on the city streets and adjacent roads, paying them a living wage. As a result the whole community was benefited physically, and people out of work were enabled to retain their self-respect.

How has Germany been able practically to wipe out unemployment? For one thing, the German has not lost what he calls *Arbeitslust*, the will to work. In many other countries this is almost a lost art. The principal reason, however, is that in Germany there was no necessity for labor adjustment after the war. Here you touch the root of the industrial evil in England and to a lesser degree in the United States. I can best illustrate with the case of England. Before the war the average British worker received a small wage and was a stranger to luxury. Along came the stupendous struggle, and with it the speeding up of industry to a scale theretofore unknown. The old armies of production were supplemented by hundreds of thousands of recruits, including a host of women who had never worked before. It was a case of output at any cost. In many instances wages were quadrupled. The inevitable happened. Instead of saving some of this swollen income, it was expended for drink, silk shirts, phonographs, furs and other similar articles. The English wage earner, and especially the miner, lived in a fool's paradise because he did not understand that the war would end some day.

With peace and the demobilization of industry came the reaction that shook British life and labor to its foundations. Millions of employes were let out, and their ranks were swelled by the soldiers returned from France and elsewhere. Acute dissatisfaction ensued, and all because the workers still deluded themselves with the idea that the wartime standard of living had to be maintained. They hung on to their furs and phonographs, but at the same time took their places in the bread line.

Germany had no inflated wartime standard of living to maintain. On the contrary, her artisans, instead of getting a greatly enhanced wage, were glad to continue at the prewar scale. They were paid extra only for overtime. It was largely a matter of taste and temperament. When the English factory hands were rioting in luxuries the German hands faced a constantly dwindling food supply, due to the blockade and other causes. After the turnip-and-cabbage winter of 1917, as it was called, when a large part of the population subsisted on vegetables, came the *Ersatz* era, when substitutes were devised for many of the necessities of life. Toasted acorns were used as coffee, and low-grade vegetable oils sold as butter. Millions of men, women and children wore paper clothing.

An Easy Transition From War to Peace

NOW you can see why the Germans turned so readily from war to peace without dislocation, save that which related to the socialization of industry, the introduction of an eight-hour day, and the change in form of government from monarchy to republic. To-day, as in that disastrous autumn of 1918, they say philosophically: "Nothing can be worse than the ordeal we underwent during the war." It explains their acceptance of the low purchasing power of the mark and a standard of living which is lower than that of any other European country except Russia. In the Ruhr district, for example, one-third of the miners have only one shirt apiece, while thousands of their wives lacked underwear last summer.

Although wages are seven to twelve times higher than in 1913, they have not kept pace with the rise in the price of every commodity. Food costs 800 per cent more, and in some cases the advance is greater. The German, however, is not growling about his lot, because, although he buys less food than in prewar times, it is the real thing and not the horrible substitute stuff that he was compelled to consume between 1914 and 1919.

Though he is producing in eight hours as much as he formerly turned out in ten hours, the German worker's wage still remains ridiculously low when compared with other nationalities. A striking comparison was given to me by an American who owns drug factories in New York, London and Hamburg. The minimum wage that he pays to girls for semiskilled labor in New York is fourteen dollars a week. The maximum for the same work in London is twenty-seven shillings, which at the present rate of exchange is under six dollars, while the rate at Hamburg is 200 marks, or less than one dollar in American money at the moment. This 200 marks has a much greater purchasing power than is represented by a dollar. From this scale you get a good idea of what the German is making. It is significant of the trend of industrial things that this American plans to close his English factory and produce all his European output in Germany, where he can reduce his overhead by one-half.

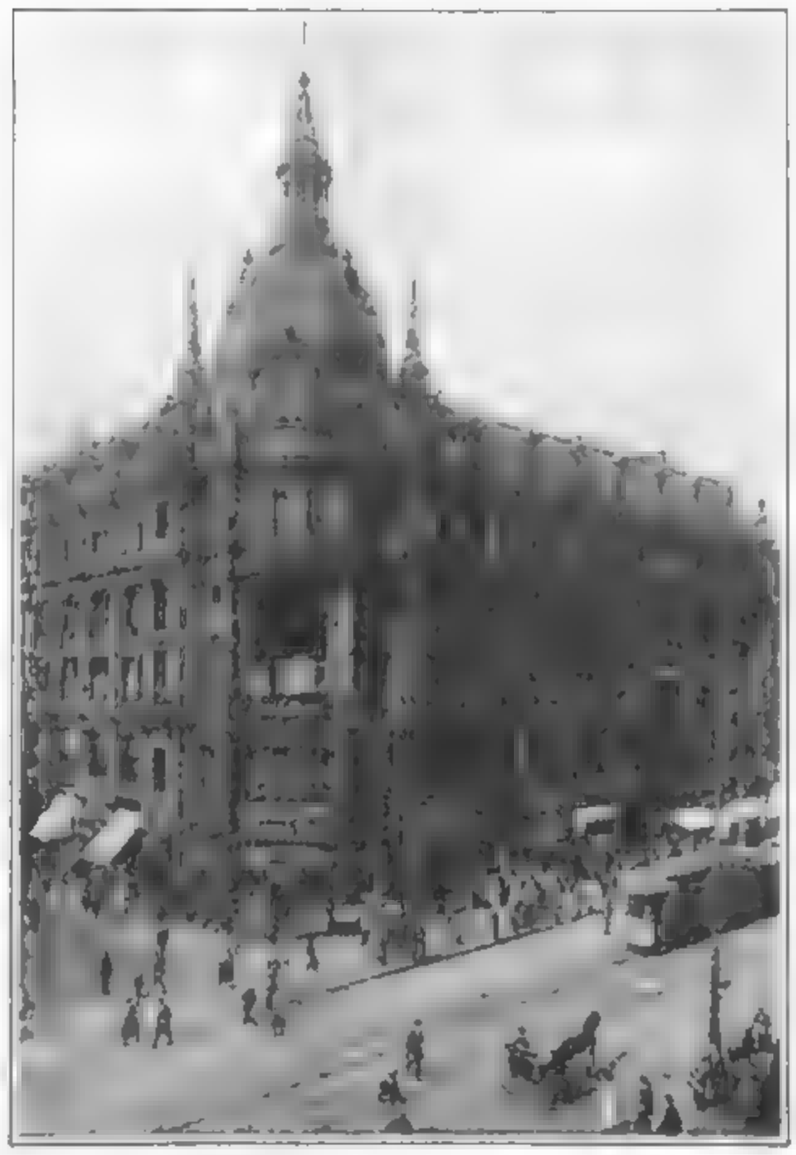
Felix Deutsch, the managing director of the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft, recently published some interesting statistics of the proportion of wages to dividends paid by the leading joint stock companies. Between 1908 and 1917, out of each mark paid by the companies 76.7 per cent went in wages and salaries, 11.7 per cent in state and communal taxes, and 11.6 per cent to the shareholders. In 1920 the corresponding figures were 84.9, 11.7 and 3.4 per cent respectively.

The one German employe whose salary has soared is the higher official. His income in many cases has been advanced several thousand per cent. In the old days many of these men were content with low pay and a decoration. Figuratively, they preferred to wear a red ribbon in their buttonhole and to live in a three-room flat than to have more money and less glory. This change of heart shows one growing tendency toward republicanism. The same applies to government officials, who now prefer compensation to compliments.

At this point the question naturally arises: Why were there so many strikes during 1919 and 1920? These labor disturbances were largely due to radical agitation, and reached maximum when the communists were at their strongest. To be sure, there have been sporadic organized protests against working conditions in some of the coal areas, where deterioration in the mines, due to the wear and tear of excessive war work, has not been repaired.

Germany for the Germans

MOST of the strikes have been due to political rather than economic causes. The general strike called in March, 1920, after the so-called *Kapp Putsch*, which was a reactionary attempt to overthrow the republican government, was typical. The workers went out solely to cripple this movement to restore monarchy. When they found that the boom was punctured they went back to their jobs. As is the case with English labor, the Germans have practically purged their systems of Bolshevism. In the words of the foremost Hamburg shipping magnate, "German labor has discovered that revolutionary catchwords buy no bread." The answer is that at the time I write there is no labor disturbance throughout Germany, whereas 18,000,000 working days were lost in 1920 through walkouts.



This Building Houses the American Chamber of Commerce in Berlin

Before I leave the all-important matter of employment I must make clear one other reason why nearly everybody in Germany is at work. No alien can get a job unless he lived and worked in Germany before August, 1914. This rule is rigidly adhered to. Scores of Americans who tried to break into the big dye factories on the Rhine in order to learn processes have been rebuffed. An alien can open a shop or establish a factory, but he must employ only Germans. This exclusion was made a part of the plan for the demobilization of industry immediately after the armistice, and was devised to provide employment for soldiers. It is a poor rule that does not work both ways, and we can well profit by the German precedent.

German labor and production are based on the idea of Germany for the Germans, and they have other interesting manifestations. Despite all the loose talk and writing about American and British penetration of German industry, few aliens have really gotten their hooks into any important enterprises. The experience of an American drug and chemical manufacturer who tried to buy a big Hamburg factory reveals the German attitude. When he approached the principal owner he was asked how much stock he wanted to buy. He replied, "I want control"; whereupon he was met with the following retort: "We are willing to sell you a minority share, because we want an American interest for business reasons, but we insist upon keeping control ourselves."

The one exception is the motion-picture business, in which Americans have practically taken the lead. Just as soon as the spectacular German pictures began to take hold in the United States, Adolph Zukor, who rose from obscure furrier to an American movie magnate, hurried to Berlin. He found the usual German trust in the Universum Film Aktien Gesellschaft, which is known throughout Europe as the U. F. A., and which is backed by the Deutsche Bank. It owed its expansion to the war, when American, British and French films were not available. Throughout the war it distributed the German propaganda—there is no more universal appeal than the cinema—in all the neutral countries.

Zukor immediately organized the Europäische Film Allianz, which was at once dubbed the E. F. A. for short. More than this, he tied up the two leading German directors, Ernest Lubitsch and Joe May, and also made long-term contracts with popular film stars like Pola Negri, Henny Porten, Mia May, Emil Jannings and Harry Liedtke. A working agreement to distribute the films of the U. F. A. was entered into. Zukor's company is now making pictures in a studio in Berlin and it has obtained the American rights for all the big Teutonic productions. The value of producing in Germany is obvious, because even when you scale the exaggerated American film salaries down to real money the overhead cost here is from three to four times more than over there.

Industrial Socialization Plans

ALTHOUGH they insist upon keeping control of their enterprises the Germans as a rule welcome American capital, because they need the money. The American Chamber of Commerce in Berlin, which kept going while the war was on, is acting as a liaison officer, as it were. The chief obstacle to closer coöperation lies with the shoestring American capitalists, who are flocking to Germany in the hope of realizing on the depreciation of the mark. With a hundred dollars they expect to start a bank.

The most striking innovation affecting German labor has been the attempt at socialization of industry. Its progress, or rather its lack of progress, is an illuminating indication that Teutonic labor as a whole still runs true to form.

With the eclipse of the Hohenzollerns late in 1918 the national swing was from 100 per cent imperialism to unadulterated socialism. The slogan of the demagogue was: "Capital must be done away with." One of the first acts of the newly formed republic was to pass a constitutional law by which the German worker would be placed on a footing of equality with his employer. A council of management was ordained for every industrial concern, "to regulate wages, conditions of work, and the general economic development of the enterprise." It stipulated that two workers selected by the council of workers which sprang up in every shop must be members of the council, participate in its deliberations, and scrutinize all documents relating to the company. A further condition imposed on the employer was that no workman could be

(Continued on Page 65)

American Food for Europe's Hungry in the American Relief Warehouse at Hamburg

IT'LL ALWAYS BE SOMETHING

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

FROM a post at the curb hidden lamps threw floods of light on the freshly painted white front of the New Parthenon Theater, illuminating rather excitingly the modest obscurity of Simpson Street. The word "New" was painted above "Parthenon," and in larger letters. It was an idea of Goldie's to emphasize the word until it should be easy, in the course of a few months, to drop the older name out and call the place simply the New Theater. She liked the brevity and freshness of the phrase. There seemed to be life and progress in it. It was what she meant; a fresh touch everywhere—in the printing of programs and advertisements, in the smart linen uniforms of the girl ushers and of the rather pretentious orchestra, in the decoration of the stage. They were to talk about it, right from the start, all along the North Shore, where dwelt thousands of families that were rather more than comfortably well off. Even down there in Chicago the newspapers were to turn freshly kindled eyes out toward Sunbury.

That had been the idea, and on this second Monday evening in the life of the venture it was apparent that the idea had caught on. From her desk in the comfortable room adjoining the box office Goldie—the "Marigold C. Green, Proprietor," of the program—was alertly aware of the long line at the ticket window and the buzzing crowd in the lobby. Through the transom she could hear the opening crash of the orchestra playing the overture to William Tell, and a few moments later the rumble of stage thunder. She was glancing through the program; through it and back; always returning to that printed line, "Marigold C. Green, Proprietor." A hundred times during the week just gone she had stared at that line, trying to hypnotize herself into the belief that it could be true.

From a pigeonhole she drew a folded newspaper clipping, spread it out and slowly read it, with eyes that failed somehow to convey the sense of the words to her slightly dazed brain, making it necessary to read the more surprising phrases over and over. At intervals those curiously inadequate eyes would stray to the picture of herself near the top of the column and the bold heading, "Twenty-year-old Girl Makes Hit With Hundred-Thousand-Dollar Theater." The thing was an interview in the most widely read of the Chicago papers.

Goldie, Exhausted, Was Letting Down Her Hair

For three days people had been stopping her on the street to talk about that interview. The tradesmen along Simpson Street were surprisingly interested—papa's friends, even old Mr. Weston in the bank; people whom she had thought of as disapproving of her only a year or so back during her harum-scarum teens. They took her success as a stimulating fact; seemed to think it good for the town; liked it and liked her for it. The thing was bewilderingly in the air. Motor parties had actually run out from the city, asking about her at the ticket window, wanting her pointed out.

It was the first event in Goldie's brisk young life that she could not take for granted in that matter-of-fact little head of hers. It had come too quickly, hit too hard. The nervous reverberations of it very nearly overwhelmed her. For the first time she wished she could both look and feel older. There seemed danger that she might unexpectedly lose her self-control, get to talking about it, giggle during a business talk with Mr. Graston or at the bank.

She caught the high note of her brother's voice outside the door, and swiftly restored the clipping to its pigeonhole. He came in, the "P. Heigham Green, Manager," of the program; a small young man, with small features and an intently small manner; rather smartly dressed.

"I've had to put the standing-room sign out," he remarked, eagerly all business. "Mr. Graston not come yet?"

"Not yet," replied his younger sister quietly.

"The family are on hand again," said he, lighting a cigarette.

"All of 'em?"

He nodded.

"Papa, mamma and the twins are inside. Andy's hanging around outside."

Goldie's mouth twisted into a faint smile. Papa, mamma and the twins hadn't missed an evening performance of the eight, and mamma had appeared, with or without her flaxen-braided, thick-legged offspring, at all but one or two of the matinées. Goldie couldn't imagine how mamma stood it over and over so. She could hardly be pictured as finding pleasure in a film at the ninth or tenth viewing within a week. The fact seemed to be that the success of her astonishing daughter had filled a mind that had no interests of its own. Mamma so plainly enjoyed walking through the bright lobby into the foyer and lounging in the orchestra divans—they had no such comfortable furniture at home—and gazing with swelling pride at the decorations and taking in through every pore the expansive new sense of a standing in the town.

It did seem a mistake to keep the twins out so much at night. They were only twelve.

"Mamma's hinting for some new clothes. I suggested she stay home once in a while. She's wearing everything she's got every day."

Goldie tapped a pencil against her chin.

"How'd she take it?"

"Well, she flared up, sorta. Got back at me by saying that you'd have bought a car if I hadn't argued against it. Kept at me about it. Says it isn't as if we didn't have a perfectly good garage standing empty on the place. I'm beginning to see what poor old pop's had to put up with all these years, Goldie. Of course he'd never peep—just stand it till he cracked."

"All we can do, of course," said Goldie gravely, in her own vernacular, without a thought of disrespect, "is kid her along."

II

"THERE'S another thing that I"—P. Heigham, in a measure of embarrassment, leaned against the desk—"not that I want you to think I'd——"

An expression of patient waiting settled on Goldie's naturally alert countenance.

"All this" P. Heigham waved a small hand—"success and everything—well, anybody'd understand it if your head got a little turned; and with the backing of a big man like Mr. Graston. It singles you out, of course. There's bound to be talk, and—— Oh, Goldie, now don't think I——"

There was a knock. P. Heigham sprang to open the door. Mr. Walter B. Graston entered. And P. Heigham, after a respectful greeting, slipped out noiselesaly on his rubber heels.

The presence of this thoughtful man stilled the exultant confusion in Goldie's breast. With quiet pride she laid before him her statement of the first week's business, which bore the stamp and signature of his city accountant. The man had been out during the day, going over everything.

"First-rate!" remarked Mr. Graston. "We've begun well." He lounged back in his chair and lit a cigarette. "Now," he added, looking searchingly at her—a way he had—"how about it? Can you keep close to it—hold it right up?"

"I can try."

"I don't know that any of us foresaw this personal success. How are you standing it?"

"Well"—she smiled uncertainly, then went on with a little flash of her positive self—"I'm all set for trouble. There's sure to be something."

He nodded, and Goldie, in a corner of her quick brain, ran back over their relationship. It was odd enough. It had begun at the Beach Hotel, at the foot of Simpson Street, by the lake, where she had an automobile insurance agency. He had chatted with her. They had dined and danced together. It had been, really, of course, a bit of a flirtation. He was a bachelor and could look where he chose for his relaxation. Then the opportunity came to take over the old Parthenon. Their minds met. He liked her enterprise and was quick to respect her judgment. He got the money together and put her in charge, and now here they were—in a way, partners.

Then had developed the odd part of it. They were no longer dining and dancing together. Indeed, with the heavy burden of responsibility that she must carry now had come a perception of the dignity of business. That was a fine thing. It was the sort of thing she instantly responded to. It wove into the native fiber of her eager young strength as a new strand that yet seemed to belong there. Goldie liked clean jobs. And the emotional sort of thing, here, now, was, as she would phrase it, out—probably.

"Well," said Mr. Graston, lighting a second cigarette, "I'll step in and have a look at the new bill."

"You'll have to leave the cigarette," said Goldie with a half smile. "No smoking out there."

"Oh!" said he. "Oh, yes, of course!" And went out.

Mr. Graston was living at the Beach Hotel now, and his sister, the widowed Mrs. William Van Horne, had lately joined him there. Both were strongly identified with the cultural life of the great city of which Sunbury was politically a suburb but geographically a part. He was on the

board of the public library, a trustee of the orchestra and the art institute, a member of the best clubs and of various civic commissions; she had exhibited leadership in many organizations of women, and was known to share her brother's interest in music and in what is so loosely called art. Goldie was familiar with her picture in the society columns. It was known that she had married rather unfortunately. The common inference was that Walter B. supported her, and generously. She had a son who had gone in for architecture or something—recently his name had appeared in the papers as returning from Europe and lecturing in the city—and a daughter at school down East.

All this, and more, Goldie knew. Mamma, who couldn't control her excited interest in the close working relationship of her daughter with so impressive a family, was forever chattering about them. The two families dwelt in different worlds, of course.

Goldie cleared her desk. She, too, must look over the new bill, and with a coldly critical eye. Mr. Graston's cigarette lay, still burning, on a bronze ash tray. There was something oddly intimate about it. She moved the tray nearer and watched the curling blue smoke. But it was all right. Chancy, but—yes, all right. Probably.

III

WE GLANCE now into an apartment in the Beach Hotel, which stood so pretentiously at the foot of Simpson Street, an apartment on the side facing Lake Michigan. That was the expensive side.

What engaged the sensitive interest of Somers Van Horne in the expanse of water that extended from the white strand far beneath the window to a sharply cut horizon was not the line of distant steamers and tows of barges, with its evidence of a rich commerce between the neighboring city of Chicago and the other ports about the lakes, but the spread of color on the vast flat surface.

Inshore it was buff with a faint undertone of the green of young lettuce leaves, shading a little way out rather abruptly into a bolder green that had an undertone of buff, and at a still greater distance into strips of cold greens and blues, with great patches, where the cloud shadows fell, of mauve, and even, away out where the vessels so slowly moved, of a blue as deep as that of the salt sea. And it was vibrant with the slanting rose-amber light of a late afternoon sun that played over it and curiously warmed it. He was thinking that it would be interesting to paint, if one could possibly reach with mere pigment so high a pitch of light. In the very vastness of it there was a thrill. It was bright, but with a somber hint of force. You might, of course, get something of it with water color; even, in a limited way, with pastels. But to catch it in oils—and that without the tricks of a Turner or a Moran—would be a joyous achievement; just that lovely shining metallic surface with the undernote of careless tragedy.

He stood leaning against the wall by the window—slender, not tall, oddly blond and wistfully young; younger—though, again, older—than his years; features delicate as a girl's; blue eyes behind spectacles—that since his service in the French and American Armies had looked a little tired; wearing an old tweed suit that needed pressing; hands—they would be small and as sensitive as his face—plunged into the pockets of the coat; listless of body, in nearly every respect a puzzle to the woman, his mother, who sat somewhat stiffly in the gilded chair by the Louis Quinze table, tapping on it lightly and absently.

For Mrs. Van Horne was, if anything, a woman of the world. She was, as even her son sensed, exquisitely dressed, though in black. That had struck him more sharply than anything else at their meeting. Her widowhood, after all the years—a decade or more—was to be taken as an outstanding fact, of a more conspicuous dignity, indeed, than her marriage had been.

"If the Situation Is So Bad, Mother, Why are You Having the Girl Here for Tea?"

He had forgotten that she never settled back in a chair; always sat firmly erect, as now. He had, in a degree, as well, forgotten her rather humorless inflexibility of character, the quality that had made it impossible for her to understand Bill Van Horne. She was strong, of course; quietly, unbendingly strong. In the councils of the orchestra and opera associations in the city, in club and church affairs, in the municipal art trusteeship, her vigor was felt. Her flag flew high—had never been lowered. It was a family trait doubtless, that unyielding egotism. Come to think of it, all through Uncle Will's success in the law and in public affairs you felt the same strong quality. The boy himself—he reflected, turning his head to one side and squinting out at the now opalescent lake—had missed it. His gift, such as it might prove to be, derived from the Van Hornes. An amiable gift that could be irritating to the harder-headed Grastons; a weaving of sunnier traits than theirs that had been characterized, he knew, in more than one family council as weakness. He asked himself idly if that was what it was.

She wouldn't be able quite to grasp the fact of his maturity. He must try to be patient about that. She would be—it was coming clear to him, gathering out of a cloud of misty boyhood memories—literal, dogmatic, in her dignified way exigent. She would press to possess his spirit as her son without knowing at all what she was about. She had always done that. Yes, the easy Paris days were over, over forever. But that was a lovely lake.

He fell to wondering why she chose to live in this amazing hotel; a huge jumble of architectural boxes with roofs of red tile that were supposed to be Italian in manner—certainly not native, standing high over cheaply built other boxes that were apartment houses, and over gimcrack residences.

"*L'âge de mauvais goût*," he thought; then caught himself, fearing he might have spoken aloud.

She was speaking. His trick of not listening was a discourtesy, of course. They weren't so strong on dreamers, anyway, in this showy, bustling America. Already he had sensed that. They seemed to prefer results and brass tacks and the coin and other quaint unrealities; just the things that no epoch in all human history has been remembered by. Epochs, peoples, of course, are remembered by their dreams. . . . What was it she was saying? Something, surely, about going to work.

"That?" This was himself speaking. "Oh, I've got to leap into this thing, of course. Probably Uncle Will can get me in with one of the big firms of architects."

She thought he sighed, but controlled the wish to speak sharply. He seemed alien. It was difficult ——

He threw out a hand.

"I'll give my best to it, mother. The thing in my heart has been painting, of course, all the way along. Oh, I may as well come out with it! It seems to be a time for honesty."

"But, my boy, painting ——"

"I know. We'll drop that. But I was really getting at something. A fellow's tastes are himself, after all. I'm afraid it wouldn't get us very far to put me at designing pier sheds for the South Branch or figuring strains in unit-built factory sections. Oh, I'd try hard enough; but —— I wouldn't mind hitting it off with a Gothic firm."

"With a ——"

"Do churches, cathedrals." The sensitive mouth thinned to a line, his temples were flushed. "It would be rather worth while to have a hand in reviving the Gothic spirit, if the thing could be done at all. Of course, the cathedrals—the carvings and the glass, even the textiles—were expressions of a faith that was more to every common family than its daily bread. The vaulting and those spires and towers were the soul of a civilization. It's what ails modern life, of course; we just haven't got it. Five hundred years of materialism! All this discovery and invention—applied science and the

"No Reason for Her to Hit Me Over the Head With Michigan Boulevard. Nobody Insisted on Her Coming Here"

enormous human organization we've built on it—all of it reached its final perfect expression in that war. Destruction! Slaughter! The Germans were really the best at all of it—science and slaughter. The civilization that began with Machiavelli and his squabbling princes and mounted into a bone yard."

He did sigh now. His mother's eyes never left him. It was, then, as bad as this. An eager young brain packed with shining theories, hopelessly out of touch with the facts.

The next thing she knew he'd be bombarding with rhetoric the capitalist system. This was the boy who had run away in '15 to help save France and spent three years in the French and American Armies! Years he wouldn't talk about. Then two years at the Beaux Arts. And now all up in the sky, with a good enough mind there somewhere that she couldn't seem to get at. Somehow she must get at it. Her trouble was exigent, and she had no one else.

"That's the real question, of course. Has this queer civilization of ours any soul to express—any whatever? All great art, you know, mother, must first be felt in the hearts of the people."

"I'm afraid that isn't the question."

That sharp tone had escaped her. It struck him almost like a blow. He shrank against the curtains. It was the sort of attack he was helpless to meet. His mother sensed this—remembered it now—and felt a deeper concern for him, and a deeper irritation.

She went on, "I've planned great things for you, Somers. But I've got to tell you that our position has become—well, insecure."

The color left his temples.

"I'll pitch in at anything you say. I suppose I've rather taken money for granted. This sort of thing"—he indicated the costly furnishings of the apartment—"and all your activities in town; your whole position. It predicates wealth."

"It did," said she, and compressed her lips.

"I think"—this after a considerable pause—"you'd better let me have it full."

"I'm going to show you—this evening."

His brow clouded. But she chose to tell him no more at the moment. They were on their way after dinner, in the limousine, before she vouchsafed this: "Your Uncle Walter has bought this theater we're going to."

"Oh!" said he, mystified. Merely "Oh!"

Uncle Walter had branched out into the picture business. But why not? He could afford it.

IV

GOLDIE found it stirring to stand in the lobby after the performances, as the audience came pressing out to the street, studying faces and listening for comments. The little outbursts of enthusiasm were pleasant to hear, and there was always the chance of picking up a useful bit of criticism. On this occasion P. Heigham joined her there, and a moment later Mr. Graston. Whereupon P. Heigham slipped away.

A couple detached themselves from the thick human current and made their way along the wall: a blond young man with wide eyes behind tortoise-rimmed spectacles—eyes that might easily betray enthusiasm—and a sensitive mouth; and a slender woman, simply and well gowned in black, in age somewhere along in the middle years.

They stopped at Mr. Graston's elbow. The crowd was thinning. Goldie found herself being introduced to Mrs. and Mr. Van Horne. Mr. Graston, she felt, was surprised to see them here. She hadn't before noted this austerity in him.

His sister bowed unsmilingly; seemed to be looking down from a high place. Goldie's right hand, which had moved forward, drew swiftly back. Mrs. Van Horne evidently didn't regard a handclasp as essential to casual introductions. But her son thrust his forward. Goldie felt his big eyes taking her in with frank curiosity; friendly enough eyes, but curious. She didn't mind.

No, this rising tide of nervous hostility had to do only with the mother. That lady's quiet hardness and old-worldliness were new in Goldie's experience. The gayly colored strain of gamin that was woven richly into the fabric of Goldie's nature found instant expression in thought.

"No reason for her to hit me over the head with Michigan Boulevard. Nobody insisted on her coming here."

This thought, then, wove itself into the question, why had she come? She wasn't the sort that follows the pictures. You felt that, and you felt purpose in her, too. It was, during that brief first silence, oddly a situation, with a nervous tension in it that had communicated itself even to Walter B. Graston. He didn't like her coming.

Only young Mr. Van Horne was smiling; smiling quizzically but not at all unpleasantly at the slimly pretty girl who had so briskly undertaken to turn some part of Uncle Walter's money into more money.

Before Mrs. Van Horne had more than begun to phrase with icy deliberation what she had come here to say a strident voice came from beyond the last trailing few of the departing audience. And Goldie, her discomfort deepening, saw mamma emerging from the foyer, firmly dragging a twin on either side. Mamma was saying, "There, there! We'll go over to Donovan's and have an ice-cream soda."

Mamma was fat, with a triple chin and an air of blandly exultant prosperity. She bore down as a matter of right on the group by the wall.

Papa walked behind, slightly bent, a new blue suit ready-made—hanging loosely on his thin frame, his burnsides showing gray—nearly white, indeed, like his cropped mustache—under the straw hat.

Goldie noted the coldly dignified inclination of the head with which Mr. Graston greeted them, and she saw—and felt—Mrs. Van Horne's expressionless stare. And then, as if in a rush, here they all were and something had to be done about it.

It was on the tip of Goldie's tongue to say, "Mrs. Van Horne, meet my mother and father," but the words felt wrong. She heard herself saying instead, in a suppressed voice, "This is my mother and father, Mrs. Van Horne—and Mr. Van Horne."

Instantly mamma released one twin and grasped Mrs. Van Horne's right hand, then her son's. More hesitantly, papa followed suit.

"And these," cried mamma expansively, laying a motherly hand on each flaxen head, "are my little twin girls, Susie and Sadie."

"I want to go home!" wailed Sadie, while Susie cried protestingly, "I want to go to Donovan's!"

"There, there!" said mamma soothingly, adding, "Goldie, where on earth is Anderson? He was here before the show." She turned to the elegant lady from the city, explaining, "My second son. He has reached the gadding age. I declare I don't know which are the greatest worries, boys or girls! This is such a frightfully lawless time we're living in."

Mrs. Van Horne said to Goldie in frigidly measured tones, "I should be glad to have you for tea to-morrow, Miss Green, at five—at the Beach Hotel. Good evening."

Goldie, Her Discomfort Deepening, Saw Mamma Emerging From the Foyer, Firmly Dragging a Twin on Either Side

Before Goldie could frame any reply beyond a nervous little nod, she and her son had gone out to a limousine that waited at the curb, and Mr. Graston, after a courteous word, was with them.

"Well," said mamma with rising color, "I never! She never even asked me, your own mother! She must have meant to include me. She'd hardly be so rude as to ——"

"I want to go to Donovan's!" and "I want to go home!" whined the twins.

"You all go on," said Goldie in a tone of studied quiet. "I have a little work to do yet."

She looked after them as they straggled out of the lobby, papa last, then turned toward her office. It was something to have a sanctuary, shut away from the crowd, her own things about her. There was no privacy at home. . . . It seemed remarkably nice of Mrs. Van Horne to ask her for tea. Disliking inharmonious thoughts by pure instinct, she set herself at the task of feeling comfortable about it. But a task that proved. If only Mrs. Van Horne hadn't snubbed mamma like that. Perhaps society leaders really didn't know better when they found themselves in contact with the less-favored classes. Mamma must be made to understand the necessity of being courteous to Mr. Graston's sister; this thought arose by way of forestalling endless little jangles at home.

She paused in the foyer and looked out and down over the curving lines of empty seats toward the stage. House and stage lights were down; a single electric light on a standard stood by the footlights and threw grotesque dusty shadows. The disturbing thought arose that mamma might appear at the tea. Yes, she distinctly might, and she simply mustn't. This would have to be thought out. Perhaps a diversion ——

She went on to the office. There was P. Heigham, pacing the floor.

"You understand, Goldie"—his features were gathered into a knot in the middle of his face; he had fallen, as he so often did, into his own worried self-consciousness—"you understand," he went on, "when I spoke of you perhaps having your head turned I didn't mean ——"

"Listen, Perce!" She slid into the swivel chair before the desk, hands in the pockets of her suit, like a boy. "I wonder if you'd mind taking charge of mamma to-morrow afternoon."

"Why, no, of course ——"

"Take her over to Wilson's garage ——"

"You're not going to buy the car, Goldie?"

She nodded.

"Won't it use up all you're—all we're saving for the first payment on the new place?"

She nodded again.

"But it's just putting things around in another order, Perce. Anyhow, it's the only thing that would keep her mind off a certain little matter. I'll tell you—call up Charlie Wilson and arrange for him to give her a lesson in driving—at five sharp."

P. Heigham came up short in his stride.

"You're not really going to let mamma drive the car, Goldie!"

She nodded.

"Of course you know you're starting something."

"I know," said she, and indulged in a yawn. "Looks as if the Greens'll be starting something every day or so from now on. Got to keep moving. We'll fall over if we stop."

V

MRS. VAN HORNE spoke not a word, nor did Mr. Graston. Somers Van Horne, finding the atmosphere of the limousine rather depressing, sat forward in one of the folding seats and squinted at the lights and shadows along Simpson Street and thought of that extraordinary girl in the picture house. She couldn't be much over twenty, fresh and slim and rather aggressively pretty. Taller, slightly, than himself. Wore her clothes nicely. . . . She was, he gathered now, the Marigold C. Green whose name appeared on the desk in the hotel lounge, where they'd insure your automobile while you waited. But he hadn't seen her there. Another young woman was in charge there during the day. . . . So she was running the picture house too. With Uncle Walter's money. Situation! Tension here in the limousine!

They stood within the spacious lounge of the hotel. The grim eyes of Mrs. Van Horne met the firm eyes of her brother. Then he said good night very quietly. Mrs. Van Horne dropped into a wicker chair that had a cretonne-covered cushion, by a wicker table that was covered with plate glass over cretonne, and waited for her son, who had wandered rather uncomfortably over to the news stand. Seeing her alone there, he returned and dropped listlessly into another wicker chair.

"Well," said his mother in a voice that was tremulously near to blazing with emotion, "you see!"

"I really don't see such an awful lot, mother."

She tapped the table.

"You are old enough to face these adult problems, Somers. Your Uncle Walter has arrived at a time of life that is—well, in the case of successful men of affairs it is

(Continued on Page 33)

ONLY A FEW OF US LEFT

VI

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

EVEN now on the terrace at the Merrymead Riding and Driving Club they still talk of it with bated breath. Though it is quite a long time back now, as things go at Merrymead, more than one sporting gentleman is still known to stiffen with horror when he thinks what Jimmy did, and at that the mélange of Merrymead has ever been noted for its breadth of view. Yet even those who put the most charitable construction on his action could not but view it harshly; for you must remember that the carefully chosen group of Merrymead chivalry have different views than are common on many matters. Even in the very best light James Slade Lee, a member of the riding and driving club, had gone to work when he didn't have to, when his fortunes were so unimpaired that he could keep twenty hunters in his private stable. Right in midseason, when Merrymead was preparing for the one national event that really mattered, for nothing less than the Eastern Gentlemen's Steeplechase, James Slade Lee had forgotten what he owed the world, and had gone to worship before the golden shrine. He had forgotten his traditions; he had forgotten that he was a Lee; and deliberately had dealt a vicious blow at the morale of the club itself.

Even now the elders who could do nothing for the fair name of Merrymead, save hunt each Saturday morning, recall how they trembled when they heard the news. Suppose the other young men who guarded the Merrymead tradition should suddenly become obsessed by the same insane desire? Suppose the rest of them went to the city alone, and left the fair name of Merrymead to become a hollow memory? It is wonderfully to the credit of the young men at Merrymead that they held fast one and all to that fatal hour, and that only the saddle of James Slade Lee was left to molder on its peg.

They all admitted afterwards that they ought to have known that the other young men were chips of the old blocks, and that Jimmy alone was queer. Several of the older generation remembered telling Jimmy's grandfather that he shouldn't buy up that rubber company. Even if his agents ran it entirely it might sometime become a temptation to some member of the family, and it had become a temptation. It was a terrible thing to think about. Yes, it was very terrible, the more terrible that a Lee should have succumbed to it.

"You Thought I Was Afraid, Did You? Does Anyone Here Think I'm Afraid Now? Does Anyone——"

Yes, the very best intentioned, in offering their excuses, said that Jimmy didn't really know what he was doing; but they were mistaken. Jimmy knew. He knew what he had done just as soon as he had done it. He knew the worst that very evening, and bowed beneath the weight of his disgrace. Before dinner that night Aunt Anna heard his steps in the study where the Lee portraits hung, and where generations of Lees had left their trophies of the chase. Only a light above the desk was burning, above the desk with mahogany horses' heads which Lafayette himself had sent a Lee after the Battle of Yorktown. The rows of books, the pictures, the shelves of shotguns and spurs and bridles were left in a friendly shadow, and Jimmy himself looked quite vague and shadowy as he stood before them. As she opened the door she saw Jimmy pacing across the rug before the empty fireplace, his head bowed and his lips moving; and now and then he would pause and strike the desk softly with his fist.

"Why the deuce did I do it?" he was muttering. "Oh, why the deuce did I do it?"

"Jimmy!" cried Aunt Anna, hurrying toward him. "What in the world's the matter? Don't tell me you hurt Homicide!"

He looked up quickly when she spoke, and tried to smile and shake his head, but his face was drawn with pain.

"Brace up, Jimmy," Aunt Anna commanded. "What d'you mean acting like this? Are you sick?"

"Sick!" he echoed vaguely, and pounded again on the desk. "Oh, no, I'm all right."

"What you need," said Aunt Anna, "is a good hot drink with a kick in it. You're overtired."

He knew he must tell her. He stopped dead on the hearthrug doing his best to master his unmanly emotion.

"It won't do any good," he said. "Nothing will do any good. Do you know what I've got to do? I've got to go to work to-morrow."

There was no doubt about his sincerity. He wouldn't look like that if he were jesting. Limp, and momentarily speechless, Aunt Anna sank into an armchair and tried to rally from the shock.

"I knew it," she groaned, "I knew it. It's that girl. That's who it is—that everlasting girl. Once your father almost did it. I knew right away that something terrible would happen when she asked me how you found time to know so much about rubber.

"Oh, my word! Why did he ever buy that rubber company? Oh, why did he do it? And why did you ever go to the yacht club? I knew something dreadful would happen at that dratted place!"

Though her words made him wince he turned swiftly to face her.

"Well, why shouldn't she ask?" he demanded with sudden asperity.

But she was a woman for emergencies, capable of facing any situation, and she faced this one now as she knew she should, without caviling again against the bitter facts.

"Are you really going to work?"

Jimmy nodded.

"It won't do you any good to tell you what a fool you are?"

Jimmy shook his head.

"I suppose you know what going to the city means? It means you can't ride. It means you'll be out of condition for anything you ought to be doing. I suppose you know what people are going to say?"

He nodded again. At another time he might have seen the humor of it, the curious difference of a point of view, but just then the thing was too close to him and too imminent. A member of the riding and driving club working when he didn't have to! Yes, he knew what they would say. He knew. And just then another thought leaped upon him, a thought that somehow he had overlooked. It was so sudden and unexpected that it whitened his face and made him lean weakly against the desk. It seemed as though Aunt Anna had the same thought also, for her expression became still firmer and still more forbidding.

"You know what they said about Willy Homer when he went into that bank?" she asked.

And Jimmy nodded again.

"And you know what Reggie did when he broke his leg? You know what they said when he went into marine insurance?"

Jimmy nodded and paced again across the carpet.

"Well," said Aunt Anna less gloomily, "there's one little thing you can do about it anyway. Before you start this business you can get up on Homicide again, and show 'em. You know what I mean."

Now that the moment had come Jimmy grew even paler, and cleared his throat.

"No," he said hoarsely, "I can't show 'em."

"You—what?" snapped Aunt Anna, springing up beside him; and she, too, became very pale, and the hand she laid on his shoulder was trembling.

"Boy! You don't know what you're saying!"

"Yes, I do," he replied steadily, but almost in a whisper. "I hadn't thought of that. I promised not to ride him."

Aunt Anna's hand gripped him still harder, and in the horror and excitement of the moment she half shook him and her voice broke.

"You fool! Didn't you think? Didn't you know what they'd say if you didn't ride him? Of course you knew! Fancy them saying it! Fancy anyone saying that a Lee's afraid!"

If he had been dying on a stricken field those words would have roused him from his apathy. The fear of the slander, the stigma of it would have given him a new strength. The word would have sent everything else into oblivion. It crashed into the very roots of his existence. It overturned his household gods and the tablets of his ancestors.

With a sudden convulsive movement he wrenched himself free. For a moment there was a roaring in his ears, and Aunt Anna's face seemed to dance before him. For a moment he stared blankly ahead of him, striving to regain his breath, striving to battle against the stigma and disgrace.

"Damn them!" he cried. "They won't dare say it. They won't dare think it! You won't! Nobody will!"

For answer Aunt Anna turned away and rang a bell.

"Jenkins," she said, "bring Mr. James a glass of warm milk."

He knew it was the worst rebuke of which she was capable, but he stood quiet under the provocation. He even contrived to smile and shrug his shoulders.

"Ah, yes, Jenkins," he said. "And tell them to have the car ready to catch the 8:02 to-morrow morning. Tell them to have it ready every morning except Sunday."

If she had not also been struck by the blow and awed by the shadow of disgrace that hovered over the house she would have known better. She would have read aright the dangerous glint that came into his eye, and would have realized that something terrible would happen when a Lee turned against a Lee.

And something terrible did happen, something very terrible indeed; but it was not Aunt Anna who withstood the shock, but old Mr. Hazelton, president and one-third owner of the All-America Tire Company.

VII

IT IS quite probable, if there is anything in the old superstition, that out in the family vault the next morning the earthly remains of old Jeffry Lee turned over fitfully as the whistle of the 8:02 train broke the placid silence. For old Jeffry Lee would have known what Jimmy was doing. In spite of his equestrian proclivities they still say at the riding and driving club that he had a disturbing head for business, which sometimes seriously interfered with his more earnest pursuits. Yes, he would have understood it all. If his hand had been still on the helm he would have seen Jimmy in his true aspect. Who knows? In that crisis he might have forgotten about Homicide, and have offered, instead of condemnation, his sincerest pity. But Jeffry Lee was dead these eighteen years, and only the folly of buying his rubber company was left behind him.

What was Jimmy to know of business in that glowing cloistered place where he existed, where men and horses walked side by side in the even fields?

At 11:15 it happened, an event so stupendous that they heard about it even at the information desk of the All-America Tire Company, and even the office boys whispered of it in the corridors. Twelve hours later almost everybody heard of it, and paused to wonder. Some people said he was crazy, and some that he was too ignorant to know what he was doing. Perhaps these last were right, but others more directly concerned said he seemed to know what he was doing very well indeed, and that he had inherited the acumen of Jeffry Lee himself—the Lee who had first brought the curse of rubber to that fine old house.

At 11:05 Jimmy entered the offices of the All-America Tire Company. They didn't know who he was then. Some of them even thought he was an insurance salesman when he asked to see Mr. Hazelton, because he seemed much too pleasant to be anyone important.

The stockholders were having a meeting in Mr. Hazelton's private office, and under no circumstances were they to be disturbed, but Jimmy didn't mind. He disturbed them right in the middle of it by strolling into the room with his hands in his pockets and nodding to Mr. Hazelton genially. They none of them saw his possibilities then. It was hard to tell that he had changed, for he seemed just as gayly carefree as ever, a sadly useless ornament which they had watched before with contemptuous toleration.

Mr. Hazelton was sitting at the end of an oblong table, passing the stubby fingers of his right hand over his upper lip. Jimmy had always noticed there was something rough and ready about Mr. Hazelton. He noticed it again, now that he was about to make his début into the world where things are real and earnest. Perhaps it was because he always wore his iron-gray hair close-cropped like an officer on the German general staff, or perhaps it was the way he had of spluttering when he got excited. Mr. Hazelton often got excited when he talked to Jimmy. When he did, his face, which was square and heavy, became very red, and he had a way of bouncing in his chair. Jimmy liked to see Mr. Hazelton bounce.

In those halcyon days when there was nothing better to do, and one's lawyers made you come in so that you could vote yourself instead of by proxy, Jimmy liked to make Mr. Hazelton bounce. But that morning he didn't think of it at all.

There were only two stockholders besides Mr. Hazelton and himself, and Jimmy knew them both. On Mr. Hazelton's right was Mr. Green, whom Jimmy remembered with an especial horror, because just when everything was going all right Mr. Green had a way of talking for an extra hour. He never got red, and he never bounced. Instead he spoke very slowly and drew little squares on a piece of paper in front of him. On Mr. Hazelton's left was seated a very old gentleman indeed, whom Jimmy liked better, because in a certain way he reminded him of the riding and driving club. Like Jimmy on the rare occasions when he attended these functions, he sat perfectly silent. He kept his eyes half closed, as though he also wished that the thing was over, and sometimes he murmured something under his breath which was hard to understand. When Mr. Hazelton spoke to old Mr. Perrett, Mr. Perrett would say "Hey?" and open one eye a little wider, and then nod his head.

At the end of the table a stenographer was seated, taking down a record of the meeting, though Jimmy could never tell just why. Beside the stenographer Jimmy saw another man, who had never been there before, who was bending over a typewritten sheet. He raised his head when Jimmy entered, and Jimmy looked at him a little blankly. He was Mr. Edmund Jones, and again Jimmy had almost forgotten about Mr. Edmund Jones.

"Hello," said Jimmy.

Only Mr. Jones seemed disturbed at seeing him, for perhaps he alone suspected what would happen. Mr. Hazelton nodded hurriedly.

"Sit down, Lee," he said. "This is Mr. Jones, our general manager. I don't suppose you've ever seen him. He's reading us some very interesting figures."

"Well, don't mind me," said Jimmy.

"Go on, Jones," said Mr. Hazelton, and Jimmy subsided into a chair.

"There isn't much more," said Edmund. "If you would care to look at them I have curves showing the buying figures. A glance at them will show much better than I can that the price of raw rubber is still going up."

"Exactly," said Mr. Hazelton. "And that's why I say that we must buy a six months' supply before it goes up any further, and we must readjust our figures again—upwards, gentlemen. You all see that, of course. I just wanted you to understand why I'm ordering a ten per cent increase all along the line."

"Now," said Mr. Green carefully, "now just a minute. I just want to be sure of one thing—just one thing."

Mr. Hazelton bounced slightly in his chair.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Well," said Mr. Green, "I just wanted to ask whether everybody else is increasing the price of rubber tires."

Mr. Hazelton's face grew a trifle red and he bounced again in his chair.

"My dear sir," he explained, "if our competitors have not raised the price of tires yet, they will be obliged to in another week. We can't go on with the present prices and hope to make a profit."

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Green, "but it seemed to me"—and he stopped to draw a square on the tablet before him—"it just seemed to me that somebody at the last meeting said a very profound thing about the present rubber market. Didn't someone say it was elastic? It seemed to me someone said so."

Jimmy glanced at Mr. Hazelton and smiled.

"Well, now," said Mr. Green, "all I wanted to know is this. Of course I'm not sure. I'm not sure at all, and of course Mr. Jones here is our sales manager, and does some of our buying besides ——"

Mr. Green drew another square on his piece of paper.

"What I want to know is—isn't the rubber market too elastic? Suppose we buy raw stock at the present high figure, and the price of raw rubber goes down?"

"Bosh!" said Mr. Hazelton. "It won't go down. Haven't I been trying to show you all along that it can't go down? You can take it from me, gentlemen, the market's booming. We've got figures to prove that it won't go down. All our competitors are buying for the next six months, and are making that raw rubber into tires as fast as they can, even with the price of labor what it is. They can afford to do it because they can sell those tires. We can sell our tires. We can sell every tire we make for the next two years."

And then for the first time Jimmy spoke, with such curious intelligence that Mr. Hazelton stared at him.

"Suppose our exports stop?" said Jimmy. "It seems to me I read in the paper that they are stopping. Suppose we only sell rubber tires in this country?"

Again Mr. Hazelton bounced slightly in his chair.

"Now, Lee," he said, "what's the use in talking? You don't really know anything about it. If you'd had the experience Mr. Jones has, for instance, I might listen to you. You might know about the new motor cars being made each day, and the increased demand. You might know a lot of things, Lee."

Jimmy nodded. When he wanted to he had a disconcerting way of looking straight at people, and now he looked very straight at Mr. Hazelton. It would have been better if Mr. Hazelton had not assumed an air of gentle patronage that morning, but how was he to know how little it would take to get Jimmy started?

"I know I don't know much about it," said Jimmy diffidently. "And of course up to now I've only been here because my lawyers wanted me to show up—but I'd like to tell you something, Mr. Hazelton. Sometimes I bet on horses. I'm pretty good at picking horses."

Old Mr. Perrett opened both eyes. Mr. Green stopped drawing squares on his paper, and Mr. Hazelton turned very red indeed. Even then he failed to see what was going to happen.

"What's the use in making an ass of yourself?" he demanded. "Don't you know we're all busy men, Lee? Can't you see we're all making your money for you? Confound it, man! You ought to know enough to leave us alone."

Jimmy drew out his gold cigarette case, and still stared at Mr. Hazelton.

"I'm awfully sorry to bother you," he said, "but really I have something I want to say. I'm pretty good at picking horses, and when you do that you have to study them. Now I've gone over this rubber thing, and as I see it ——"

Mr. Hazelton bounced from his chair to his feet.

"Gone over it!" he cried. "Well, so have I gone over it. So have we all gone over it. That's what we're here for."

"As I see this rubber thing," continued Jimmy, "it's a good deal like picking a horse, and I want to say, Mr. Hazelton, that I think you're picking the wrong one. Of course I may not know anything about it, but I've been listening, and I've talked to some people this morning. Exports are dropping off. Cotton is going down. Lots of things like that are happening, and no one seems to understand it. They don't seem to see that times are going to change. Old rubber companies keep on expanding, and new ones keep being organized. Too many people are making tires, Mr. Hazelton, and pretty soon they'll be making too many tires—and then what's going to happen? You probably know better than I do."

"The damned things'll blow up," observed Mr. Perrett in a high squeaking voice. "That's what the damned things'll do."

Jimmy lighted his cigarette and nodded.

"My bet," he continued, "is that the bottom is going to drop out of everything, rubber included. My bet is that in a month they'll be cutting prices. My idea is that the present is the worst time there ever was to buy raw rubber. Instead of raising prices we ought to cut them. In a month from now we can buy all the rubber we want."

"That's what!" piped Mr. Perrett.

And then Mr. Hazelton made his last mistake.

"I suppose you'd like to be running this yourself," he said with elaborate sarcasm.

"That's exactly it," said Jimmy. "That's just what I was going to say."

"What?" shouted Mr. Hazelton.

"I control this outfit," said Jimmy. "And now I'm going to do something. I'm going to bet on the other horse."

"Damnation!" cried Mr. Hazelton. "Do you want to ruin us?"

"No," said Jimmy. "I don't want you to lose a cent. I stand prepared to buy out anyone's share in the company at its present price, or if you'd rather I'll be glad to cover any loss personally. My lawyers are drawing up an agreement"

Mr. Hazelton bounced back into his chair, his eyes round and protruding.

"Oh, Lord," he said, "I never heard anything like this, not in twenty years! Oh, Lord! You don't know what you're talking about, Lee. If you do what I think you're going to, and if rubber goes up, you'll lose a million."

Jimmy's face lighted with sudden excitement.

"By Jove!" he cried. "Might I really? Why, I didn't know you could do things like that."

"Well, you do now," said Mr. Hazelton.

"And if rubber goes down," said Jimmy, "I might make a million, mightn't I?"

"Two million," squeaked Mr. Perrett. "That's what you otter make."

Jimmy whistled softly through his teeth.

"Now let me get this straight," he said. "You want to raise the price on All-America tires, and you want to buy in a six months' supply of raw rubber now. Well, if the price of rubber goes down you'll be stuck for a million, won't you?"

"But it won't go down!" cried Mr. Hazelton.

"You never can tell," said Jimmy. "Anyway, I've got a hunch, and I guess I've just about got a million too. I'll take a chance."

Mr. Hazelton sat motionless and staring, and then he opened his mouth to speak, but Jimmy stopped him.

"There's no use arguing," said Jimmy smoothly; "I've just been to my lawyers, and I don't know much, but what they say ought to go. They say I can do anything I jolly well please with this company if I want to. Well, I'm going to, but this is my party, and I'm letting you out. I agree to cover all the losses personally. Well, then, why all the excitement? All you have to do is hold on. What I want is action, and I'm going to get it. I say rubber's going to go down, and I'll back it up. The first of next week we cut ten per cent on every tire in stock. We only buy enough raw material to keep going for a week ahead, and I'm going to be here to see we do it. If you don't want to help I'll get somebody else, but there's no use in arguing. We're off. We're off right now."

That was all there was to it. In fifteen minutes it was all over, and the worst had happened. In that brief time they even gave over trying to stop him, and the All-America Tire Company bowed beneath the shock. Mr. Hazelton resigned as an officer of the company. Mr. Jones gave a month's notice.

"Sort of mean of you to leave me in the lurch," said Jimmy. "It's going to be all over in a month."

"It certainly is," said Edmund.

Old Mr. Perrett alone had sat still during the last few minutes, while all the All-America Tire Company was trembling. He watched Mr. Hazelton and Mr. Jones hurry into the outer office, and saw Mr. Green hasten to join them, but he made no move to go. Instead he turned to Jimmy and stared at him unblinkingly.

"Well," said Jimmy, "are you satisfied?"

Mr. Perrett rose slowly from his chair.

"Young man," he said, "I always thought if I could get you started we might get some life in this place. It reminds me of old times, so it does, when Jeffry used to come in here, but it beats me. Here I've been telling you

for the last month, for more than a month, to do this, begging you to do it, and just when you say you won't, whether I'm right or not—why, then you go ahead and do it. That beats me, so it does."

"Look here," said Jimmy, "why didn't you tell me there was some excitement? How should I have known?"

Old Mr. Perrett emitted a hollow sound that might have been a chuckle, or perhaps a sigh.

"So I otter have," he admitted. "So I otter have. I recollect now. That's what Jeffry always said. 'Joe,' he'd say, 'just you tell me when there's some excitement in the shop and I'll be there,' he'd say. 'What I want's action, Joe,' he'd say. I otter have known. Of course I'd otter have known that you'd be like Jeffry."

"Well, what am I to do next?" Jimmy inquired.

"You aren't afraid?" asked old Mr. Perrett anxiously. "You'll stand by, will you?"

Jimmy nodded, and Mr. Perrett rubbed his hands together.

"It's nice to know there's still some of us left," said Mr. Perrett.

Old Mr. Perrett ought to have known the Lees better than to doubt it. Gradually, as he stood there looking at the newest shoot of the family tree, the dull film of age left his eyes, and his thin old hands, brown, wrinkled and knotted, rubbed together more quickly, and their friction seemed to suffuse his body with a pleasant glow. Old memories seemed to soften his face and give it a look of relief and anticipation. Now that Jimmy was pacing back and forth before the oblong table, with his hands thrust in his pockets, the room about him seemed to change. The drab office furniture, the shiny quartered oak, the hatrack, the steam radiator, the glass inkstand and the little trays of paper clips all became less harshly obtrusive and seemed softened by a mellow golden light.

"Well, by crickey!" squeaked old Mr. Perrett in a louder tone. "Damme if I wouldn't think it was old Jeffry back. Damme if I ever hoped to see this again before they shoveled me underground. I wouldn't wonder, maybe, if we raised hell with 'em. No, I wouldn't."

Jimmy paused.

"You've got me into this," he said, "and I don't know much about it. In fact, I don't know anything about it, but I'm taking your word, all right, and I'm going to stay right here and see it through. Just you tell me what to do now and then, and see if I get this thing straight, and I don't know. I'm awfully sorry I'm so stupid about this, but just give me a leg up once in a while, and I wouldn't wonder. No, I wouldn't wonder at all."

"Now, now," remonstrated Mr. Perrett, "it don't matter a bit what you know. Why, Jeffry didn't know anything either, but it didn't matter a mite when Jeffry got started. It didn't matter a damn, so it didn't. 'Just you show me where the fence is, Joe,' Jeffry would say. 'Just you show me,' he'd say, 'and by heck I'll jump it!'"

Mr. Perrett's eyes grew brighter and he pointed at Jimmy with a skinny forefinger.

"There's only one thing that matters," he went on, and Jimmy suddenly noticed that his voice wasn't squeaking at all. "There's always someone to tell you. That doesn't matter; but as long as you ain't afraid—why, that's the only thing that matters, the only thing that matters anywhere."

"You don't think I am, do you?" Jimmy demanded quickly.

"By crickey!" squeaked Mr. Perrett. "Just like old Jeffry. As if I hadn't said you weren't. Yes, it does seem like old times, so it does. It puts me in mind when Jeffry used to sit here, and we used to pound on the table and like as not he'd put his head to one side and sing ——"

"By Jove!" cried Jimmy. "I remember! He used to sing it after dinner!"

And suddenly out in the outer office they were startled by a volley of sound that crashed through the thin partition and drowned out for a moment the noise of the adding machines and typewriters. They heard it, and looked up, bewildered, shocked by the profanation of an office morning. Mr. Jones heard it, and dropped a pile of unanswered correspondence. Mr. Hazelton heard it, and dropped the receiver of his telephone.

Bound to run all night—bound to run all day,
I got my money on the bobtailed mare, and—somebody's got to pay.

"Well, now," said old Mr. Perrett gently, "I wouldn't wonder if we raised hell with 'em. I wouldn't wonder at all."

"No," said Jimmy, "I wouldn't wonder."

VIII

SOMEBODY had to pay. But why should a sporting gentleman of highstrung nerves and delicate sensibility have thought? How should Jimmy have known that he was going to pay; that he was going to begin paying that afternoon and keep on until there was nothing left; that he was going to pay in the most terrible currency of all, the currency of pride and honor?

Jimmy looked awfully nice when he got off the 5 :0 train that afternoon, for just then he still didn't realize. Among those other poor plodders who dampened the gayety of Merrymead by appearing careworn after a day of toil, Jimmy was a welcome sight. He must have had a very pleasant day, for he was humming a tune and jingling the small change in his pockets, and walking with a quick, springy step, as though the day were just beginning. Indeed, he actually did look fresher than when he had started. Even the Merrymead taxi drivers ceased their plaintive call as he hurried by, to look at one another in swift interrogation.

"Bound to run all night," Jimmy was humming. "Bound to run all day. I got my money ——"

Suddenly he stopped and snatched off his hat. There was Jane waving at him from the edge of the platform. There she was, smiling and waving her hand, and when he saw her he had a curious feeling such as he had never experienced before. As he stood there looking at her it seemed to him that nothing else really mattered, that it had all been an insignificant detail. He knew then that he had been hoping all day that he might see her, and now he was glad of that alone, very glad indeed, for was he not coming back to Merrymead as she wished, no longer a drone, but a useful worker? Her first words gave him an unnatural thrill of pleasure. Indeed, if she had said nothing else at all his troubles of the night before would have seemed very light. "Oh," said Jane, "I sort of hoped I'd see you."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jimmy, and his smile had nothing of the gay constraint of the sporting gentleman. "By Jove! Did you really!"

He looked up at her and caught his breath. He had never seen her looking quite that way before. There was a certain warmth and kindliness in her voice which he had never noticed. It seemed to him that she looked a little the way she had once at the club just before he went to the stables.

"Yes," she answered slowly. "I was wondering if you'd really do it, so I thought I'd come down and see."

"By Jove!" murmured Jimmy rather vacantly. "By Jove! Now who'd have thought you'd be interested enough to do that?"

"Of course I was interested," said Jane. "I've been thinking about it all day."

"By Jove!" said Jimmy again. "By Jove!"

As though lost in thought he looked down at the ground in front of him, and when he looked up he was smiling less like a sporting gentleman than ever, rather as though he had seen a great light which dazzled him by its brilliance. Even if he had seen the inevitable just then, it would have seemed like some golden lawn in the garden of the Hesperides.

"By Jove," said Jimmy, "that makes it all different, doesn't it? Why, I don't care a continental what they say any more."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked.

Jimmy replaced his hat at an angle which made it look oddly like the headpieces of the ancient cavaliers.

"Oh, nothing," he replied. "Nothing at all—except I'm awfully glad I did it. That's all."

"Would you like me to take you as far as your gate?" Jane asked. "I've got the car here."

So she had come just to see him. The thought dazzled him, almost made him hesitate. If he had only thought he might have known that it was too pleasant to last.

(Continued on Page 42)

"Go Away, Both of You. I Don't Want to See You Again, Ever"

THE DRIVER

By GARET GARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XXIII

VERA GALT by this time was in high romantic quest of that which cannot be found outside of oneself. She had a passion to be utterly free. It was a cold, intellectual phantasy, defeated in every possibility by some strange, morbid no-saying of her emotional nature. Her delusion had been that circumstances enthralled her. That refuge now was gone. Wealth gave her control over the circumstances of her life. She could do what she pleased. She was free to seek freedom, and her mind was strong and daring.

She leased an old house in West Tenth Street and had it all made over into studio apartments—four above, to be let by favor to whom she liked, and one, very grand, on the ground floor for herself. Then she became a patron of the arts. It is an easy road. Art is hungry for praise and attention. Artists are democratic. They keep no rules, go anywhere, have lots of time, and love to be entertained by wealth, if only to put their contempt upon it. The hospitality of a buyer must be bad indeed if they refuse it. Vera's hospitality was attractive in itself. Her teas were man teas. Her dinners were gay and excellent. They soon became smart in a special, exotic way. Her private exhibitions were written up in the art columns.

"I Wish to Cancel Our Bargain. The One We Made That Time Long Ago in the Tea Shop"

She had first a conventional phase and harbored academic art. That passed. Her taste became more and more radical; so also, of course, did her company. I went often to see her there—to her teas and sometimes to her dinners, because one could seldom see her anywhere else. But it was a trial for both of us. She introduced me always with an air which meant, "He doesn't belong, as you see, but he is all right." I was accepted for her sake. The men were not polite with one another. They quarreled and squabbled incessantly, mulishly, pettishly, in terms as strange to me as the language of my trade would have been to them. They were polite to me. That was the distinction they made.

As Vera progressed, her understanding of art becoming higher and higher, new figures appeared, some of them grossly uncouth, either naturally so or by affectation. She discovered a sculptor who brought his things with him to be admired—small ones in his pockets, larger ones in his arms. I could not understand them. They resembled the monstrosities children dream of when they need paregoric. He had been stoker, prize fighter, mason, poet, tramp—heaven knows what!—with this marvelous gift inside of him all the time. He wore brogans, trousers that sagged, a shirt open to the middle of his hairy chest, a red handkerchief around his neck, and often no hat at all.

Vera seemed quite mad about him. She took me one day to his studio, saying particularly that she had never been there. It was a small room at the top of a palsied fire trap near Columbus Circle, reached by many turnings through dark hallways with sudden steps up and down. In it, besides the sculptor in a gunny-sack smock, there was nothing but some planks laid over the tops of barrels, some heaps of clay, and his things, which he called pieces of form. On the walls, scrawled in pencil, were his social engagements, all with women. Vera's name was there.

Once he came to tea with nothing of his own to show, but from under his coat he produced and held solemnly aloft an object which proved to be a stuffed toy beast—dog, cow, bear or what, you couldn't tell, it was so battered. One of its shoe-button eyes, one ear and the tail were gone. Its hide was cotton flannel, now the color of grimy hands.

"What is it?" everybody asked.

He wouldn't tell until he had found something to stand it on. A book would serve. Then he held it out at arm's length.

"I found it on the East Side in a ragpicker's place," he said. "I seem to see something in it. What? A force—something elemental—something."

The respect with which this twaddle was received by a sane company, some of it distinguished, even by Vera herself, filled me with indignation.

Later the sculptor sat by me and asked ingratiatingly how matters were in Wall Street.

"You are the third man who has asked me that question to-day," I said. "Why are artists so much interested in Wall Street?"

"I'm not," he said. "I only thought it was a proper question to ask. Some of them are. I hear them talking about it. Pictures sell better when people are making money in Wall Street. Sculpture never sells anyway. Mine won't."

I said men were doing very well in Wall Street. Times were prosperous again.

"So I understand," he replied. "It seems very easy to make money there if you get in right. Do you know of anything sure?"

I said I didn't.

"You are with Mr. Galt?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He is a great money-maker, isn't he? What is he like?"

"He's an elemental force," I said, leaving him.

But Vera was shrewd and purposeful, having always her ends in view. Manifestations such as the sculptor person were kept in their place. They were not permitted to dominate the scene. They played against a background that was at once exquisite and reassuring. In a mysterious way she created an atmosphere of pagan, metaphysical tranquillity, which rejects nothing and refines whatever it accepts. No thought, no representation of fact or experience, however extreme, was forbidden. But you must perceive all things aesthetically. Vulgarity was the only sin. Emotions were objects. You might enjoy them in any way you liked save one. You must not touch them. For this was the higher sensuality, ethereal and philosophical—a sensuality of the mind alone.

All this was the unconscious expression of herself. Eros intellectualized! It can be done.

Her achievement became known in a cultish way. She made admission to her circle more and more difficult, and the harder it was the more anxious people were to get in. On Mrs. Valentine's world she turned the tables. She flouted society and it began to knock at her door. She had something it wanted, and sold it dear.

There are always those who seek in art that which they have lost or used up or never dared take in life. There are those whose desires are projected upon the mind and obsess it long after the capacity for direct experience is ruined.

There are those to whom anything esoteric and new is irresistible. There were those, besides, who sought Vera, notably among them a tall blond animal of the golden series.

He was the man I saw bring Vera home that evening I waited to have it out with her. I met him again in London on Galt's business while soliciting proxies among our foreign stockholders. At that time he was acting for his father's estate with an English syndicate that had large investments in American railroads. Since then, by the will of Providence, he had come into possession of the estate, together with a hereditary title of great social distinction.

Enter, as he pleases, Lord Porteous. With a thin, cynical head, a definite simplicity of outline and an exaggerated, voluptuous grace of body, he remarkably resembled an old Greek drawing. How he had found Vera in the first place I never knew. That happened, at any rate, before she was rich. He had the trained British instinct for putting money with the right people, and it was true that the

English discovered Galt from afar while he was yet almost unknown in Wall Street. But when I saw him that first time with Vera the Great Midwestern was on its way to bankruptcy and Galt's interest in it was extremely precarious.

Well, no matter. It was inevitable, however it happened. When he returned to this country as Lord Porteous he found her again and immediately added his prestige to her circle. Art bored him. He played the part of beguiled Philistine and amused himself by uttering bourgeois comments of the most astonishing banality. Whether he truly meant them or not nobody knew for sure. He never by any chance betrayed his form. If satire, it was art; if not, it was incredible. Sensitive victims were reduced to a state of grinning horror. One who committed suicide was believed to have been driven to it by something Lord Porteous said to him in a moment of their being accidentally alone at the sideboard. The artist dropped his glass in a gibbering rage and went headlong forth. He was never seen alive again, and as m'lord couldn't be asked we never knew what it was.

For all that, Lord Porteous was a capital social asset and a valiant protagonist. He carried Vera's name with him wherever he went, even to Mrs. Valentine's table—there especially, in fact, because he discovered how much it annoyed her. He disliked her; and she was helpless.

Like her father, Vera was adventurous with success. No measure was enough. She began to import art objects that were bound to be talked about; not old masters—nothing so trite as that—but daring, controversial things, the latest word of a modern school on the most authentic fetish of a new movement in thought. Her grand stroke was the purchase in London of the rarest piece of antique negro sculpture then known to exist in the world. It had been miraculously discovered in Africa and was brought to England for sale. Its importance lay in the fact that a certain self-advertised cult, leading a revolt against the classic Greek tradition, acclaimed it on sight as the perfect demonstration of some theory which only artists could pretend to understand. Modern sculpture, these people said, was pure in but two of its three dimensions. This African thing, wrought by savages in a time of great antiquity, was pure also in the third dimension. Therefore it excelled anything that was Greek or derived therefrom. A storm of controversy broke upon the absurd little idol's head. Photographs of it were printed in hundreds of magazines and newspapers in Europe and the United States. And when it came to be sold at auction it was one of the most notorious objects on earth.

The British Museum retired after the second bid. Agents acting for private collectors ran the price up rapidly. The bidding, according to the news reports cabled to this country the next morning, was very spirited, and the treasure passed at a fabulous price to the agent of Miss Vera Galt, the well-known American collector. She had engaged the assistance of a dealer who knew how to get publicity in these high matters. English art critics politely regretted that an object of such rare aesthetic interest should leave Europe; American critics exulted accordingly and praised Miss Galt's enterprise.

I was at the studio the day the thing arrived and was unpacked. Besides the initiates, votaries and friends, a number of art critics were present by invitation. Vera, as usual, was detached and tentative, with no air of proprietorship whatever. She was like one of the spectators. Yet every detail of the ceremony had been rigidly ordained. The place prepared to receive the idol was not too conspicuous. It was to be important but not paramount. It must not dominate the scene.

As one not entitled to participate in the chatter I was free to listen. There were oh's and ah's and guttural sounds, meant in each case to express that person's whole unique comprehension and theory of art. The more articulate had almost done better, I thought, to limit themselves to similar exclamations. What they said was quite meaningless, to me at least. With the enthusiasm of original discovery one declared that it was wholly free of any representational quality. Another said with profound wisdom that it was neither the symbol nor the representation of anything, but purely and miraculously a thing in itself. Its unrepresentationalness and thing-in-itselfness were thereupon asserted over and over, everyone perceiving that to be the safe slant of opinion. They were wonderfully excited.

No lay person may hope to understand these commotions of æsthetic feeling. The idea was to me grotesque that this strange discolored figure, not more than fifteen inches high, with its upturned nose, its cylindrical trunk, cylindrical arms not pertaining to the trunk, cylindrical legs pertaining to neither the trunk nor the arms, terminating in block feet, should be an august event in the world of art.

Lord Porteous came in. He helped himself to tea and sat down with Vera at some distance from the murmuring group that surrounded the idol. Voices kept calling him to come. He went, holding his tea and munching his cake, and gave it one casual look.

"How very ugly," he said, and returned to Vera's side.

I hated him for having the assurance to say it. No one else would have dared. I hated him for his possessive ways. I hated him for all the reasons there were. A malicious spirit invaded me. I sat near them, wishing my proximity to be disagreeable. He was very polite and friendly, which gave me extra reasons. He made some reference to a recent occurrence in Wall Street. He asked me what I made of the negro carving.

"I don't understand it," I said.

"We are the barbarians here," he said. "They understand it. Look at them."

Vera was silent.

Gradually the party dispersed, everyone stopping on the way forth to inform Vera of her greatness, her service to art, her hold upon their adoration and affection. At length only Lord Porteous and I remained. The tea things were removed, twilight passed, lights were made, and still we lingered, making artificial conversation. Suddenly, with a subtle air of declining the competition, he took his leave.

Vera lay in a great black ivory-mounted chair, her head far back, her feet on a hassock, smoking a cigarette in a long shell holder, staring into the smoke as a man does. The presence of Lord Porteous seemed to linger between us long after his corporeal entity was gone.

"He says he thinks it very ugly," I remarked.

"Yes?" she said with that unresolved, rising inflection which provokes a man to open the quarrel.

"No one else could have carried off that audacity," I said.

She let that pass.

"I wonder what your archaic sculptor man would think of it," I said. "He wasn't here. We haven't seen him for a long time."

She shrugged her shoulders and continued to gaze into the smoke of her cigarette.

"So you are bored?" I said. "A world of your own, a lord at your feet—and still you are bored."

"Do you mean to pick a quarrel with me?" she asked.

"I wish to cancel our bargain," I said. "The one we made that time long ago in the tea shop."

"Very well," she said. "It is canceled."

"Is that all?"

"What more could there be?" she asked, looking at me for the first time, with that naïve expression of blameless innocence which was Eve's fig leaf.

"You have nothing to say?"

"No," she said. "Women are not as vocal about these things as men seem to be."

"You were vocal enough when we were making the bargain," I said. "Have you no curiosity to know why I want to cancel it?"

"Friendship does not satisfy a man," she said.

"Have you made the same bargain with others? With Lord Porteous?" I asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Please don't be stupid," she said, lighting another cigarette and beginning to toy with the smoke. "Are you staying for dinner?"

"I'm going," I said, "but not until I have told you."

"What?"

"Why I ask to cancel our bargain."

"Oh," she said; "I thought that was done with."

"Well, then, why you are bored."

"Yes," she said, "why I am bored. You will tell me that?"

Her profile was in silhouette against the black of the chair. She was smiling derisively.

(Continued on Page 24)

"Do You Want to Handcuff Me?" He Asked. Broad-Toe Was Ashamed and Silent

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 21, 1922

Shall Our Game Join the Dodo?

THERE is no escaping the sense of uncertainty and uneasiness over what may be called the American sporting outlook. For this there is good warrant. In spite of the fences we have erected around our remaining wild life it is obvious that thieves get into the melon patches not occasionally, but regularly.

Our system of game conservation and game protection has consisted in the passing of elaborate and contradictory laws which largely have been left to enforce themselves. Under that system open sport in America bids fair to become a thing of the past.

One law easily evaded brings other laws into contempt. The unpunished lawbreaker comes to hold himself above the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, and to devote himself to the theory of special privilege and special exemption. When we all shall come alike to that proposition we shall all be admitting that democracy, on trial, has lost its case. Then we shall be ready for the soviet notion of a last mêlée of destruction as the one remaining hope for the changing world. We are not ready to accept that conclusion. We would much rather see whether something cannot be done to alter the premises.

We have, for instance, but few national parks which now hold specimens of the wild animals of America. If we name Glacier Park, Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon Park, we shall almost have completed the list. None of the other parks now has left enough wild life to constitute an actual tourist attraction, and the visitor there usually must be content to take his scenery straight.

There is some wild game in the Grand Canyon National Park, but that park is still too young to offer any history in game protection. In Glacier Park the wild life has decreased steadily in net result; and in Yellowstone Park the loss in the last three years, including the great elk disaster of two years ago, probably exceeds the total loss of the ten years or more preceding. There probably is not one wholly wild game species that is now holding its own in the Yellowstone, unless it be the wild buffalo herd, and even that is not certain. The elk herds are more than cut in two. There are few bighorn sheep left. There are not one-fifth of the moose that were supposed to be in that park. The grizzlies are steadily becoming fewer. That the trout, in spite of plantings, are decreasing at an alarming ratio is well known. The park is surrounded by a cordon of men eager for its fish and game.

Agreeable estimates and reassurances do not change the facts. The wild creatures of our national parks are passing. They ought not to pass. They are a distinct park asset. Moreover, and what is far more important, they have a right to live. We guaranteed them that right when we established these parks and backed them with our taxes.

We take it that all men will agree that our national parks are or ought to be of an especial sacredness. The lofty intent of their acts of dedication was to hold them forever free of any commercial use whatever. They were set absolutely above special privilege. The administration of any one of them is a great and sacred trust.

The act of dedication of a national park takes from all the people a part of their domain, and gives it back again, to all the people, plus certain police restrictions intended to protect it against a few of the people who soon would leave it useless to any of the people. The enaction and the enforcement of these restrictions is a grave and difficult duty, but that duty and that trust are laid on every director, every superintendent of a national park. A like debt of personal honor rests on every visitor who enjoys the privilege of seeing, at no price, what he could not elsewhere see for any price. It is the duty of official and tourist alike to keep the park as it is, to enjoy it and not to destroy it; to use it but not to use it up.

Shall one of our wild-life parks be protected by a physical wall, an actual fence? Not at all. That would destroy it. Wild game dies, it does not surrender. There must be other wall than that. The best wall for Yellowstone Park, for example—and it is the only defense of value for the animals seeking winter range—would be a growing reverence for that park on the part of the citizens of Wyoming, Montana and Idaho. That would save the wandering park elk and antelope.

The violator of the law who escapes punishment in a national park goes home ripe for further contempt of all game laws. His offense runs on, it grows. So also does the offense of any official who winks at violations of his own regulations.

The man who fails to enforce wise regulations without fear or favor, with malice to all law-breakers and charity to no concessioner, is in poor case to complain if irrigation and water-power interests also want to use the park contrary to the act of dedication.

There was one park superintendent, many years ago, who would not allow any product of his park to be taken out of the park, or allow anything sold in the park which was a natural or possible product of the park. That was an army man. He had few friends and many enemies, but he has his reputation clean after all these years. He played no politics and did not know the word "privilege," but he established the wrath of God in the Yellowstone. Had it not been for the courage of that man, and his reverence and his honor, there would not be a wild animal left alive in Yellowstone Park to-day, for his administration fell in a risky time.

He has gone to a soldier's reward—no more; but he left behind him one saying: "The worst state a man can hail from is the state of Alibi." He and his like at least began to build a wall around the wild life they had sworn to protect. They did not like the job, but they did their duty in it. They protected the park and put their duty above their jobs and above their popularity.

If the good and friendly sentiment for our national parks should lessen, if the public should begin to grumble over the expense of their keeping up and the certainty of their running down, whose would be the fault? Obviously it would be the fault of every one of us, inside or outside the park, who has failed in reverence for the basic idea under the parks. If we are not willing to be decent in our enjoyment of the park privileges, and if every official is not willing to exact that decency where it lacks, then let us be ready for the last analysis. That means no game, no fish—and no parks at all.

Every visitor to any of our national parks should feel that on entering it he crosses a dead line between to-day and yesterday. In like fashion those intrusted with the duties of national-park administration should see to it that the distinction between the inside and outside, between to-day and yesterday, never shall be forgotten or evaded.

To-day, concessioners in national parks openly retail wolf hides, beaver pelts, bear skins and other trophies, claiming, no doubt truthfully, that they procured them outside the park. The practice were very wisely discontinued altogether. Then there would be no burden of proof on anybody. Moreover, the example is distinctly bad. It tends to break down the invisible wall of distinction which alone can protect our parks. It educates the public into believing that a national park is the best place to get wild-animal trophies. The public should be taught that a national park is the very place where such trophies cannot be had at all by anybody or at any price, and where no manner of wild life can be offered on any table or any counter.

The old army officer was right. When any commercial use whatever begins, there widens an irreparable breach in the invisible wall.

Our National Savings Account

DAVID FRIDAY, professor of economics in the University of Michigan, president-elect of the Michigan State College of Agriculture, during the war an expert in the Treasury, and author of the well-known Wages, Profits and Prices, has issued the statement that the national accumulation of capital in this country during the calendar year 1921 will prove to be more than eight billion dollars. Accumulation of capital he defines as the difference between production and consumption, net income regarded as savings. In 1917, A. C. Miller, member of the Federal Reserve Board, estimated the annual national savings during the years just prior to the war as in the neighborhood of three billion dollars. The recent researches on national resources by Wesley C. Mitchell and associates have illustrated the extreme complexities of the subject. The figure of eight billions is far above all estimates or expectations. Even translated into the purchasing value of the prewar dollar it corresponds to some five and a half billion dollars. And we thought we were having hard times!

This estimate is only incidentally open to editorial comment. The largest item in the sum is four and a half billion dollars that have been invested during the year in state, municipal, national and industrial securities, of which the corporate securities were some three billion two hundred million. There are two striking things about the buying of corporate securities during the recent months—the volume of the buying and the avoidance of railway securities. Of two hundred and fifty millions of corporate securities taken up during November, only fifteen millions were railway investments!

The figure for investments Professor Friday assumes to represent the savings of the current year.

It is certain that a large but indeterminate part of the savings invested in securities represents carry-over rather than current savings. Many took the large earnings of the years 1917–20 and disbursed them for luxuries, investments and plant expansions. But many did no such thing. Foreseeing the inevitable period of coming deflation these men built reserves. About midsummer these men realized that the curve of liquidation had about reached the bottom. Prices of securities were low. Interest rates began to fall. Inventories were reaching bedrock. Signs of revival appeared and multiplied, not cyclonic, but visible to the trained eye. The necessity of reserves in excess of normal disappeared. Thereupon these funds appeared upon the investment market. But this money was not the savings of 1921. And the total in purchase of securities ought not to be tabulated as capital accumulated during 1921.

Professor Friday also argues that the farmers have saved considerable from the sale of agricultural products this year at prevailing prices. If so, it has been because they have lowered the plane of living to an abnormal level. We opine that the new president of the State College of Agriculture of Michigan will have some difficulty in convincing the farmers of that state that they have been prosperous without knowing it and have unwittingly contributed in notable measure to the accumulation of eight billion dollars of fresh capital in this country during 1921.

THE PRESIDENT'S FOREST

By EMERSON HOUGH

SINCE the parking of the Grand Cañon a suspension bridge has been put across the Colorado River, a mile deep down in the cañon. Accessible by the Bright Angel Trail from El Tovar, this bridge—which is available for only foot or horse traffic and cannot be used by wheeled vehicles—leads one to the mouth of Bright Angel Creek, which comes in on the north side. Up this creek, even in the days of the old wire cable and basket, men and animals could get out to the North Rim. That was the way the Roosevelt party and others got in, their horses meeting them at the mouth of Bright Angel Creek. This trail, nineteen miles of a bad scramble, has been improved. To soften its asperities Mr. Fred Harvey is going to put up a camp at the bottom of the cañon, where a man may spend a night wondering if he ever is going to last all the way up the north side. It is a long grind for one day—eleven miles down and nineteen up. As has been pointed out, Lee's Ferry was the only crossing of the Colorado in five hundred miles. The new bridge is the only bridge in eight hundred miles. When you get across to the North Rim you find a road to Lee's Ferry, practicable for horses.

We will have noted that a couple of days suffice to cover the two hundred miles from the railways north of the cañon, and that for fifty miles that road, where it passes through the forest, is a magnificent highway. Also, we have noted plans for a river road, each way from the central station on the North Rim; perhaps twenty miles up-stream, and eventually twice that distance down-stream. These trails will open up all the grander views on the North Rim, which to-day offer almost the same difficulties they did two million years ago.

Both the United States Reclamation Service and corporate hydroelectric enterprises have their eyes on the Colorado River. The wonders of the Imperial Valley, far below, need no retelling here. At Boulder Cañon, below the Grand, the reclamation service has bored down one hundred thirty feet to solid rock, and thinks that a concrete arched dam only seven hundred thirty feet high will be simple. That will back up the river in a lake eighty miles long, harnessing a million horses and watering a million acres.

A Splendid Opportunity

THE Southern California Edison Company plans a dam higher than the Woolworth Building, we are told, one which will take a year to fill with flood water, and which will drop the ancient stream through turbines far better than the Kaibab sandstone, and will generate a million horse power. The only trouble is the cost—or possibly the legal argument between the states of Arizona and Colorado. It is admitted that the irrigation needs along the upper Colorado and the Green River exceed the total flow of those waters even if every drop were used. Denver and Salt Lake say they saw these upper waters first. The lower country says that the land up north is relatively high and cold for melons, figs and prunes. Button! Button! Who's got the dam button?

To a person of the inferior orders it would seem that these hydroelectric captains would do well to enlist the services of the men who built the twenty-foot amateur dam on Kanab Creek. If they do not, they very possibly may learn something of what the Colorado River can do by way of silt—say, several hundred feet of silt in due time. But what most seems apparent to the crude mentality of one of the lower classes is the conviction that we ought to have built and should build now a ten-foot dam at Ellis Island.

Had we done that, these other dams would not seem so imperatively needful. But take things as they are, all must agree that although "not much has happened since you left"—as the ranch foreman reported to his boss after the boys had shot a tourist—it looks as though a great deal might happen before so very long.

Now, lying lapped over the North Rim of the Grand Cañon, divided by an imaginary line which separates two distinct department services, the Agricultural Department and the Interior Department—the forest service and the national-park service—lies this magnificent forest, our noblest and our last. To a man up a tree, looking over the late record, what would seem to be the betting chance for this forest if left to the departmental trend?

Uncle Jim Owens, Famous Lion Hunter of the Kaibab Forest, Arizona

All our department men, our bureau men—and all those Americans are big men or they would not be where they are—ought to unite, and I believe they will unite, in surrendering to a new and special service all their claims on this last wilderness and its creatures. An American forest—a President's Forest—is by no means a visionary thing. On the contrary, it is the only practical thing. Are we to condemn our country one day to the bitter reflection that we of to-day had no imagination and that we lacked also patriotism and magnanimity? Let us not yet be ready to believe that of our country or of the men who are its stewards to-day.

Perhaps the best way to make all this situation clear to those who have not personally gone over it is to resume a detailed story of those who have done so and who have followed out the various ramifications.

Camping With the Lion Hunters

THE North Rim national-park ranger station, Uncle Jim Owens' old cougar cabin, lies in a low cold swale, said to be the coldest spot in the Buckskin Mountains. It is a couple of miles farther on to Bright Angel Point, where there was this past summer located the tourist camp which offers the only accommodation thus far obtainable on the North Rim. Not very many visitors were there this summer, about six hundred in all, we heard. The camp was closed when we arrived, October twelfth, as at that date snow threatens at any time to block the mountain. The tents were dismantled and the bedding stored. We brought food and bedding with us in the great yellow tourist car from Yellowstone, en route to California, in charge of two quiet and efficient young men, Hopper and Brown, without which and whom we must belike have perished. As it was, we took refuge in the cabin of the Vaughan boys, the quiet Texan successors to Uncle Jim in the national-park lion-hunting concession. Here were tents for us all and a good cook, Jerry Mays by name, so we got on, although the nights now were very cold.

There is no poor view of the Grand Cañon, but Bright Angel Point is by no means one of the best. From this point only a limited view is possible. The side cañon, called The Transept, and the upthrust of McLellan Point are close-up features, but the latter cuts off the lower cañon views. Glasses show El Tovar, thirty miles away, and the fault in the red rock which lets the Bright Angel Trail get down. Isis and Osiris and Zoroaster we thought we identified. To the left, upstream across Bright Angel Creek, we could see the long sweep of the Greenland Plateau, terminating in Cape Royal, pronounced to be the grandest of all the cañon views and far surpassing El Tovar. The familiar white topping of Coconino limestone, the tremendous, underlying, unbroken wall of deep red, are in evidence here, but the first impression of Bright Angel Point is disappointing to those who have seen or heard of the glories of the South Rim.

(Continued on Page 57)

PHOTOS FROM DENVER & RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY, GEORGE L. BEAM PHOTOGRAPHER

The Crowd at Jensen's Cabin. Mr. Hough is Fifth From the Right, First Row

In the President's Forest on the North Rim of the Grand Cañon

(Continued from Page 21)

"It is because you have imprisoned yourself in a lonely castle," I said. "You used that figure of speech yourself when we were making the bargain. 'It is my castle,' you said. Therefore you know it. The name of that castle is Selfishness. The name of your jailer is Vera Afraid. What you fear is life, for the pain it costs and the scars it leaves You hail it from afar. You call it inside the walls under penalities. It must be good. It shall not bite or scratch or kiss you. You are too precious to be touched."

"You haven't named the prisoner," she said slowly.

"She is Vera Desireful," I said. "She is starved for life, for the bread of participation. She lives upon the poisonous crusts of phantasy. She is probably in danger of going mad. Her dreams are terrible."

"You cannot be saying these things to me!" she exclaimed with a startled, incredulous face.

"Long ago I might have said them just as well," I answered. "I have known always what an unnatural, self-saving woman you are, how treacherous you are to the impulse which brings you again and again to the verge of experience. There, in the act of embracing life, you suddenly freeze with selfish fear. Do you think life can be so cheated? If it cannot burn you it will wither you. When it is too late you may realize that to have, one must give. Well, it is impossible, of course. You cannot give yourself. The impulse is betrayed on the threshold. I knew it when I was fool enough to ask you to marry me."

"You never asked me," she said thoughtfully, as reviewing a state of facts. "You only said you wanted to marry me."

I construed it as a challenge. No, that is as I think of it now. What happened to me then was beyond any process of thought. It occurred outside of me, if that means anything. There was a sense of dissolving. Objects, ideas, place, planes, dimensions, my own egoistic importance—all seemed to dissolve in one great significant sensation. There is a recollection that at this moment something became extremely vivid. What it was that became vivid I do not know. The word that comprehends without defining it is completion. In the whole world there was nothing else of consequence or meaning.

"I ask you now," I said.

I heard my own words from afar. They were uttered by someone who had been sitting where I sat and for all I knew or cared might be sitting there still. I was a body moving through space, with a single anxiety, which was to meet another body in space for a purpose I could neither understand nor stop to examine. I remember thinking, "I may. I may. The bargain is canceled."

She leaped to her feet, evading me, and laughed with her head tossed back—an icy, brilliant laugh that made me rigid. I could not interpret it. I do not know yet what it meant. Nor do I comprehend the astonishing gesture that followed.

Slowly she moved to the African idol, picked it up, brought it to the mantel under a strong light and began to examine it carefully. She explored every plane of its surface and became apparently quite lost in contemplation of its hideous beauty. Holding it at arm's length and still looking at it she spoke:

"Lord Porteous thinks it very ugly?"

"So he said," I replied.

"He may be right," she said. "Perhaps it is. So many things turn ugly when you look at them closely — friendship, even."

Then she dropped it.

As it crashed on the hearthstone she turned, without a glance at the fragments or at me, and walked out of the room.

Three days later her engagement to Lord Porteous was announced.

XXIV

THE ready explanation of Galt's rise in a few years to the rôle of Wall Street monarch is that he was a master profit maker. The way of it was phenomenal. His touch was that of genius, daring, unaccountable, mysteriously guided by an inner mentality. And when the results appeared they were so natural, inevitable, that men wondered no less at their own stupidity than at his prescience. Why had they not seen the same opportunity? His associates made money by no effort of their own. They had only to put their talents with the mighty steward. He took them, employed them as he pleased, and presently returned them twofold, fivefold, sometimes twentyfold.

But this explanation only begs the secret. The nature of his unique power is still hidden. It was in the first manifestation a power to persuade men. It became a power to command them, in virtue of the ability he had to reward them. This ability was the consummate power—a power to imagine and create wealth. As it grew and as the respect for it became a superstition among his associates and a terror to all adversaries, he passed into the dictatorial phase of his career.

Mordecai's thought, "Id iss only zat ve zhall manage him a liddle," was rudely shattered. He was unmanageable. He gave Mordecai & Co. peremptory orders, and they were obeyed, as well might be, since Galt's star had lifted the house of Mordecai from third to first rank in the financial world. It had become richer and more powerful than any other house in Wall Street save one, and that one was its ancient enemy.

Mordecai's courage had fainting fits. To "zese heights" he was often unable to follow without a good deal of forcible assistance. Frequently he would come to wrestle prayerfully with Galt, begging him in vain to scale down some particularly audacious plan, whatever it was. One day they had been at this for an hour. Galt was pugnacious and oppressive. They stood up to it. Mordecai, retreating step by step, had come to bay in a corner, gazing upward, the tips of his fingers together; Galt was passing to and fro in front of him, laying down his will, stopping now and then to emphasize the point by shaking his fist under Mordecai's nose.

Just then the boy from the reception room came to my desk with the name of Horace Potter. That was awkward. Potter was a tempestuous man, easily moved to high anger, himself an autocrat, unaccustomed to wait upon the pleasure of others. He was personally one of Galt's most powerful supporters and brought to him, besides, the whole strength of the puissant oil crowd, which controlled at that time more available wealth than any other group in Wall Street. It was an unusual concession for him to call upon anyone. People came to him. And there he was outside, waiting. He had come to keep a definite appointment. There was no excuse. I tried to tell Galt, but he waved me away fiercely.

"Don't bother me now, Coxey."

Five minutes passed. Of a sudden Potter bolted in.

"What is this?" he roared. "Am I one to cool my heels in your outer office?"

Galt turned round and stared at him, blankly at first and then with blazing anger.

"How did you get in here?" he asked.

"By God, I walked in!" said Potter.

"Then, by God, walk out again!" said Galt, turning his back.

I followed him out, thinking to find some mollifying word to say; he was unapproachable. The reception room was empty but for Potter and the friend he had with him, an important banker who was to have been presented to Galt in a special way. They talked with no heed of me.

"He's in one of his damned tantrums," said Potter. "We'll have to chuck it or try again."

The other man got very red.

"Why do you stand it?" he asked. "You!"

"I'll tell you why," said Potter. "We make more with him than with any other man who ever handled our money. That's a very good reason."

"I couldn't help it," I said to Galt afterward.

"All right," he said. "He won't do it again."

He never did. And so one by one they learned to take him as he was, to swallow their pride and submit to his moods, all for the same reason—he had the power to make them rich, richer, richest.

A meeting of the board of directors became a perfunctory formality, serving only to verify and approve Galt's acts for purposes of record. On his own responsibility he committed the company to policies, investments, vast undertakings, and informed the board later. Success was his whole justification. If once that failed him his authority would collapse instantly.

In a rare moment of self-inspection, after one of his darling visions had come true, he said, "After all, Coxey, it's the Lord makes the tide rise. We don't control it. We only ride it."

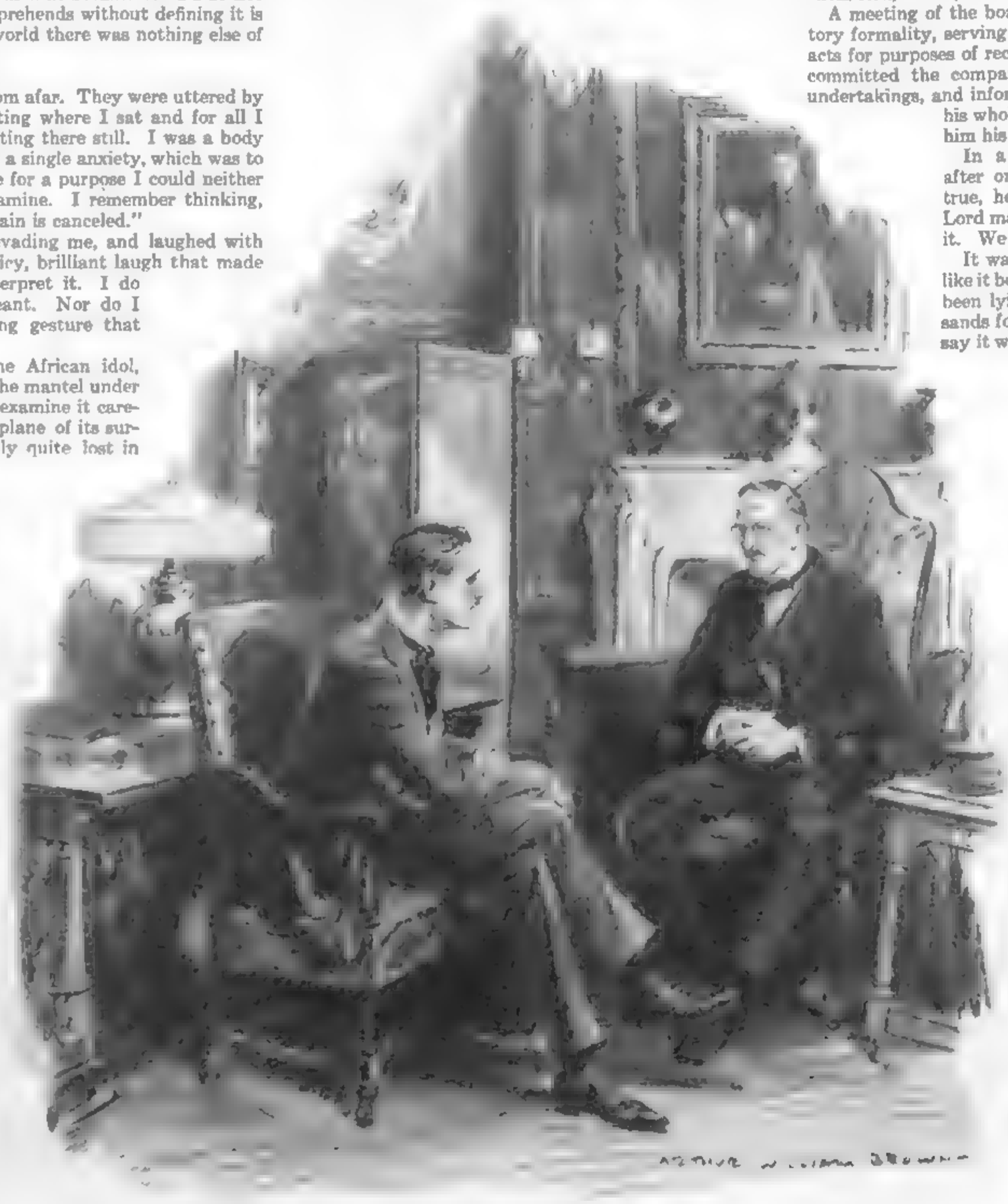
It was an amazing tide. Never was one like it before. It floated old hulks that had been lying helpless and bankrupt on the sands for years. And when men began to say it was high enough, that it was time to prepare for the ebb, Galt said it was yet beginning. On the day Great Midwestern stock sold at one hundred dollars a share—par—he said to Mordecai: "That's nothing. It will sell at two hundred. Buy me twenty thousand shares at this price."

"I belief you, Mr. Gald," said Mordecai in an awestruck whisper.

Proceeds of the incessant enormous issues of new securities had been invested first in the reconstruction of the Great Midwestern itself, and then in the shares of other railroads, beginning with the Orient & Pacific. That was the first of a series of transactions. We now owned outright or controlled by stock ownership no fewer than fifteen other railroad properties, besides lake and ocean steamship lines, docks, terminals, belt lines, trolley systems, forests, oil fields and coal mines. The Great Midwestern was the backbone of an organism ramifying east, west, north and south; it reached from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with antennæ to Asia and Europe. Its treasury was inexhaustible, fed by so many streams.

Not only did our own earnings increase amazingly as all those other properties poured their traffic into us, but the Great Midwestern treasury

(Continued on Page 26)



"Everybody Has Something to be Ashamed of," Said the Interviewer. "What are You Ashamed Of?"

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Here's lunch all ready!

A moment on the fire to heat them and Campbell's Beans are before you on the luncheon table, inviting you with their richness and savor to a delightful, filling meal. So substantial that little else is necessary. So tasty and appetizing with their piquant tomato sauce that you will have them again and again!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Jim Henry's Column

Tough and Tender

In my self appointed office of shaving advisor to the men of this country, I have condoled, first and last, with several thousand sufferers of old fashioned methods of beard taming. And every last one of them has confided to me the secret that his beard is extraordinarily tough and his hide painfully tender.

They were all of them right.

A whisker is tough—all fired tough. It is made of the same stuff as your finger nails. The marvel is that science has been able to reduce a beard to such a condition that it can be painlessly sliced off.

And your skin is even tenderer than you have believed. Three minutes of brisk rubbing with the end of your finger on any part of your body will expose raw flesh.

When you indulge in the wrong practice of rubbing in lather with your fingers, you raise thousands of microscopic blisters which the razor cuts, leaving those tiny blood spots which cause you so much discomfort and expose you to infection.

Now why is it that over two million men become eloquent in praise of Mennen Shaving Cream whenever the subject of shaving is brought up?

To cut out the science and get down to ordinary smoking compartment language, a beard no longer seems tough, and the tenderness of your skin ceases to trouble you when you use Mennen's. Never mind why. Reasons are chiefly useful to explain failure. I am talking about results.

Get a tube of Mennen's or send ten cents for my demonstrator tube. Build up a lather with three minutes of brush work and three times as much water as you ordinarily use. Cold water is as good as hot.

and afterward—Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

Then you will understand why I am constantly accused of lamentably failing to do justice to the amazing virtue—to the convincing superiority of Mennen Shaving Cream.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 24)

received dividends on the shares by which it controlled those traffic bringers. Thus we garnered twice. There was yet a third source of profit. As the Great Midwestern acquired new properties Galt rebuilt them out of their own earnings or by use of their own credit, so that their value increased. Thus they brought us traffic, they paid dividends into our treasury, and at the same time they were so enhanced in physical value by Galt's methods of development that they were soon worth three or four times what they had cost. All this was in each case so obvious, once it had happened, and yet so remarkable in the aggregate, that people could scarcely believe it.

A writer in one of the financial papers exclaimed: "If these figures are true, then the Great Midwestern Railway Company could go out of the railroad business entirely and live richly on the profits that appear from its investments in the securities of other railroads."

And the figures were true.

Galt's name rose to impersonal eminence. The properties embraced in the Great Midwestern organism were referred to as Galt properties. Their securities were Galt bonds or Galt stocks. The acts of the Great Midwestern were not its own; they were Galt's. There was a Galt influence which reached beyond his own domain. Once an important railroad system in which neither he nor the Great Midwestern had any direct interest was about to reduce its rate of dividend. The directors on their way to the meeting said they would vote to reduce it. But they didn't. When the meeting was over they were asked why they had changed their minds. The explanation was that Galt had sent word to them that he wished them not to do it. He said it would be a shock to public confidence, and that he would divert enough traffic to the road to enable it to earn the dividend it had been paying.

And presently Wall Street people were talking of a Galt crowd or a Galt party, meaning all that group of men associated with him in his undertakings.

The magazines discovered him. For a long time he would not be interviewed. There was nothing to talk about, he said; why did they pester him? They wrote articles about him, notwithstanding, because he was a new power in the land, and so much of the information they put forth was garbled or immature that he was persuaded at last to submit to a regular interview. The writer assigned to the task was at that time a famous interviewer. He came one evening to the house by appointment and waited in the great drawing room. I was with him, giving him some advice, when Galt came in, wearing slippers the heels of which slapped the floor at every step. He sat in a large chair, crouched himself, stared for a full minute at the interviewer through large shell spectacles, justifying, I afterward remembered, the interviewer's impression of him as a huge, predatory, not unfriendly spider.

Suddenly he spoke, saying, "Ain't you ashamed to be in this business?"

"Everybody has something to be ashamed of," said the interviewer. "What are you ashamed of?"

That pleased Galt. He loved a straight hit on the nose. And it turned out to be a very successful interview.

What the public knew about him was already enough to dazzle the imagination. What it didn't know—not yet, at least—was more surprising. His private fortune became so great that he was obliged to think what to do with it. Unerringly he employed it in means to greater power. Hitherto he had relied mainly upon the support of individuals and groups of men who put their money with him. Now he began on his own account to buy heavily into financial institutions, and before anybody knew what he was doing he had got working control of several great reservoirs of liquid capital, such as chartered banks and insurance companies.

The use of this was that he could influence them to invest their funds in the securities of the Great Midwestern and its collateral properties. That made it easier for him to sell the new stocks and bonds which he was endlessly creating to provide money for his projects.

His passion to build burned higher and higher. Any spectacle of construction fascinated him. We stood for an hour one morning at the corner of Broadway and Exchange Place watching a new way of putting down the foundation for a steel building. Wooden caissons were sunk in the ground by a pneumatic principle to a great depth and then filled with concrete. The building was to be twenty stories high.

"Have you noticed," I asked him, "how the sky line of New York has changed since steel construction began? If you haven't seen it from down the bay or across the river for several years you wouldn't know it."

"I haven't," he said. "Yes, of course. It must be so."

An hour later in the office he called me to the window. "See that handful of old brick rookeries down there? Fine place to build. Let's do something for your sky line."

In his mind's eye was the mirage of a skyscraper thirty stories tall, with the Great Midwestern's executive offices luxuriously established on the top floors. A year later it was there, and we were there.

Most men are superstitious about leaving the environment in which success has been bearded and made docile. Was he? I never quite knew. All this time we had remained in those dark, awkward old offices with their funny walnut furniture. Not a desk had been changed. A new rug was bought for the president's room when Valentine left and Galt moved in; and Harbinger, restored to the room Galt had moved him out of, asked for some new linoleum on the floor. Nothing else had been done to improve our quarters. Where Cæsar sits, there his empire is. What he sits on does not matter at all.

His last act in this setting was dramatic. Word came one Saturday morning that the demonic Missouri River was on a wild rampage, with a sudden mind to change its way. Three towns that lay in its path were waiting helplessly to be devoured, and there was no telling what would happen after that. The Government's engineers were frantic, calling for help, with no idea where it was to come from. Galt got Chicago on the wire and spoke to the chief of his engineer corps, a man to whom mountains were technical obstacles and rivers a petty nuisance.

"The Missouri River is cavorting around again," said Galt. "Now, listen! . . . Yes! . . . Takeeverythingwe'vegot—men, materials and equipment —— Hello! . . . Anything you need, including the right of way. I don't care what it costs, but put a ring in her nose and lead her back to her trough. This order is unlimited. It takes precedence over mail, business and acts of Providence. Go like hell. . . . Hello! . . . That's all."

Then he walked out for the last time and never once looked back. On Monday morning he walked into our ornate new offices without appearing to notice them. He was impatient for something that should be on his desk. It was there—a message from the engineer:

Will have her stopped by six P.M. Monday. Get her back to bed in a few days.

It was a memorable feat, a triumph of daring and skill, and cost the Great Midwestern several millions of dollars.

XXV

AT ABOUT this time, quite accidentally, there shaped in Galt's thoughts that ultimate project which lies somewhere near the heart of every instinctive builder.

One evening at dinner Natalie said "I wonder why we have no country place. Everyone else has."

Galt stopped eating and looked at her slowly.

"Why, of course, that's it," he said. "I've been wondering what it was we didn't have—looking at it all the time, like the man at the giraffe. Huh!"

He approached it in a characteristic manner at once. There was somewhere a topographic map of New Jersey. It was searched for and found, and he and Natalie lay on the floor with their heads together exploring it. First he explained to her how one got the elevations by following the brown contour lines, and what the signs and figures meant.

"Then this must be a mountain!" she exclaimed.

"Right," he said. "You get the idea. Here's a better one. Look here."

"Oh, but see this one," she said. "Look! All by itself."

He examined her discovery thoughtfully. It was a mountain in Northern New Jersey, one of the tallest, two small rivers flowing at its feet, a view unobstructed in all directions.

"You've found the button," he said. "I believe you have. Wild country—not much built up. What's that railroad; can you see? . . . All right. We can get anything we want from them."

The whole family went the next day on a voyage of verification and discovery. It was all they had hoped for. Natalie was ecstatic in the rôle of Columbus. Fancy! She had found it on a map, no bigger than that—and here it was! Mrs. Galt was acquiescent and a little bewildered. Vera was conservative. They imagined a large house on top of the mountain, with a road up, more or less following the trail they had ascended to get the view, which took the breath out of you, Natalie said. You could see the Hudson River for many miles up, New York City, the Catskills—most of the world, in fact.

Mrs. Galt and Vera perceived the difficulties and had no sense of how they were to be overcome. Galt imagined an estate of fifty thousand acres, of which this mountain should be the paramount feature; miles of concrete roads, a power dam, an electric-light plant large enough to serve a town, a branch railroad to the base of the mountain, a private station to be named Galt, and finally—the most impossible thing he could conceive—a swift electric elevator up the mountain.

The business of acquiring the land began at once. The mountain itself was easy to buy. Many old farm holders in the valley were obstinate. But he got the heart of what he wanted, to begin with; the rest would come in time, and construction plans of great magnitude were soon under way. The house in Fifth Avenue was in one sense a failure. It had not reduced Mrs. Valentine. It only made her worse. The social feud was unending. Well, now he would show them a country place.

And this, though he knew it not, was to be his castle on a hill, inaccessible and grand, a place of refuge, the feudal, immemorial symbol of power and conquest.

XXVI

MEANWHILE Galt's enemies had been drawing together secretly. Hatred, fear and envy resolved all other emotions. Men who had nothing else in common were joined in a conspiracy to destroy him. The leviathans of this deep move slowly and take their time. Besides, it was a fearsome undertaking. There was bound to be a terrific struggle. One false move and the dragon would escape.

The plan was to attack him from two sides at once. Several of the railroad properties acquired by the Great Midwestern were in some sense competitive, though Galt had not bought them primarily for that reason; and as the law was never clear as to how far the merging of separate railroads might go it would be possible to attack the Galt system under the Antitrust Act. If the Government could be moved to do this and if then at the same time his Wall Street enemies concertedly attacked his credit, his downfall might be foretold.

This plan required elaborate preparation. The Government could not be directly solicited to act. It would have to be moved by suggestion, and with such finesse as to conceal the fact that it was being influenced at all, elsewise than by its own convictions of right. There are those who know how to effect these Machiavellian results. Intrigue is still man's sovereign art. That is why he makes so much of politics.

Mrs. Valentine, pursuing vengeance in her own way, had made Galt's name anathema throughout her precious principality. If you were anybody at all, or aspired to be, you were obliged to think and speak ill of him, for he represented vulgarity raised by its own audacity to a wicked and sinister eminence. If he had been born so one could understand it, she said, but he knew better. That made it all the worse. He had betrayed the decencies. His one passion was to amass wealth. Those who had helped him to rise he trampled down. He made his money dishonestly. A Stock Exchange gambler with a Napoleonic obsession! Well, she invariably said at the end, his time would come, and then people would see what she meant.

Her own power she employed in a reckless manner. She visited disfavor upon those who were lukewarm in malignity, going so far as to make a scene with Lord Porteous, for that he dared to speak in defense of the monster. She took in people whose only recommendation was zealotry in her cause. Her subjects, going to and

(Continued on Page 28)

Robt. Burns
Cigar is
Full Havana
Filled

General Cigar Co., INC.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

PERFECTOS: 2 for 25c
EPICURES: 2 for 25c
INVINCIBLES: 15c straight
(foil-wrapped)

Kill the Germs while Cleaning

Put a little Creolin-Pearson Disinfectant into the soap and water when cleaning

Bathroom	Water Closet
Kitchen	Sinks
Floors	Garbage Pail

Rid your home of many disease germs while doing the daily cleaning. In short,

"Creolin-ize Your Home"

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Disinfectant

Send for valuable booklet on Sanitation.

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ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

to show you other HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES OF MERCK'S, such as

Zinc Stearate Merck
Cooling, soothing toilet powder.

Milk Sugar Merck
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For preparing modified milk.

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Full strength and unusually pure.

Acid Boric Merck
Mild antiseptic.

FOR MOTORISTS

Motor Ether Merck
For starting motors in cold weather.
In leak-proof, screw-cap tins.

You can depend on MERCK'S

(Continued from Page 26)

fro, carried the evangel to other realms, especially to official society in Washington, which heard in this way every scandalous thing Galt had ever said about politicians in power.

The extent and character of her information could be explained only on the assumption that somewhere in our organization, probably on the board of directors, was a masked enemy who continually gave Galt up to Valentine. He had not disappeared from the field of action. All this time he was working in the background with a single passion—a righteous one, as he believed—which was to assist in the overthrow of Galt. It was natural that he should join the conspirators. He brought them much information; he had political resources and access to the means of publicity.

A fortuitous time arrived. For several years the public, now restored to high prosperity, observed with interest, awe, even with pride the appearance of those vast anonymous shapes which capital by a headlong impulse had been raising up to control production and transportation. Mergers, combines, trusts—they came in endless succession. Hardly a day passed without a new sensation in phantasmic millions. People were seized with a gambling mania. Each day promoters threw an enormous mass of new and unseasoned securities upon the market, and they were frantically bought, as if the supply were in imminent danger of failing. Astonishing excesses were committed. The Stock Exchange was overwhelmed. For many weeks the lights never went out in Wall Street because clerks worked all day and all night to keep the brokers' books straight.

The caldron boiled over badly at last, and there was a silly panic, more theatrical than serious. It served, however, to break a dream and awaken the critical faculty. The public all at once became deeply alarmed. There arose a great clamor about trusts. Those shapes which had been viewed with pride, as symbols of the nation's progress and strength, were now perceived in the light of fear.

Radical thought had been held in disesteem since the collapse of the Soft Money Plague. Here was a new bogy. Trusts were human evil objectified. They were swallowing the country up. In a little while all business would be in their hands. There would come to be only two kinds of people—those few who owned the trusts, and the many who worked for them—and freedom would perish in the land. Something would have to be done about it. Why had nothing been done? Were the trusts already more powerful than the state? Suddenly the trust versus the state was the paramount political issue. There was an onset of books, essays, speeches, magazine and newspaper articles. Sense and folly, wisdom and demagoguery were hopelessly entangled. This kind of outburst is characteristic of a roaring, busy democracy whose interest in its collective self is spasmodic and hysterical. The horse is always stolen before anybody thinks of minding the barn.

Gradually the force of this antitrust feeling, baffled by the complexity of the subject and seeking all the more for that reason a personal victim, began to focus upon Galt. You could see it taking place. The Galt railroad system, formerly treated with respect and wonder, now was represented to be an octopus, oppressive, arrogant, holding power of life and death over helpless communities.

And all the time there were men at Washington who whispered into the official ear: "Of course a lot of this outcry is senseless. There are good trusts and bad trusts. Most of them have the economic welfare of the country at heart and are willing to submit to any reasonable regulation. The public is undiscriminating. Its mind becomes fixed on what is bad. It happens to be fixed on this Galt railroad trust. Well, as to that, we must say there is reason for the public's prejudice. You would find very few, even in Wall Street, to defend his methods. The danger is that unless the evils justly complained of are torn away by those who understand how to do it our entire structure will be destroyed in a fit of popular passion."

Galt was warned of what was going on at Washington; but he was so contemptuous of politics and so sure of his own way that he sneered. Who knew what the law was? It had never been construed. The legality of his acts had been attended to by the most eminent counsel, including a former attorney-general of the United States. What could happen to him that wasn't just as likely to happen to everybody else? He had done only what everyone was doing, only better, more of it, and perhaps to greater profit. If he was vulnerable, then so were all the others who had combined lesser into greater things, and they would have to find a way out together. No wealth would be destroyed. And he reasoned himself into a state of indifference.

He greatly underestimated the force of public opinion. He knew nothing about it, for it had never touched him really. Mass psychology in Wall Street he understood perfectly. Social and political phenomena he did not comprehend at all.

One day Great Midwestern stock turned suddenly very weak, falling from 220 to 210 in half an hour. He watched it, annoyed and frowning, and sent for Mordecai, who could not explain it. That afternoon news came that the minority stockholders of the Orient & Pacific had brought a suit in equity against the Great Midwestern, alleging that Galt, by arbitrary exercise of the power of a majority stockholder, had reduced the Orient & Pacific to a state of utter subservience, had thereby destroyed its independent and competitive value, and had mulcted it heavily for the benefit of the Great Midwestern's treasury. This, they represented, was a grievous injury to them as minority stockholders, and also contrary to public interest.

That old Orient & Pacific sore had never healed. The bankers who controlled the road by sacred right for many years before Galt snatched it out of their hands had all this time ominously retained a minority interest in the property; otherwise Galt at his leisure would have acquired the minority shares instead of leaving this hole in his armor, for he did intend from the beginning to make the Orient & Pacific wholly subordinate to the Great Midwestern. It was an essential part of his plan. The minority stockholders, if they had been such in good faith, would have had a proper grievance. But they were not minority stockholders in good faith. They were private bankers, biding their time to take revenge. Galt had been willing at any time to buy them out handsomely; they wouldn't sell because the minority interest was a weapon which some day they would be able to use against him.

Although the name never appeared in the proceedings, dummies having been put forward to act as complainants in the case, everybody knew that Bullguard & Co. inspired the suit. They were the bankers who owned the minority interest in Orient & Pacific shares. Everybody knew, too, that they bore Galt an implacable enmity. What nobody knew until afterward was that the conspiracy to destroy Galt was organized by Jerome Bullguard himself.

He was a man of tremendous character. His authority in Wall Street was pontifical. Men accepted it as a natural fact. Until the rise of Mordecai & Co. under Galt's ægis his house occupied a place of solitary eminence. Its traditions were fixed. Their consequences were astronomical. Bullguard was the house. His partners were insignificant, not actually if you took them as individuals, but relatively, in contrast with him. His imperious will he imposed upon men and events—upon men by force of a personality that inspired dread and obedience, and upon events by the dynamic quality of his intelligence. His mind seemed to act in an omnipotent manner with no effort whatever.

His sanctions and influence pervaded the whole scheme of things, yet he himself was as remote as a Japanese emperor. A good deal of the awe that surrounded him was owing to the fact that he worked invisibly. The hand that shaped the thunderbolts was almost never seen. There was a saying in Wall Street that his name appeared nowhere but over the door of his banking house. In a community where men must be lynx eyed and seven sensed, able to see the unseeable and deduce the unknowable, his objects were so elaborately concealed that nobody ever knew for sure what he was doing until it was done, and then it couldn't be proved, for he would have had perhaps no actual contact with it at any point. There were times when he held the stock market in his two hands, doing with it as he pleased, yet never could anyone say "He is here" or "There he is."

Bullguard's attitude toward Galt was natural, quite fair and regular according to the law of conquest. Galt was an invader, a financial Attila, who had followed the conqueror's star to that place at which the issue is joined for all or none. Nothing short of supremacy would satisfy him. Therefore he should fight for it. Did he think the crown might be surrendered peaceably?

Galt perfectly understood this philosophy of combat. He would not have wished it otherwise. Fighting he loved. His fight with Valentine, because it was petty, had been personal in spite of him. His contest with Bullguard was impersonal and epic, a meeting of champions in the heroic sense.

The Orient & Pacific suit was but the opening of a barrage. An important stockholder in the Security Life Insurance Company, which was one of the capital reservoirs Galt had got control of, brought suit to compel him to take back all the Great Midwestern stocks and bonds owned by that institution, on the ground that as a member of its finance committee he had improperly influenced it to invest its funds in securities he was interested in selling. The purpose of this suit was three-fold: Firstly, to advertise the fact that he dominated the fiscal policies of the Security Life Insurance Company; secondly, to create the suspicion that his motive in gaining control of institutions in which people kept their savings was to unload his stocks and bonds upon them; thirdly, to cast discredit upon Great Midwestern securities as investments.

It produced an enormous popular sensation. Galt was denounced and caricatured bitterly in the newspapers. One cartoon, with a caption, The Milkman, represented the Security Life as a cow eating his stocks and bonds and giving down policyholders' money as milk into his private pail.

Next he was sued on account of some land which, according to the complaint, he had cheapened by withholding railroad facilities, only in order to buy it, whereupon he enhanced its value a hundred times by making it the site of a large railroad development, thereby enriching himself to the extent of several millions. That, like so many other things alleged about him, was both true and untrue.

Ten private suits were brought against him within three months, each one adroitly contrived to disclose in a biased, damaging manner some phase of his complex and universal activities hitherto unknown or unobserved by the public. Each one was preceded by an attack on Great Midwestern stock and by increasingly hostile comment in the press. The cumulative effect was disastrous. Public sentiment became hysterical.

Lawsuits, as such, never worried Galt. He was continually engaged in litigation and kept a staff of lawyers busy. His way with lawyers was to tell them baldly what he wanted to do, and leave it to them to evolve the legal technic of doing it. Then if difficulties followed he would say "That's your own bacon. Now cure it." Only, they were always to fight, never to settle.

But now he became silent and brooding. He paced his office for hours together. When spoken to his eyes looked out of a mist. It was necessary to bring his attention to matters requiring decision. He had Mordecai in two or three times a day. They conferred endlessly in low tones and watched the ticker anxiously. So far as I could see he did nothing to support the price of Great Midwestern stock. I wondered why. Later I knew. At this juncture he was selling it himself. He was selling not only his stock but enormous amounts of his own bonds, converting his wealth into cash. That is to say, he was stripping for the fray.

For three days Great Midwestern stock had been falling in a leaden manner, and Wall Street was distraught with a sense of foreboding when one morning the big shell burst. First the news tickers flashed this bulletin:

> The recent extraordinary weakness of Great Midwestern is explained by the rumor that the Government is about to bring suit under the Antitrust Act against the Galt railroad system. There is talk also of criminal proceedings against Mr. Galt.

Galt read it with no sign of emotion. Evidently he was expecting it.

Events now were moving rapidly. Half an hour later the news tickers produced a bulletin as follows:

> WASHINGTON: It is announced at the Attorney General's office that the Government has filed suit against the Galt railroad trust, praying for its dissolution on the ground of its

(Continued on Page 30)

Today's Trend Is Proving a Value Everyone Knows

Newspaper Used-Car Columns Confirm the Good You've Always Heard Of Hupmobile

TURN to the used-car columns of the daily press for confirmation of the good things you've always felt and heard of the Hupmobile.

Before us, as we write, are copies of Sunday newspapers from a dozen of the largest cities of the United States.

There are not merely columns but pages of used-car announcements, and in every single city the story is the same:—

The Hupmobile is conspicuous by its absence.

A Ready Market For This Car

Could there possibly be a better time than the present to apply such a test of Hupmobile value?

Used cars were never, perhaps, more numerous, nor so widely advertised by dealers and owners alike.

But Hupmobiles are not being advertised in anything like the proportion that applies to others—when and where they are advertised, a market awaits them at prices more eloquent than words.

Repair Men Admire Its Sturdy Reliability

Just as strong men show their mettle under adverse conditions, so a soundly constructed, long-lived car like the Hupmobile reveals its intrinsic value when all values are submitted to the closest inspection.

No one Hupmobile model more than another wins this eloquent testimony of high public valuation; but all of them in proportionate measure.

The twelve-year-old Hupmobile still exerts a sharp demand in all parts of America, and continues to render yeoman service.

Talk to mechanics and repairmen anywhere, and they will tell you all of these facts; and supplement them with comment of their own, much more enthusiastic.

For along with its other large followings in city, town and country alike, the Hupmobile has a strong body of partisan admirers in repair shops all over the country.

It's almost a proverb among skilled repairmen that the Hupmobile is better built, and that it stays out of the shop far more consistently.

Style—Beauty—Luxurious Comfort

Hupmobile Truths Known to Everyone

COSTS of operation hold to an exceptionally low level.

Maintenance and repair costs almost unbelievably low.

Car is particularly free from the need of constant and petty adjustments.

On high gear, throttles smoothly to a walking pace; and picks up again, on high gear, instantly and smoothly.

Develops great pulling power on high gear; climbs the average low-gear hill, and pulls through sand and mud, on high gear.

A remarkably fine performer when it's new; and the same fine performer when it's old.

Recognized cash value or trading value as a used car proportionately higher than the average, in relation to price.

Touring Car, $1250 Roadster, $1250 Roadster-Coupé, $1545 Coupé, $2100 Sedan, $2150

Cord Tires on all models—Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra

Everywhere You Hear The Same Good Things

The striking and really unusual thing about the public estimate of the Hupmobile is its unanimity.

Its owners give it their greatest regard because it is so reliable, so economical, so wholly efficient. Other owners look upon it almost with a tinge of envy.

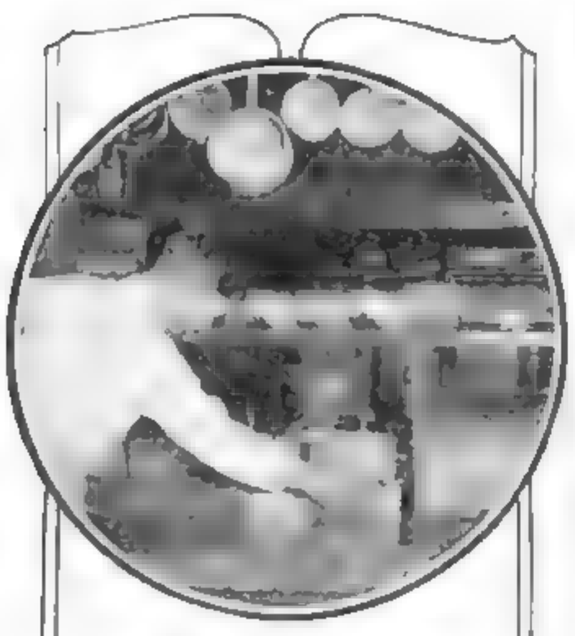
Garage mechanics—who know all cars and their secrets—admire it for the sturdy qualities which keep it out of their hands and on the go.

The real test of a motor car, or any other manufactured product, is what people think and say about it.

Can you recall any other car with the good reputation everywhere which the Hupmobile has, or a value that more fully measures up to its reputation?

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile



The Big Hotels
Endorse
This Modern Cleanser

IN the great hotels, clubs and institutions AMERICAN Steel Wool is useful from cellar to garret. In the kitchen the coarser grades are used for removing grease, soot, burnt food, rust and deposits from cooking pots, pans, broilers, griddles, stoves, ranges, etc. The finer grades are unrivaled for cleaning and polishing Aluminum, Pyrex, Copper, Cutlery, Chafing Dishes, etc. Won't scratch. Wonderful how quickly these *softly wooled* steel strands revive and renew brass work, woodwork, parquet and hardwood floors, glass doors, windows, tiles, bath tubs, etc.

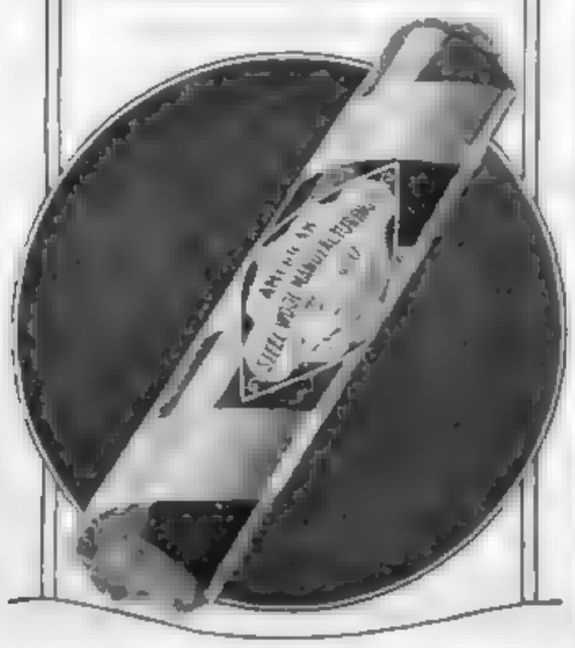
American Steel Wool

comes in small and large household packages; also in pound cartons for industrial purposes. Be sure that the package you buy carries this label: AMERICAN Steel Wool. Sold in Hardware and Paint Stores, Department Stores, Chain Stores, Groceries, etc. If your dealer has not the grade you want, send us his name and 15c and you will be supplied.

Department P

AMERICAN STEEL WOOL MFG. CO., INC.

9-11-13 Desbrosses Street, N. Y. C.



(Continued from Page 28)

being an oppressive conspiracy in restraint of trade. . . . No confirmation of rumors that criminal proceedings will be brought against Henry M. Galt as a person.

Details followed. They ran for an hour on the news-printing machines, to the exclusion of everything else, while at the same time on the quotation tickers the price of Great Midwestern was falling headlong under terrific selling.

The Government's complaint set out the history of the Galt railway system, discussed at length its unique power for evil, examined a large number of its acts, pronounced adverse judgment upon them, and ended with an impassioned arraignment of Galt as a man who set his will above the law. Wherefore it prayed the court to find all his work illegal and wicked and to decree that the Galt railway system be broken up into its component parts, to the end that competition, peace and happiness might be restored on earth.

The outer office was soon in the possession of reporters clamoring to see Galt. He obstinately refused to meet them. They demanded a statement, and while they waited we prepared one as follows:

No step in the formation of the Great Midwestern Railway System was taken without the approval of eminent counsel. If, as it stands, it is repugnant to the law, as the law shall be construed, then of course it will have to be dissolved. If that comes to pass, all those securities in the Great Midwestern's treasury, representing ownership and control of other properties, will have to be distributed pro rata among Great Midwestern stockholders—either the securities as such or the proceeds of their sale. In either case the profit will amount to a dividend of not less than $150 a share for Great Midwestern stockholders. That is the extent to which these securities have increased in value since the Great Midwestern bought them. (Signed) HENRY M. GALT.

All that was obvious, only nobody had thought of it. The statement was received with utter amazement. On the strength of it Great Midwestern stock advanced suddenly ten points.

Now occurred the strangest incident of the chapter. To imagine it you have to remember that public feeling was extremely inflamed. That afternoon a New York grand jury indicted Galt under an old forgotten statute making it a crime to circulate false statements calculated to advance or depress the price of shares on the Stock Exchange.

A huge broad-toe came to our office with the warrant. Galt was under arrest. His lawyers were summoned. They communicated with the district attorney. Couldn't they appear for Mr. Galt and arrange bail? No. The district attorney believed in human equality. Mr. Galt would have to appear, like any other criminal.

Though it was a very hot afternoon and Galt was tired he insisted that we should walk.

"Do you want to handcuff me?" he asked.

Broad-toe was ashamed and silent.

So we went, Galt and the officer leading—past the house of Bullguard & Co., up Nassau Street, dodging trucks, bumping people, sometime in the traffic way, sometime on the pavement, to the Criminal Courts Building in City Hall Park, up a winding stairway because Galt would not wait for the elevator, and to the court room where the district attorney was waiting.

There was some delay. The judge could not be found at once. Galt sat on the extreme edge of a chair, one hand in his trousers pocket, the other fiddling with his watch chain, staring at the clock over the judge's bench as if he had never seen one before. The searing emotions of chagrin and humiliation had not come through. Word of our presence there spread swiftly and the court room began to fill up with reporters and spectators.

The court arrived, adjusting its gown, read the paper that was handed up by the district attorney, then looked down upon us, asking: "Where is the defendant?"

Galt stood up. The court eyed him curiously until the lawyers began to speak. The district attorney wanted bail fixed at one million dollars. The court shook its head. Galt's lawyers asked that he be released on his own recognizance. The court shook its head again. After a long wrangle bail was fixed at one hundred thousand dollars, which the lawyers were prepared to provide on the spot.

Getting out was an ordeal. By this time the court room was stuffed with morbid humanity. Reporters surrounded Galt, adhered to him, laid hands upon him to get his attention. He made continually the gesture of brushing away flies from his face. The stairway and corridors were jammed. As we emerged on the street screaming newsboys offered us the evening papers with eight-column headlines: Galt Indicted—Galt Arrested—Galt May Go to Jail. From the steps across the pavement to a car I had in waiting an open aisle had been broken through the mob by photographers, who had their cameras trained to catch Galt as we passed. He looked straight ahead, walking rapidly but not in haste.

"Where to?" he asked as the door of the car slammed behind us.

"Anywhere first, to get out of this," I said.

"Let's go to the club," he said.

I knew which one he meant. Though he was a member of several clubs he went always to one.

As we entered the big, quiet, red lounging room five bankers, three of whom had been counted among Galt's supporters, were seated in various postures of ease, their minds absorbed in the evening papers. Galt's emotions were those of a boy who, having outrun the cops, lands with a whoop in the arms of his gang.

He tossed his hat aside and shouted: "Whe-e-e-e! Wo-o-ow!"

The five bankers looked up, rose as one and stalked out of the room.

For a minute Galt did not understand what had happened. He saw them rise as he sat down and evidently thought they were coming to him. When they did not arrive he turned his head casually; then with a start he looked all around at the empty space. His eyes had a startled expression when they met mine again, and his face was an ashen color.

He made as if to ring the bell, hesitated, looked all around once more, and said, "Well, Coxey, let's go home."

I began to fear he might collapse. The strain was telling. At the house a servant admitted us. There was no one else in sight. We went directly to his apartment. He tore off his collar and lay for some time quite still, staring straight ahead.

"We are the goat," he said. "They put it on us, Coxey. That's all. . . . They will, eh? . . . Valentine and his newspaper friends, those magpies at Washington. We'll give them something to set their teeth. Now take down what I'm going to say. Put it in the form of a signed statement to the press. Are you ready?"

He dictated:

On the evening of July seventeen the question of proceeding against the Great Midwestern Railway System was the occasion of a special cabinet meeting at the White House. Besides the President and the gentlemen of the cabinet several members of the Interstate Commerce Commission were present. The President asked each one for his opinion. The Attorney-General spoke for half an hour to this effect—that the Great Midwestern Railway System was not a combination in restraint of trade, that its methods were not illegal, that it was necessary for the proper development of the country that railroads should combine into great systems, a process that had been going on since the first two railroads were built, and finally that a suit for its dissolution, if brought, would be lost in the courts. Others spoke in turn. Then the President announced his decision that proceedings should be taken.

Thereupon the Attorney-General spoke again, saying: "Since that is the decision I will outline the plan of action. First let the Interstate Commerce Commission prepare a brief upon the facts, showing that the Great Midwestern Railway System is a combination in restraint of trade, that its ways are illegal and oppressive, and that its existence is inimical to public welfare. Upon this the Attorney-General's office will prepare the legal case." That is how a suit for the dissolution of the Great Midwestern Railway System came to be brought. That is how politicians conduct government.

"Have you got all that down?" he asked. "Read it to me."

Natalie, who had come in on tiptoe, noiselessly, was standing just inside the door. Galt seemed suddenly to feel her presence. When he looked at her tears started in his eyes and he turned his face away. She rushed to his side, knelt and put her arms around him. No word was spoken.

I left them, telephoned for the family physician to come and stay in the house, and then acted on an impulse which had been rising in me for an hour. I wished to see Vera.

She was alone in the studio. I had not seen her informally since the clysmic evening that wrecked the African image.

"Oh," she said, looking up. "I thought you might come. Excuse me while I finish this."

She was writing a note. When she had signed it with a firm hand and blotted it she handed it to me to read. It was a very brief note to Lord Porteous, breaking their engagement.

"He won't accept it," I said.

"You can be generous," she replied "However, it doesn't matter. I accept it."

"These things are all untrue that people are saying about your father. It's a kind of hysteria. The indictment, if that's what you are thinking of, is preposterous. Nothing will come of it. There will be a sudden reaction in public feeling."

"I know," she said. "That isn't all. I suppose you have come to take me home?"

"But what else?" I asked.

She shook her head. As we were leaving the studio she paused on the threshold to look back. I was watching her face. It expressed a premonition of farewell. Once before I had seen that look. When? Ah, yes. That night long ago when she told me the old house had been mortgaged. Then I understood.

To her, and indeed to all the family, this crisis in Galt's affairs meant another smash. The only difference between this time and others was that they would fall from a greater height, and probably for the last time.

We drove home in a taxi.

"How I loathe it!" she whispered as we were going in, saying it to herself.

Natalie appeared.

"You're in for it," she said to me. "Father wants to know who brought the doctor in."

"I was worried about him," I said.

"So is the doctor. But it's no use. He can't do a thing. Father sent him away in a hurry."

Gra'ma Galt came in for dinner. So we were five. Galt did not come down. Conversation was oblique and thin. One wondered what the servants were thinking and wished the service were not so noiseless. If only they would rattle the plates or break something or sneeze, instead of moving about with that oiled and faultless precision! The tinkling of water in the fountain room was a silly, exasperating sound, and for minutes together the only sound there was. Mrs. Galt was off her form. She tried and failed. Nobody else tried at all.

Natalie, as I believed, was the only one whose thoughts were outside of herself. Several times our eyes met in a lucid, sympathetic manner. This had not happened between us before. What we understood was that both of us were thinking of the same object—of a frail, ill-kept little figure with ragged hair and a mist in its eyes, wounded by the destiny that controlled it—of Galt lying in his clothes on a bed upstairs, and nothing to be done for his ease or comfort. She was grateful to me that my thoughts were with him, and when I was not looking at her I was thinking how different these four women were. Yet one indefinable thing they had all in common. It brought and held them together in any crisis affecting Galt. It was not devotion, not loyalty of spirit, not faith. Perhaps it was an inborn fatalistic clan spirit. But whatever it was, I knew that each of them would surrender to him again, if need were, the whole of all she possessed. They were expecting to do it.

"What is the price of Great Midwestern stock to-day?" asked Gra'ma Galt in a firm clear voice. Everybody started a little, even one of the servants who happened to stand in the line of my vision.

"One hundred and seventy," I said.

To those of us who had just seen it fall in a few weeks from 220 this price of 170 seemed calamitous. That shows how soon we lose the true perspective and how myopically we regard the nearest contrast.

"When my son took charge of it eight years ago it was one and a half. One and a half," said Gra'ma Galt in the same clear voice.

For this I rose and saluted her with a kiss on the forehead. She didn't mind. Natalie gave me a splendid look. Then I excused myself and went to see Galt.

The door of his apartment was ajar. I could see him. He was in his pajamas now, apparently asleep. So I closed the door and sat at his desk in the workroom outside, to call up Mordecai, who had asked me to communicate with him, and attend to some other matters. Presently the hall

(Continued on Page 33)

Production Red Ink

It may be in the barrel in your basement

DO YOU KNOW that your lubricating oils may leave a trail of "red ink figures" from your machinery clear through to your balance sheet?

Each engine and machine in your plant has its own distinct lubricating requirements.

You can starve it with even an abundance of poor oil. You can over-feed it with the wrong kind of good oil.

Here is the arithmetic of Correct Lubrication:

On every engine and machine in your plant you use a small amount of oil each day. What this small amount of oil *does*—not its cost—determines its value.

Correct oil may cost a few cents more by the gallon. By the year it often saves hundreds and thousands of dollars in reduced operating costs and repairs, and in increased production.

For over 50 years the Vacuum Oil Company has manufactured the high-grade lubricating oils which have helped keep mechanical equipment throughout the world running "on its toes."

Unless the damage done by incorrect lubrication has gone too far, the results from the use of the correct grade of Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are unusually prompt and decisive.

We suggest that you get in touch with our nearest branch.

Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

For Lower Production Costs

Steam Cylinders

Gargoyle Steam Cylinder Oils minimize power losses and undue wear in steam cylinders the world over. No other steam cylinder oils are so widely endorsed by engine builders.

The well-known Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W and several other Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are specially manufactured for cylinder and valve lubrication to meet conditions in all types of Steam Engines, Steam Pumps, Steam-driven Compressors, Locomotives, etc.

Turbines

A worry of every turbine operator is sludge. Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils are manufactured and especially treated to meet the exacting requirements of turbine lubrication. These oils separate readily from moisture and impurities and thus provide remarkable freedom from sludge.

Internal Combustion Engines

The severe lubricating requirements of gas engines, Diesel engines and oil engines are scientifically met by Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils.

Compressors and Vacuum Pumps

Correct lubrication is of unusual importance in compressor work. Carbon in the air cylinder has sometimes caused explosion. Gargoyle D. T. E. Oil Heavy Medium is made especially to minimize carbonization. It is correct for air or gas compressors and vacuum pumps.

Bearings

A wide range of Gargoyle Bearing Oils is provided to meet all specific operating conditions of engines and machines involving size, speed, pressure, temperature and lubricating methods.

* * *

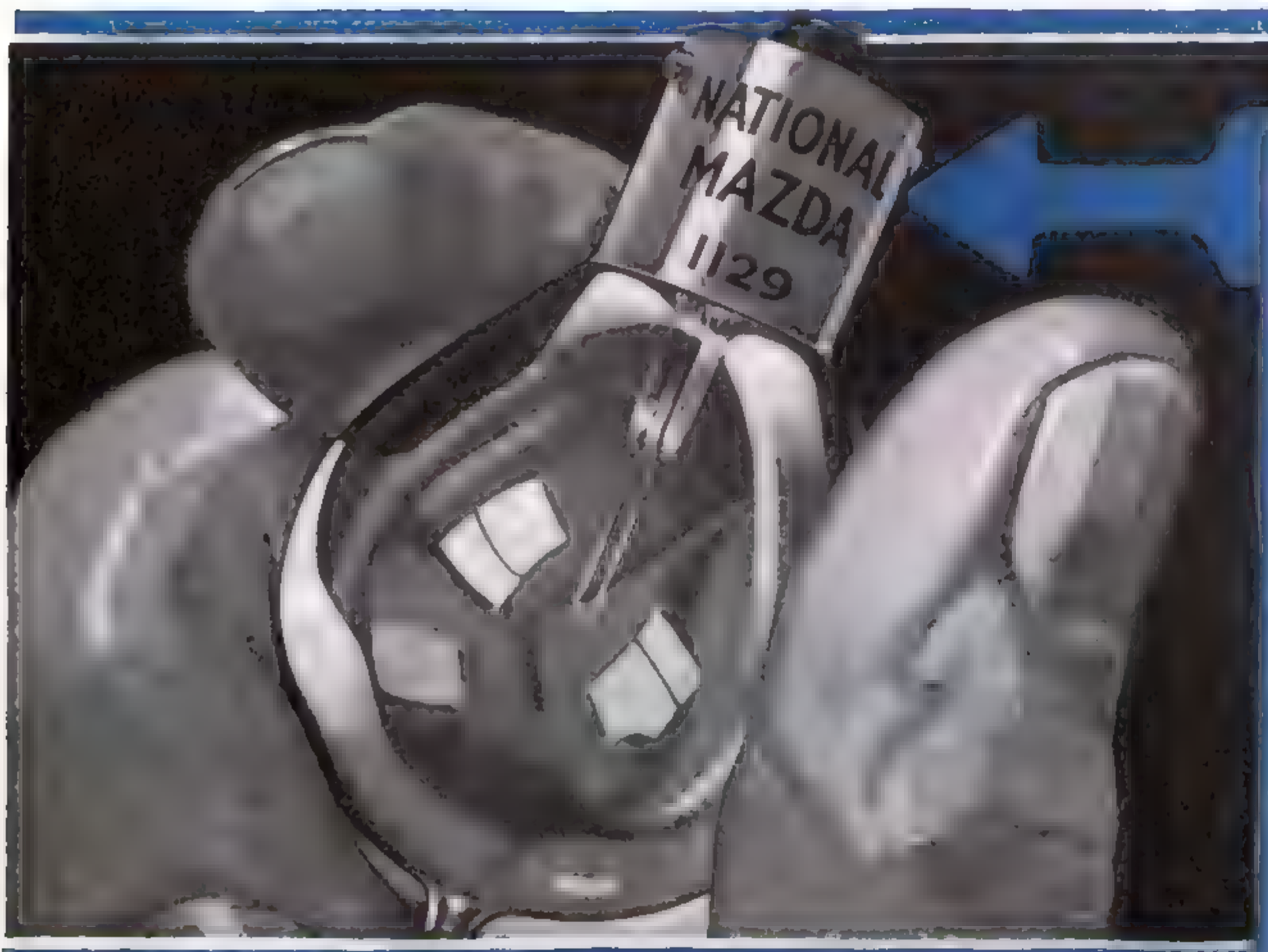
THROUGH our nearest branch or distributor, we shall be glad to assist you in selecting the correct Gargoyle Lubricating Oils for use throughout your entire plant.

Stocks are carried in principal cities throughout the country.

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)*	Chicago
Boston	Detroit
Philadelphia	Indianapolis
Pittsburgh	Minneapolis
Buffalo	Des Moines
Rochester	Kansas City, Kan.
Albany	Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY



Buy Auto Lamps by Name *and* Number

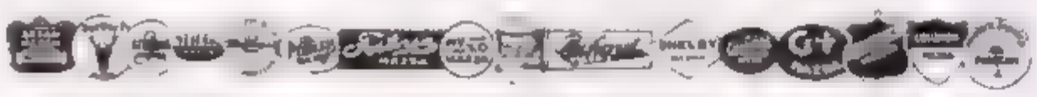
Night! A motor car speeds down the boulevard. Far ahead of the rushing machine a double beam of light floods the roadway. *Human lives* depend on two tiny white-hot wires!

Do *you* know the name of the lamps on your car? Do you know who is responsible for the quality and accuracy of those lamps? Do you know whether the mark MAZDA—and all the facilities and experience included in MAZDA Research Service—stands sponsor for your safety?

Unknown, unmarked lamps are dangerous, for here is required an accuracy of manufacture that is beyond the skill of all but a few makers!

Think of the facilities required in constructing a lamp where the allowable variation in length of filament is but three one-hundredths of an inch, while the diameter may vary no more than one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch!

Think of the research laboratories, the precision instruments, the intricate special machines which have been developed for the making of accurate, dependable MAZDA lamps. And then decide that hereafter you will be more particular—*and will accept no lamp that is not protected* by the word MAZDA, stamped on the base! National Lamp Works of General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service.

Carry a set of extra lamps in this handy kit in the side pocket of your car

MAZDA Lamp Numbers 1129, 1130.....52 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Numbers 61, 62, 63, 64 ...28 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Numbers 1141, 1142.....55 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Numbers 67, 68.....30 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Number 1126.....50 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Number 1158.....60 cents each

How to Get the Right Lamps for Your Car

Each MAZDA LAMP for automotive service has a MAZDA LAMP NUMBER stamped on the base. Look not only for the name NATIONAL MAZDA on the base of the automobile lamps you buy but make sure the MAZDA LAMP NUMBER is the proper one for the particular socket on your car where you intend to use the lamp.

Car	Year	MAZDA Lamp Numbers			
		Head Lamps	Auxiliary Side Lamps	Rear Lamps	Instrument Lamps
Abbott	19	1130	64	63	63
Allen	'20	1129	63	63	63
Allen	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Apperson	All	1129	63	63	63
Briscoe	All	1129		63	63
Buick	All	1129	63	63	63
Cadillac	All	1129	63	61	61
Chalmers	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	63
Chandler	All	1129	63	63	63
Chevrolet	'19	1129	63	63	63
Chevrolet	'20	1129		63	63
Chevrolet	'21, '22	1129		65	63
Cleveland	'19, '20, 21	1129		63	63
Cleveland	'22	1129	63	63	63
Cole	'20	1129	63	63	
Cole	'19, 21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Cunningham	'18, '19, '20, 21	1129	63	63	64
Cunningham	'22	1129	64	64	63
Dixie Flyer	'18, 19, '20, 21	1130		62	62
Dixie Flyer	'22	1130	64	62	62
Dodge	All	1141		67	63
Dorris	All	1129	63	63	63
Dort	'18, '19	1129	63	63	64
Dort	'20	1129		63	64
Dort	'21 (17-19)	1129		63	63
Dort	'21 (20-26)	1129	63	63	
Dort	'22	1129	63	63	63
Elgin	All	1129	63	63	63
Essex	'19, '20	1129	63	61	61
Essex	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Ford (head lamps only)	'18, '19	1130			
Ford	'20	1129	63	63	
Ford (with dimmer coils)	'21	1129		63	
Ford (without dimmer coils)	'21	1158		63	
Ford (sedan)	'22				
Ford (without starter—headlamps only)	'22	1126			
Franklin	All	1142	65	64	64
Grant	All	1129	63	63	64
Haynes	'18, 19, '20	1130	64	64	64
Haynes	'21	1129	63	63	63
Haynes	'21 All others	1130	64	64	64
Haynes	'22	1129	63	63	63
Hudson	'18, 19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Hudson	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Hupmobile	'19	1129		63	63
Hupmobile	'20, 21, '22	1129		63	63
Jordan	All	1129	63	63	63
King	All	1129	63	63	63
Kissel	'18, '19	1130		64	64
Kissel	'21	1129	63	63	64
Lafayette	All	1129	63	61	61
Lexington	'18, 19	1129	63	63	64
Lexington	'20, '21	1129		63	64
Liberty	All	1129	63	63	63
Lincoln	All	1129	63	61	61
Locomobile	'18, 19	1130		64	64
Locomobile	'20, 21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Marmon	All	1129	63	63	63
Maxwell	'18 '19	1141		67	67
Maxwell	'20 12 volt	1141	67	67	67
Maxwell	'20 21 (6 volt)	1129	63	63	63
Mercer	'19, 20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Mitchell	19	1130		63	64
Mitchell	20	1129		63	63
Mitchell	21	1129	64**	63	64
Mitchell	'22	1129	64	63	64
Monroe	'21 '22	1129	63	63	64
Nash	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	64
Nash	'22	1129	63	63	
National	All others	1129	63	63	63
Oakland	'18, 19, '20	1129		63	64
Oakland	'21, 22	1129	63	63	63
Oldsmobile	All	1129		63	63
Overland	'19 80)	1130		61	61
Overland	'19 Others	1129		61	61
Overland	'20	1129		64	64
Overland	'21, '22	1129		61	61
Packard	All	1129	63	63	63
Paige	All	1129	63	63	64
Peerless	All	1129	63	63	63
Pierce Arrow	All	1129	65	63	63
Premier	'18, '19	1129	63	63	64
Premier	'20	1129		63	64
Premier	'21	1129	63*	63	64
Premier	'22	1129	63	63	63
Reo	'18, '19	1130		62	62
Reo	'20, 21, '22	1129		63	63
Reo	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Roamer	'18, 19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Roamer	'21 (125 DS)	1129		63	63
Saxon	'21 (15 1916) '22	1129	63	63	63
Stephens-Booth	'18, 19, '20	1129	63	63	64
Stephens-Booth	'22	1129		63	64
Stephens-Knight	'18, '19, '20	1141	67	67	67
Stephens-Knight	'21	1142	67	67	68
Stephens-Knight	'22	1143	67	67	67
Studebaker	All	1129	63	63	63
Stutz	'18, '19, '20	1130	64	64	64
Stutz	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Templar	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Templar	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Velie	'18, '19	1129	63	61	62
Velie	'20, 21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Westcott	'18, '19, '20	1129	61	61	62
Westcott	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Westcott Sedan	All	1129		61	62
Wisconsin Knight	'19, '20 Same as	Overland			
Wisconsin Knight	'21 '22	1129	63	61	61
Winton	All	1129	63	63	63

*64 on closed 1922 models. **64 on closed cars only.

*63 auxiliary head—64 side

On some cars having duplex headlights MAZDA LAMP NUMBER 85 may be substituted for MAZDA LAMP NUMBER 63 if brighter light is desired.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

for Automotive Service

(Continued from Page 30)

door opened and closed gently. I looked around. It was Gra'ma Galt. In her hand she carried a large envelope tied around with a blue ribbon. She walked straight to the door of Galt's apartment and went in without knocking. I could see her from where I sat. She left the door open behind her.

"What's this?" Galt asked as she put the envelope on the bed beside him.

She did not answer his question, but leaned over, laid one hand on his forehead and spoke in this Delphic manner: "Fast ye for strife and smite with the fist of wickedness."

Then she turned, came straight out, closed the door carefully, passed me without a glance and was gone. Never again did I wonder whence Galt derived his thirst for combat. When he emerged some ten minutes later the mist had fallen from his eyes. The right doctor had been there. He handed me the envelope tied around with blue ribbon.

"That's Gra'ma Galt's little fortune—everything she has received out of Great Midwestern. Keep it in the safe for a few days so she will think we needed it. Did you give out that statement?"

"Not yet. There is plenty of time," I said

"Tear it up. That isn't the way we fight—is it?"

Gra'ma Galt never got her envelope back. Two weeks later she died

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

IT'LL ALWAYS BE SOMETHING

(Continued from Page 16)

pretty generally recognized as the dangerous age. It is the time when they turn to the society of young girls."

"But Uncle Walter ——"

"Is just the sort of a man to turn silly when you would least look for it. Once he relaxed, the first clever little schemer that got her hands on him was bound to make a fool of him. Well, it has happened, you see."

"But that girl is more than clever."

"You know nothing about her. You see what her family is. No breeding there. She has run wild. Two years ago she was selling tickets at that theater."

"Oh, you've looked her up!"

"Of course I have!"

"But she is a business woman. Why shouldn't this be just a business arrangement?"

Mrs. Van Horne dismissed this with an abrupt exhalation that disclosed the bitterness within her heart. Her son was silenced. Bitterness disarmed him as it had crushed his father.

She went on—in a low voice that was to persist—dishearteningly into the night. She was even to stand in his doorway talking at him, bent on lashing him up to a nervous pitch near her own. For Mrs. Van Horne was, when deeply stirred, a woman with acid on her tongue.

Somers had forgotten this. The memory hurt now.

"She has already got a very large amount of money from him."

"If the situation is really so bad, mother, why are you having the girl here for tea to-morrow?"

"Because I propose to get the situation into my own hands." She drew in her breath sharply, then added in what was little more than a whisper, "I've got to."

He glanced up at her, then lowered his eyes uncomfortably to the rug. It was a Chinese rug—rather good, too, or at least expensive. These hotel people would do just that—jumble Occident and Orient into a mess of a room. Idly he asked himself who the architects might have been here. Wouldn't it be the perfect irony for himself to be thrust into such a firm, ingloriously to learn, struggling forlornly to find expression for the taste of the blatant ones, and for just a little money?

You had to do something about this money business, of course; sell something yourself or something. Step out somehow on your own feet. No gainsaying that.

VI

HE WAS deep in this problem all that following day. At 4:30 in the afternoon his mother came in from somewhere to dress, and with a decent word or two he slipped out and descended in one of the elevators to that loud lounge.

The girl was here already—over at her desk talking with her assistant. She seemed all business. He bought a newspaper and hovered near. The assistant put on her coat and hat and left. The Goldie person remained at the desk, going over some papers and books. Then she cleared the desk, locked it and got up, standing for a moment by the chair and smoothing down her suit. What an extraordinarily vital youngster she was! Her color was high—plenty of pigment in her skin—and she had a great lot of honestly blond hair under the little leather-colored turban that matched her belt. In movement she was like an athlete, boyish. Probably she had quickened Uncle Walter's circulation a bit. She'd quicken most anybody's.

She was looking about now and glancing at the watch on her wrist. She saw him, narrowed her glance uncertainly, then bobbed her head forward with a look of recognition that was not quite a smile, and he found himself moving forward. He thought she seemed a trifle surprised when he took her hand, but she was at her ease directly after.

He didn't know then why he had come over to her. The pause grew into a silence. Finally he said this: "You're having tea with mother."

To which she replied, as absurd as he, with a yes. Adding, "I am."

This was the child that could manage an insurance agency and a picture theater and yet come to a tea as coolly as the idlest débutante, while he had still to earn his first dollar. He was more than a little afraid of her, without dreaming that she was afraid of him.

He looked about the lounge and out through a wide doorway into the dining room that was monstrously decorated in gilt paneling, with fat columns of yellow marble, and waved a slender listless hand.

"Ever see anything so vulgar in your life?" said he, as if that were the natural way to open a casual conversation.

She drew back slightly, seemed to catch her breath, and fixed her big eyes blankly on him. He, sensitive as a child, was startled into returning her gaze as blankly. Again he was aware that he had to look up. It was going to be difficult puzzling her out. You felt that. There was an air of native force about her, a suggestion of the boldness, or, better, of the color that is called personality. She was the sort that couldn't easily be stopped, and he, it seemed, was the sort that couldn't so much as get started.

But she was speaking.

"Vulgar?"

He saw that his use of the word puzzled her, and with the promptitude of a child he elucidated:

"Loud! Expensive! Ugly!"

"Ugly?"

He felt rather absurdly on the defensive.

"Of course. Beauty is in proportion and line, and in fitness, not in this crazy overemphasis."

"You—lecture, don't you." It wasn't a question.

"Evidently."

She hadn't meant to shut him up. So she said, "I saw in the paper that you spoke in Chicago."

"I tried to—at some ladies' club or other. They didn't like me."

"Why not?"

"I've been trying to put it together in my mind. Near as I can figure, it's because they're part of this damn civilization we're living in. I'm not."

"That's funny. I mean, why aren't you?"

"I hate it."

"But what else is there?"

"Oh!"—he was mumbling now—"the thirteenth century."

"I don't know a thing about history."

"You know about Rheims Cathedral." He had the tact to pronounce it Reems.

"Oh, yes!" She spoke with a trace of eager interest. "I've got a picture of it in my room at home. It was in the Sunday paper. That's the one the Germans ——"

"Anyway, why should you? A pretty girl doesn't have to know history."

She moved slowly nearer the window She appeared to be seriously thinking. She

Makes things taste better

57

HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP

THE DIFFERENCE between Heinz Tomato Ketchup and ordinary ketchup often is the difference between a successful meal and a poor one. For Heinz Ketchup makes things taste better—the meats, vegetables and other things on which ketchup can be used.

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seemed now, despite her fresh youth, older than he.

"The pretty-girl business," she observed soberly, "can be a good deal of a nuisance."

"I hadn't thought of that," said he. "It might get in the way, of course. But in a competitive world it's rather a terrific weapon. Useful, I should say."

She didn't reply to this; merely stood there thinking it out.

"There's mother," said he abruptly. "I'm sorry. You're the first human being I've found that I can talk with."

"I'd like to know about Reems," said she, and then she was gone.

Three rather tremendous ladies had joined his mother, all giving out an air of wearing an extraordinary amount of expensive clothing. The slim girl, approaching the group, looked in her simple suit rather—the word that came was "defenseless." The color was rising in his temples.

He was lounging by the news stand when they came out from the dining room. He noted the stiff atmosphere about the little party. The three formidable ladies waited behind. Miss Goldie Green came alone toward the door, very grave, her coloring even down a little, as if she sensed the talk about herself that was quickly to set in. Oh, yes, there would be talk!

He met her, casually enough, there by the door. She expressed no surprise. They passed out together.

"We were speaking of Reems," said he rather breathlessly on the steps.

She liked his earnest simplicity. So she said, in the tone of an elder sister, "Hadn't you better get your hat?"

"Oh!—yes."

He bolted within. She waited. His mother called him over and introduced him to the ladies. But after a fidgeting moment he excused himself and caught an elevator.

With hat and stick, on their floor, he had pressed the signal when an upbound car stopped and Mrs. Van Horne stepped out.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Oh, just walking out a little."

"With that girl?"

"Yes. But, mother, it would be absurd, of course, to ——"

A car stopped, bound down, and in stepping briskly aboard, wandering vividly in the tapestried land of his daydreams, he was only vaguely aware that she was in the act of speaking. It was the sort of awareness that would take form later, when the rush of his mood had passed, and give him concern.

VII

"I WAS going to say"—they were strolling, as if it were quite a matter of course, down along the beach, he and this Goldie—"just try to imagine this: They're building a cathedral still more wonderful than Reems—at Chartres. We're clear back in the twelfth century now. It's a colossal job, of course—means enormous expense and enormous labor. But they don't just collect the money from a lot of rich bankers and speculators in grain and monopolists and then hire contractors to bring in cheap foreign labor and found a new slum. Not a bit of it! It's a case of everybody pitching in. The bakers' guild gives a window. The leather workers give another. The cloth merchants, perhaps, give the carvings for the choir stalls. The king helps some, and the nobles. The masons and sculptors and glass designers set up their sheds all around and go to work—put in their whole lifetime there. And when it comes to hauling those big blocks of stone from the quarry the whole countryside rises up, by tens of thousands, and puts rope on the oxcarts and pulls them all the way. They sleep by the roadside. They have masses and songs. It's an inspired thing, and no people in all the centuries since has built anything so beautiful. They had taste, you see, and a feeling for beauty. They were civilized!

"Now a fellow like me that's a misfit, sort of —— It isn't money I want, or a big reputation; it's just work I can believe in, and I flatly don't believe in salesmanship. There, you see, I'm a heretic. Give me any little job I can believe in and I'll work my heart out, for a song—ten, twenty dollars a week; any amount that'll buy me a bed and a little food and a few clothes; just so long as it isn't in this big grinding business machine of ours that molds men as surely as the German Army molded men! I'd love to paint, of course. But I'd tackle anything clean if I could just believe in what's back of it."

"I must go back pretty soon," said she. "I'm boring you to death, of course."

"No, I'm just wondering what you could do. Most of us, I suppose, take the first job and ask no questions."

What she was more intimately wondering was the possible fate of this appallingly unworldly young man. She was beginning, even, to worry about him.

"I realize that you're a busy girl, but I don't like to let you go."

"I must pick up a bite of supper and get back to the theater."

"Couldn't you—couldn't we have a bite together?"

They walked slowly back up Simpson Street.

"I imagine they didn't give you any too good a time in there this afternoon," he ventured.

She flashed a brief troubled look at him. She was altogether the girl again, and he was becoming, with rather absurd rapidity, the man.

"They certainly looked me over," she broke out after they had walked a little way in silence. "High-toning me!" And then this extraordinary bit of slang, hot from her tongue, "Made me feel like an oil can!"

He controlled an impulse to laugh aloud. The girl did have vigor, rough force. In Paris he would have termed her an original.

But she gave him nothing more of the experience; changed the subject, indeed, as they neared the bakery-restaurant.

"I'd be glad to show you the theater," she was saying a little later. "It's pretty interesting back-stage. We have a full equipment—fly gallery, switchboard and everything. I don't know much about lighting effects yet, but I have a notion we could do something nice there."

"I'd love to look it over," he replied. "I gave a good deal of attention to the theaters abroad. You know, they built a lot of interesting stages before the war—in France and Germany."

"I didn't know."

"All sorts of mechanical devices for handling scenery. Quick changes and all that, and marvelous switchboards. Why, do you know you can take a dome of white plaster and paint it with lights—get amazing effects? It's fascinating, that stuff. I'll drop around some time in the next day or so. I rather think I'd better let you go now. Mother'll be wondering where I am. You see, we've only had each other a couple of days after more than five years."

"That must be very nice," said Goldie with embarrassment that took the form of a sudden stiffness.

They parted on the corner with a handclasp and with, as well, more than a touch of self-consciousness. But despite the shadow of a strangely hostile woman, who was the mother of one and the recent unbending hostess of the other, they parted as new-found friends. He would drop around very soon, and she would eagerly show him over the clean new theater of which she was, amazingly, the head.

VIII

MRS. VAN HORNE was sitting alone by the window that gave on the vast surface of the lake, a lake that was lost now in the mystery of a springtime twilight. But she was not looking out at it. She was never of those who are preoccupied with beauty. She was sitting erect in the tapestried chair, not touching the back. Thus her son found her, and stood within the door caught for the moment in a sense of guilt that ran into bewilderment.

"It makes the situation pretty difficult"—she was speaking in that low and slightly unsteady voice—"your taking up with her, too."

"I'm hardly doing that," was his uncertain reply. This was one of the many occasions in his life when he wished he had what he thought of as a mind; a trained intellect, that is, with the power of detached thinking. He was, as a matter of fact, and as he well enough knew, all feeling, all the artist. "But, mother, really, isn't there danger of your getting a little vindictive about this? She seems straightforward enough."

"Don't be absurd, Somers. You know that your uncle picked her up here in the hotel lounge ——"

"Don't say picked her up!"

"—— and took to driving and dining and dancing with her. Dancing! And then he bought this theater for her—made her the proprietor. Proprietor! All that within a few weeks! This isn't his first attachment of the sort."

"Oh, mother! Uncle Walter's a bachelor and a man of the world. Really ——"

"But it is the most serious. The girl is a social pirate. She has nothing but a crude brain and a sharp business sense."

"But really—is it our business?"

"Somers, every penny we have comes from your Uncle Walter. Every cent. He stands behind Ethel's schooling, her future, her marriage—everything. He has provided for me. He has educated you. Everything in my life is dependent on him. I really must try to awaken you. Forgive me if I say that you seem a little stupid about it. Already he has made a public display of his relations with the girl. She has his money to play with. She'll run through him, of course; that kind are insatiable. By this time she has plenty of grounds for court action when he tires of her. To one who knows the world it's plain enough what a horrid mess he's dragging me into."

The young man, downcast, was trying to think this out.

"He isn't a multimillionaire. He's merely a successful lawyer with a good income and a certain amount of invested wealth."

"Then"—Somers was taking in the costly apartment with nervously quick eyes—"couldn't we do with a little less? All this luxury—limousines and chauffeurs, social position ——"

He sensed rather than saw the snap in his mother's eyes. The intensity of her feeling was oddly slow in reaching his understanding. That the casual suggestion of giving up her manifold activities in the city, her very standing there, would anger her was not yet clear to him. He had to pass through many desperate struggles in this queer business of living before he would perceive that the insurmountable obstacle in life is the set mind. He didn't know yet that one man's reason is another man's poison, or that an ambitious woman will fight a fanatical battle.

But he did perceive that words wouldn't help; would, if anything, make matters worse.

He'd have to get alone and think.

He voiced this need, and even as he picked up his hat and stick, with the one thought of wandering alone by the lake, he heard her saying, "Are you or are you not proposing to run around with the girl?"

To which he replied boyishly, "Oh, I'm sure you're all wrong about her."

"I tell you the thing is already a scandal. It will take all my courage to carry it off."

"Are you sure you're not bringing it on?"

But this was quarreling. It wouldn't do. They seemed simply to inflame each other. He felt that—thought it over miserably as he rushed out. He thought about it all night. In the morning he told her simply that he would shortly send for his trunk. He couldn't accept another cent of this support that she demanded as a settled right. He'd find quarters in a boarding house somewhere. He had enough to carry him for a few weeks. He'd find a job—something. He hadn't the remotest idea what. His mother took this sternly, bitterly. It was very difficult. But at the last, without a further word, she let him go. There was savage pride in the Graston line.

Later in the morning, as he walked the streets, trying to think—trying, indeed, to believe that he had actually broken with his mother in that appallingly casual manner—he wandered around to the New Parthenon Theater, stepped rather timidly within, asked if he might see Miss Green. She was, after all, the one person he could talk with without feeling like—what was her extraordinary phrase?—like an oil can.

IX

GOLDIE decided to study that photogravure of Reems Cathedral. Seven hundred years seemed pretty old. And this strangely childlike young man who babbled eagerly of that remote century! The bald fact that he didn't seem to know enough to keep his queer notions to himself was appealing. She smiled over him. Once she thought she had dismissed him from her mind. That was what she really ought to do, with trouble brewing in the orchestra and a dozen other little business problems to settle by morning. But those white-hot phrases of his kept popping up among her more prosaic thoughts and shining there. That about the hotel being vulgar. She had thought it beautiful. Yet she knew now what he meant. He was right. She would never step again into that lounge without wincing.

(Continued on Page 36)

Facts—

OLDFIELD has come to its present position of influence by the remarkable mileage record of its Cord Tires.

Over $14,000,000 worth of Oldfield Tires have been sold to date.

While not three years old, Oldfield has overtaken 85% of the other tire companies in volume of sales.

More than 6.000 established dealers, who know tires and give service, have taken on the Oldfield line.

Oldfield Cord Tires have won every important racing classic for the past two years.

At Indianapolis, in 1920, the winner, using Oldfield Cord Tires, averaged 90 miles an hour, and for the first time in history, drove the entire distance of 500 miles without a tire change.

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Oldfield Cord Tires have been tested under Barney Oldfield's personal supervision on the roads of 31 states, to prove long mileage under every road and driving condition.

Oldfield Tire sales have increased 135% in the past 90 days—during a period of normal sales decline. The first two weeks of December brought 21 car-load orders from as many dealers.

Such information constitutes a reliable guide to tire purchase for the car owner who insists on first quality at moderate prices.

DEALERS who are interested in building a permanent business on this basis are invited to write the nearest Oldfield Warehouse listed below.

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To best serve the light car owner Oldfield has developed a special, full size, 4-ply, 17¼-ounce fabric 30x3½ tire, the now famous Oldfield "999," to sell at the remarkably low price of $9.99 in the 30x3½ size and $8.99 in the 30x3.

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Akron, Ohio.
Atlanta, 249 Peachtree St.
Chicago, 1920 Michigan Blvd.
Dallas, 2121 Commerce St
Kansas City, 2001 Grand Ave
Los Angeles, 1165 S. Figueroa
San Francisco, 1414 Van Ness St.
Minneapolis, 444 Stinson Blvd.
New York, 1871 Broadway.
Seattle, 1518 Eleventh Ave.

"I hereby solemnly promise to fill any man's pipe"

This promise is made in the letter that follows. We had sent Mr. Lewis some free samples of Edgeworth (as we do to all who ask for them). We didn't know that he was an Edgeworth smoker until we received this letter.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Messrs. Larus & Brother Company,

Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I am a smoker of good tobacco for over 40 years and have no hesitancy in saying that of all smoking tobacco Edgeworth in my estimation occupies the first place.

Having smoked it for a number of years in many different parts of our own good U. S. A., and also Alaska and Cuba—it has always given me supreme smoke-satisfaction, at all times, anywhere, everywhere, regardless of climatic changes or any other hocus-pocus.

My object in sending for the free samples (if you will forgive me) was to determine whether or not Edgeworth was being made any different—that possibly the samples (like whiskey samples used to be) were the best and finest of the whole output.

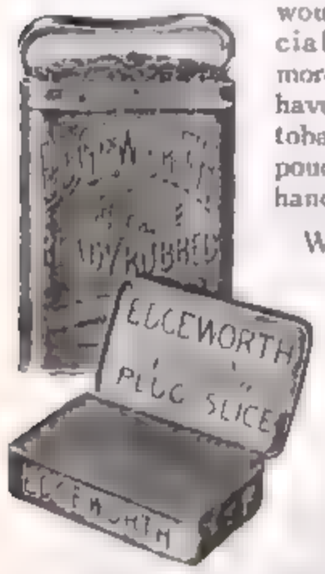
But on smoking the samples I find no difference whatever, and so I am convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that Edgeworth *always is* of the same superior quality in all its forms, and further, that my little joke in asking for and receiving something for nothing will be excused by you on the plea of curiosity.

In thanking you kindly for your courtesy in sending free samples, I hereby solemnly promise to fill any man's (reasonable-sized) pipe with Edgeworth tobacco of my own purchase, to convert him to that really *good smoke*, "Edgeworth."

Very sincerely,

(Signed) Arthur John Lewis

Edgeworth samples are no different from the regular Edgeworth tobacco you can buy in a store. We wouldn't keep "special" samples any more than we would have a special kind of tobacco in a different pouch in our pocket to hand to a friend.



We feel that Edgeworth is good enough, that its pleasant fragrance and mellowness will appeal to most pipe-smokers. We do not think our effort is wasted if we send free samples of Edgeworth to a man who doesn't find it exactly suited to his taste.

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Edgeworth is sold in two forms—Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice. There are various sizes to suit all purchasers.

When you send for samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 34)

"Beauty," he had said, quite offhand, "is in proportion and line, and in fitness. Not in this crazy overemphasis."

She thought that wonderful. It was like going to college. And that about "this damn civilization we're living in." She laughed aloud, there on Hazel Avenue.

Beauty! That was a reality to him. He talked about it as eagerly as the men she knew talked about money. It was exciting. And he was unbelievably a gentleman. No unpleasant advances. No wise cracks. Just a decent respect all the time. But somebody ought to take care of him. Left to wander alone in wildest America he'd surely be run over by something; something that wouldn't even see him there in the way.

Turning in at the front gate Goldie saw lights upstairs in the small rented house that was the home of the Green family, and before she reached the landing of the stairs her sensitive nostrils caught the odor of camphor. It was associated with every little and big crisis in the family history, for mamma sniffed it when she had a cold and laved her forehead with it when she had a headache, and she had at least a headache whenever she was crossed or excited.

It was Goldie's experience, further, that whenever at night camphor scented the upper floor mamma called to her before she could slip by to her own front room. There would be criticism or downright scolding or a wordy complaint—something. But tonight mamma's door was closed. They weren't asleep; she could hear that querulous voice wandering along, with one brief rumble from papa. But the door was closed!

Relieved, she tiptoed into her front room and softly closed the door. The photogravure of Reems was beside her bureau, stuck up with pins. She switched on the light and looked at it. She heard cautious footsteps in the hall. That would be Perce. She tiptoed back to the door and carefully opened it. He had his bath robe on. His hair was tousled and his face screwed up. She'd had only a glimpse of him during the evening. The face had been screwed up then, too. Something or other on his mind that was coming off now.

"You—you noticed that the car wasn't around to-night," he whispered.

"Why, the fact is I'd forgotten all about it, Perce."

"Well, you know I caught what you meant about keeping mamma too busy to do something else this afternoon."

Wearily Goldie waited. He'd be slow in getting around to it.

"So I stayed with her. We picked out the flivver. It's a sedan. Charlie gave us the benefit of the new prices, and he gave her a lesson. I sat in the back. It made me pretty nervous. You see, I'd supposed that mamma would be afraid of the thing."

"You never can be sure about mamma."

"No, you can't. Was she frightened? Does a duck fear to swim? I'll say nay, loudly. She went tearing up the Lake Drive until Charlie had to calm her down. Flattered her, you know. Told her it was wonderful how she picked it up, but explained that she'd get pinched sure as shooting. So that was all right, but then she said she had to make a call at the Beach Hotel, a tea or something. Was that what you wanted to keep her out of?"

Goldie nodded.

"I thought so. I was wise, you see. So I pointed out that we were paying Charlie for a full hour's lesson and it would hardly be good business not to get the full benefit of it. Charlie backed me up there. So then she threw a scare into us by deciding to drive down into the traffic. It really was remarkable. She'd done all the things—starting and stopping and backing around. Took right to it."

"I'm beginning to wonder," mused Goldie, "if mamma hasn't a lot of natural ability she's just never got around to using."

"I know. Isn't it surprising? She's seemed so fat and—I mean so sort of helpless all these years. Well, there was nothing for it but to head right down toward Simpson Street. And then—well, Goldie, the fact is—well, she rammed a truck."

"Oh!" was all Goldie said.

"It wasn't so bad as it might have been. Charlie took the car back to the garage. It's a matter of a new lamp and one or two little things. Charlie thinks they can straighten out the mud guard and perhaps varnish it up a little. He says it'll come to about twenty-two dollars. Mamma's sort of upset, of course. I don't think she meant to let you know about it to-night. You see, she's arranged for another lesson to-morrow. Oh, we'll never head her now! But what I wanted to ask you was, did you put the insurance through?"

Goldie's face went blank. She hadn't.

"And you in the insurance business!" moaned P. Heigham.

He edged toward the door, then lingered.

"There's just this, Goldie—about what I said last night. It isn't that I think you ——"

She moved a hand impatiently.

"Understand, we all appreciate the wonderful way you've pulled the family together, but when it comes down to cold judgment older minds are sometimes —— You see, we're all in it together now, and if your head should get turned just a little—mind, no one could blame you!"

Goldie pointed to her pillow.

"My head is going to be turned right down there, Perce, in about three minutes."

He tiptoed cautiously out.

x

AT NINE on the following morning Mr. Graston knocked on the door of his sister's apartment and escorted her down to the gilded dining room with the fat columns of yellow marble. Neither spoke. He bought two papers at the news stand and handed her one. At the breakfast table a doglike head waiter took their orders. Then each spread out a paper and glanced over the headlines.

To an impersonal observer these would have given perhaps no more unfortunate picture of greed, assault, robbery, destruction of homes, political intrigue and waste and general bad faith than would the headlines of any other morning in the year. Europe was in turmoil, of course. China was starving. Ireland was a horror. Russia, behind the veil of Bolshevik secrecy, was perhaps starving. There was a race riot in Texas and a disastrous flood in the Central West.

But three particularly unpleasant items, one quickly after the other, caught at Mrs. Van Horne's mind, and because it was at the moment sensitively responsive to just such a harsh note in the general social discord they lodged firmly there, giving a fresh impetus to her already feverish thoughts.

The first recorded the flight of a New York banker with a chorus girl, leaving a huge shortage to be accounted for at the bank. This was not a mere vulgar offense on the part of someone low in the social scale. It was a man she knew slightly, a gentleman, with nice manners and two débutante daughters.

The second told of an action against a local acquaintance, John C. Wilhenning, on the part of a woman who had once been associated with him in business. The amount named was a million dollars. The case looked bad. Mr. Wilhenning's attorneys—she knew them, too—were in charge. Mrs. Wilhenning, a proud little woman, was with tragic loyalty standing by her husband.

The third was crushing. Henry P. Watts, also of Chicago, had been shot dead in his office by an unidentified woman with a veil, had been found leaning forward over his desk.

Mrs. Van Horne bent low over the paper. She hadn't poured her coffee yet. The waiter, it seemed, was standing beside her, asking, "Sugar, madam?"

Then she heard her brother's voice:

"Heard anything more from Somers?"

She couldn't reply to this. The suspicion and fear that were shaking her self-control, the ferocity of moral judgment that was in her blood, the self-interest that could so easily disguise itself into a sense of right—all these were confused now in a mind of great natural force. She was the motor type of human creature. Her impulses found their expression in action. She was fighting it out now within herself; fighting to hold the self-control her pride was useful there—without which she could not act effectively. But it was a losing battle.

"Walter," she said, laying a finger on the Wilhenning story and then on the Watts, "haven't you even glanced at these?"

The accusing note in her voice couldn't be overlooked. She felt him harden, and memories of a thousand brother-and-sister differences, ranging far back into their childhood, came flooding in among her thoughts.

But he quietly read a bit of each, and said gently, "Poor Henry! Isn't that terrible!"

Her bitterness was rising now in a sort of savage vindictiveness.

"Is that all it means to you, Walter?"

Her voice was low but vibrant with intense meaning packed into every tone. She was still leaning forward, looking with quick eyes about the gaudy dining room to make sure no one heard. She wasn't yet past that.

"Isn't it so much as a warning to you?"

"Oh, that!"

That was all he said. He sat motionless during a long moment. Then swiftly he rose and walked out, and that was all; not another word. Only the set of his square shoulders as he walked down the aisle between the rows of tables told her that her shot had gone home.

It was toward five in the afternoon that she was called to the telephone. A woman's voice spoke. She knew the voice. Oh, yes, Walter's secretary. Mr. Graston was very busy and wouldn't be out for dinner. He might not come out to Sunbury at all; might spend the night in town.

Within ten minutes Mrs. Van Horne was back at the instrument calling the New Parthenon Theater and asking for Miss Green.

"Oh, how do you do?" she contrived to say in a not unnatural voice. "This is Mrs. Van Horne. I find I'm going to be alone this evening. Do run over and dine with me."

There was a long pause; then this:

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Van Horne. But it's an awfully busy day with me. It doesn't look now as if I'd get out at all. Probably have to have something sent in. Thank you so much. Good-by."

She called her chauffeur at the hotel garage; asked him, struggling to seem offhand, "Did you drive Mr. Graston to the station this morning, Harvey?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Van Horne. He drove in town himself. Took the runabout."

And so much for that! He was free of her. She pictured the two of them driving up the Lake Shore for dinner somewhere. Another link in the chain that was being swiftly forged about Walter!

So ran her thoughts. It was coming clear among these thoughts that she wouldn't be able to let the girl alone. It began to seem not right that she should. If Walter wouldn't listen to a decent warning, perhaps the girl would. Perhaps she could be frightened, though the woman's courage faltered a little on that point. The girl's courage was precisely what made her so dangerous.

xi

P. HEIGHAM went home for supper—they called it that—and returned with a long face.

"Bad news, Goldie," ran his message. "Mamma's on the warpath. Says she's going to drive papa over to the hotel for a friendly call on Mrs. Van Horne. No stopping her. She's full of it. Thought I'd better tell you. She's brought the car home and everything. I thought of calling you up, but what was the use? She's all set." And he spread his hands.

Goldie considered the situation gloomily. There was simply no telling what the excited mamma might say to Mrs. Van Horne. She was equal to any indiscretion, even to speaking of her daughter's odd relationship with Walter B. Graston; particularly to speaking of that, for mamma was often prompted by a perverse instinct to pounce with energy on the precisely wrong topic. Goldie had begun, a little late, to perceive the delicacy of that relationship, and she didn't want it talked about, particularly as he was so square about it, so open.

But since mamma was all set, what could she do? With a shrug, she gave that question up. Besides, she was busy.

The evening passed. The performance would be over within the hour. P. Heigham had gone at nine to a committee meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Goldie sat alone at the desk. The knocking at the door startled her.

She called "Come in!". And then when the door had opened and, softly, closed she found herself springing up, for there stood Mrs. Van Horne, staring at her with an expression of relief that was darkened by incredulity and that had an undernote of indomitable doubt. She stood very straight, but with her head a little to one side; seeming rather older than on the

(Continued on Page 38)

We wish we lived in the cellar— it's the warmest place in the house

IF you haven't said that some winter, you've probably thought it as you came down shivering from the upper floors to find the cat dozing in the genial warmth of your cellar.

The heat starts up in perfect good faith to get where you want it. But running through bare or poorly covered pipes, a lot never arrives. Somewhere in between, it gets lost. The cold walls lead it astray. Being good conductors they offer an easy path outdoors.

It is astounding but true that, under average conditions, a bare pipe 50 feet long and 3 inches in diameter wastes 4 tons of coal a season.

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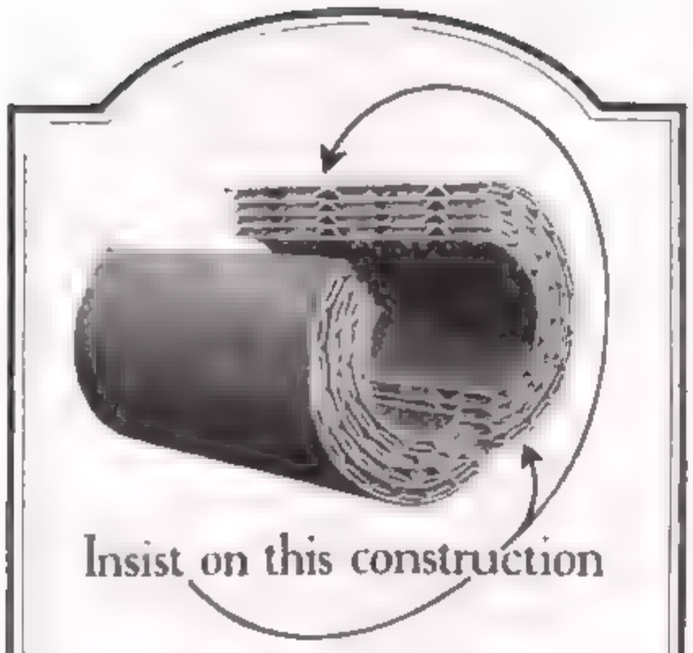
The right kind of insulation will save heat, coal and money. But merely covering a pipe will not.

A good insulation must be constructed so that air cannot circulate through it. It must be durable. It should save enough heat to pay for itself. Improved Asbestocel answers these requirements.

The closed cell—an improvement that means dollars in your pocket

Look at a section of Improved Asbestocel. See how the corrugations run both lengthwise and crosswise, instead of lengthwise alone—the usual way. The cross corrugations prevent circulation of air. This overcomes the greatest obstacle to successful insulation and makes Improved Asbestocel efficient where other coverings are lacking.

What is more, the cross corrugated construction gives this insulation firmer body, neater appearance and longer life.



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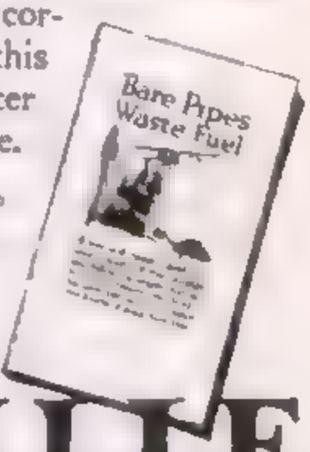

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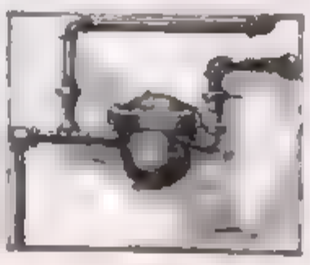
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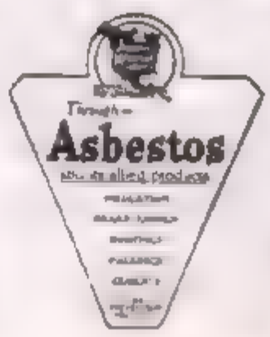

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STANLEY
VACUUM BOTTLE
THERMOS

Keeps liquids piping hot or icy cold

(Continued from Page 36)

preceding day; smoldering fire in her eyes. But she moved forward deliberately, carefully indeed, as if she were by force of will holding herself in.

Goldie was nonplused. For a brief time, while she was indicating a chair, and then while they were sitting, squarely facing each other across the extension arm of the desk, the situation seemed like a dream. For more than ever you felt purpose in this austere woman who came alone to the office at ten o'clock in the evening. It seemed, now that she was here, fittingly a climax to the curious events of the past forty-eight hours—that cold invitation, the queerly uncomfortable tea, the second rather insistent invitation that had no cordiality back of it, and now this!

At first the lady seemed about to smile, and Goldie thought swiftly, painfully, of mamma. Some outrageous thing had happened. But she wouldn't let herself speak first of that. Besides, the thing, whatever it might be, was serious. Mrs. Van Horne's calm was nothing but a thin attempt to carry something off, something grave, for her color was rising. It began to appear that she was breathing hard. It was going to be a bit of a scene.

All this came through pretty rapidly, and Goldie, despite her youth, was business woman enough to brace herself for a shock. Then it came. Coldly at first, then with an emotional intensity that threatened from moment to moment to burst out in some sort of flame, the lady began speaking:

"I'm going to be frank with you, Miss Goldie Green. I've looked you up. I've studied your record and yourself. I know that you're one of these bold modern girls. I know that you've run wild. I know that you picked up my brother at the hotel. I believe it was the sort of thing that you and your kind refer to as vamping. Let us leave it that way—you vamped my brother. You got enough money out of him to buy this theater. Perhaps you've already got more out of him. I don't know about that. In a way, it doesn't matter. I've come here to-night in a spirit of fairness. I want you to know—I'm here to tell you face to face—that you can't ruin my brother without finding an active enemy in me."

She interrupted herself with a savage exhalation, went on:

"The theater business has no place in my brother's life. I have to recognize that you were smart enough to undermine his judgment. Here he is, plunged into it. It will affect his standing, of course. I suppose it has already. It's his first indiscretion of the sort. But let all that stand as accomplished fact. What I want to know is, how far are you going with this? Either way, marriage or a vulgar affair, I want you to understand that it won't do. I'll fight you. For every stain you put on his name I'll put a stain on yours. That's what I came here to say. We may as well understand each other clearly."

With which she rose and stood rather breathlessly staring down.

Goldie sat quiet—limp, really—slowly turning a pencil between her fingers. Her wits for a brief time were scattered by the force of this amazing blow. She was still thinking of mamma. What on earth had happened? The thing was, really, like a noise that was too loud to be heard; like an explosion. It was almost funny, certainly grotesque.

A few moments more had to pass before she would be able to take in the bitter reality of it.

Mrs. Van Horne had paused literally for breath. She looked anything but well. But that was her lookout. She was speaking again. Just this:

"That's all, Miss Goldie Green! And don't mistake me. As you injure my brother, so shall you be injured. Keep that clearly in mind as you career along. I don't care how unscrupulous you may prove to be. Certainly you are unscrupulous beyond your years. But I won't let the honor of my family go down without a fight, and you'll find me a strong enemy. I'll just leave that thought with you," and she turned with a show of deliberation toward the door.

It was then that Goldie sprang up.

"You're not going yet!" she said.

"You mean ——"

"You're not going yet! Sit down here, please!"

Slowly, profoundly hesitant, the older woman moved back toward the chair by the desk.

Goldie was back in her own swivel chair, whirling to a small safe that stood against the wall.

She spun the combination forward, back, forward, back, forward; turned the nickeled handle, pulled open the door, drew out a bundle of papers that were neatly clipped together.

"We'll look these over," she said. "This is the original contract. It forms the New Parthenon Company, you see. Mr. Graston is president. I am secretary and treasurer. The other directors are W. B. Ensign, Arthur Tolman and Frank H. Hand." She barely paused to let these strong Chicago names sink in; Mrs. Van Horne would catch them full force. "I had next to no money to put in, so I can't hold much stock, but the contract gives me and my brother a quarter of the profits in payment for services. My salary is forty dollars a week, my brother's thirty—about what you'd pay a couple of good stenographers. And I've had to increase expenses in my insurance business at the hotel. So, you see, I've got to put this theater across or I'll really be nowhere."

She spread out other papers in that same quick way.

"Here's a statement of our total initial cost. I charged that all against the first week's business, so we wouldn't fool ourselves about profits. Here's the statement for the first week—income and running costs. We show a good profit on running expense, which applies against that item of first cost; cuts it down quite a little, you see, but still leaves a large net loss. If we can keep up anything like this big business we've started with we'll wipe out that whole initial cost—what I call net loss now—within about four months. And keeping up the business is my job—putting on good bills and keeping the theater clean and pleasant and advertising well. You talk about my vamping your brother. It's not true. The whole story of my relations with him are told in these papers here. You'll see that they're stamped and signed by the accountants he sends out here. Everybody that's interested in the company—you, too, if you want to—can walk in here any time day or night and inspect the whole place and go over every scrap of paper in that safe."

She stopped short, leaned back in her chair—tipped back a little way, indeed—and looked straight at her caller's eyes with a dangerous flash in her own.

During the very long pause that followed Mrs. Van Horne's gaze fell, rose, wandered about the room. It was a shadowy room, illuminated only by the green-shaded drop light on the desk. Something had to be said.

"You're really trying to tell me"—the woman's voice had lost its clear note of anger—"that there is nothing else—nothing else ——"

Goldie's intuitions were active far beyond her worldly experience. Something of the keen justice of a child's mind animated her quick retort:

"I can't answer for your suspicions of your brother."

XII

GOLDIE knew that she had silenced this morbidly excited woman, and in her breast rose suddenly, uncontrollably, an exultant sense of power, an almost unnerving thrill. It would be difficult now to speak at all; this glow would color her voice; probably it showed already in her face. She must try to control it, of course; must carry the situation, like any other situation, as an able executive, dispassionately. But it did mean sitting tight, very tight, no matter if the excitement of it kept her awake all night. It didn't matter, once she was in her own room at home, shut away from the savage world. But, oh, the primitive joy of it! To meet the ugliest, hardest blow of her life with a sharp counter blow, and to win! She thought of boxers, with their clean, shining bare bodies glistening under white lights—Goldie had seen many a bout in Chicago; she liked them—and of knock-outs. This was a knock-out.

Mrs. Van Horne didn't believe, of course; was merely staggered. But what of that? She was silenced. If W. B. Ensign and Arthur Tolman and Frank H. Hand were satisfied with the arrangement—glad, indeed, to put their money in—what on earth could this woman say?

What she did say, in a confused way, was this:

"I shall have to ask you—do you know where my son is?"

In genuine surprise—for she had forgotten him—Goldie replied, "Certainly! Don't you?"

Mrs. Van Horne moved her head unhappily in the negative.

"Come with me," said the girl briskly. "I'll see if he's still here."

She led the way through the foyer—down a long sloping corridor -out on a cavernous stage and around behind the screen to a side room.

Somers was there, in shirt sleeves and a long apron, working over a scene model that evidently represented the Parthenon stage in miniature. He finished screwing a tiny light bulb into a socket before he turned.

"Oh, hello, mother!" he cried.

He looked oddly young and small. His blond hair stood out where he had been running his fingers through it; his blue eyes shone with eager joy in his task.

"I've been meaning to call you up," he ran on in a rush of boyish words. "I picked up a job right off, you see! Twenty-five real dollars a week!"

Goldie slipped out—went very quietly back to her office. But she was overstrung. Plainly this little job of getting hold of herself would take more than a few moments. The work of the day was done. Perce wouldn't be back. So she locked herself in, stood for a little while by the door, pressing her hands to her temples. She moved to the desk and on an impulse switched off the light, then felt her way to the window and let the shade down to the sill. A little light came in from the street, and there was a breeze. She sank down on the broad sill and leaned back against the window frame. A familiar limousine stood at the curb.

It was rather soothing to look out thus, herself unseen, on the evening quiet of Simpson Street and let that soft breeze fan her weary head.

She was still sitting there when Mrs. Van Horne and her son appeared on the sidewalk. They must have walked around from the stage door. They talked in low tones. The woman seemed to be holding to her son.

For the first time during this rather mad evening Goldie caught something of the pathos of that; something —— Then the mother stepped into the limousine and was driven off toward the hotel. The young man walked in the opposite direction.

A few moments later the audience came pouring out, and for a brief time Simpson Street was alive with youth and bright chatter and laughter. Then they were gone and the street was quiet again.

It was time, really, to go home. Goldie rubbed her forehead. She didn't feel like going home; felt more like stepping into somebody's roadster and tearing in town and dancing half the night—taper off somehow. Weren't these curious nerves of hers ever going to quiet down?

A runabout was turning in before the theater. It stopped there. Her pulse was bounding again worse than before, for Mr. Graston was getting out, was coming into the building. She didn't move.

XIII

EVEN when she heard his strong step echoing in the empty foyer she sat breathlessly still; even when he stopped at the door and tapped. The thought came then that he might quickly go away, so she hurried over to the door. Her eyes were used to the dim shapes of the furniture now. She unlocked the door and threw it open. He said:

"Oh, this is odd! I was just asking myself whether the window was lighted. I've been a little *distrait*. What on earth are you doing alone in the dark?"

"I've been feeling upset, sort of. Won't you—come in?"

He did so, and she let the door close. Now it was dark again.

"I was sitting over there in the window," said she.

She was slow to move, and he, at his first cautious step, brushed against her. His arm slipped in what seemed a natural enough way about her shoulders. She held her breath. He, too, was very still.

She was trying to think that it meant nothing, their standing like this. He had held her much closer, a hundred times, when they were dancing. And they thought nothing of being together here in the room; no particular thrill in that. She didn't, as people put it, love him. Nor did he "love" her —— Nothing but the quotation marks

(Continued on Page 41)

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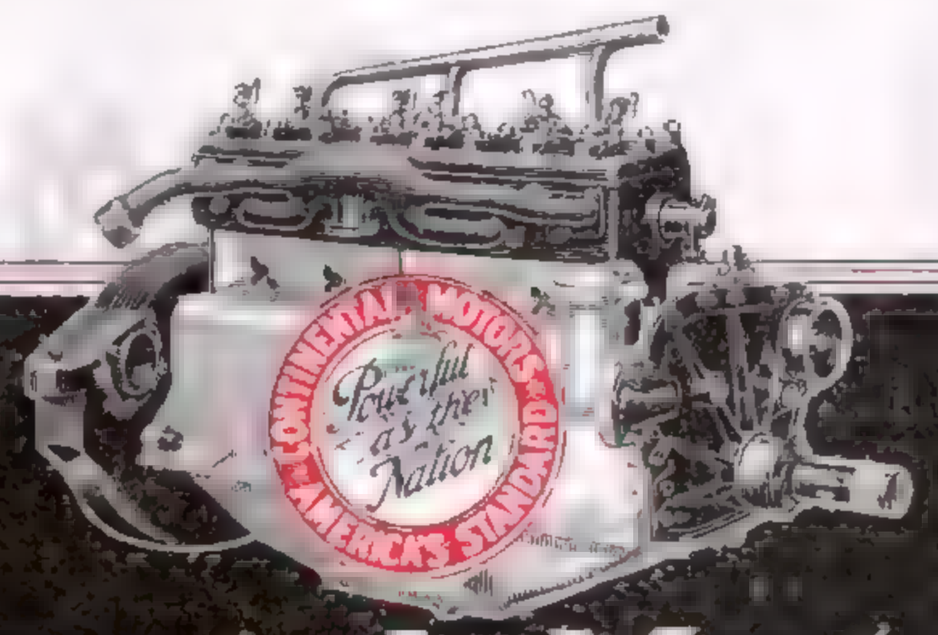

Continental Motors

(Continued from Page 38)

can express Goldie's attitude toward that word. It was just a mood that they were somehow both caught in; a mood that it was comforting, on this unhappy evening and surprised out of her solitude, to yield to. She wondered if his sister had gone at him, too. It was as if something, somebody, were driving them on. He was quieter even than usual, graver than usual, and gentle.

"I'm tired," he said.

"I'll turn on the light." She guided him over to the desk, adding there "Wait a minute," and slipped away from him to draw up the shade.

He switched on the light himself and dropped into the chair that his sister had sat in during that incredible scene. She took her own swivel chair. Their eyes met. He saw that she was pale—a wanly pretty face. She saw that he was haggard, with deepened lines and gray-blue half moons under his eyes.

"Suppose," he said, "we hop into the runabout and ride somewhere. Anywhere but home."

"I was just thinking I'd like to let loose and dance till I drop."

"I've been through a terrible twelve hours. An old friend of mine was shot and killed yesterday afternoon—Henry Watts."

"Oh," whispered Goldie. "I saw that in the paper."

"It has nearly killed his wife. I've been doing what I could. Very little, of course. That's one of the terrible things about a tragedy."

She wanted to take him in her arms and mother him.

"Let's go," he said, rising.

The thing to do now was to take a stand, say no and walk home. But she said, in a voice that still was little more than a whisper, "All right."

She put on her coat and hat, shut the window, spun the combination of the safe, locked her desk.

He said, "You wait at the door. I'll turn off the light."

She moved obediently toward the door. He was reaching for the light when he heard her say, in the same sobered voice, "There's a call on the switchboard. Wait—no, come along. I'll take it out there."

The voice was P. Heigham's:

"Better come home, Goldie. Mamma—oh, it's not so terribly serious, but she's sort of hysterical. Can you hear me all right? I'm right here on the stair landing and I have to be a little careful. No, mamma's got her door shut. Here's what happened: She started out to call on Mrs. Van Horne, you know, at the Beach Hotel. She took papa along. That was about half past eight. But she must have got confused making the turn into Chestnut Avenue, and went over a curb and through a hedge and jammed the car in between two trees. It was on the Walter Pratt place. As near as I can get the story, Mr. Pratt drove them home. Mamma shut herself up in hysterics. She's got an idea that you'll blame her for wrecking the car. I just got home, you see, and found things this way. Andy's out, God knows where, and mamma's got the twins scared to death. They're both crying—bawling. Can you hear them? And papa's been trying to quiet mamma, but he hurt his ankle jumping from the car. From the way it's puffed out I'd say it's broken. I guess he thought he wouldn't try to call any of us until mamma quieted down. Yes, I've phoned for the doctor. But tell me, Goldie, did you put the insurance through? You did? Thank goodness!"

Goldie pulled out the connection and rose.

"There's a little trouble at home," she said. She rested a hand on his sleeve. "Will you drive me there?"

"Of course," said he.

They walked soberly out to the car. Once she glanced into his face. As she settled into the seat beside him she remarked thoughtfully, "There's nothing like a little responsibility to—straighten you out."

She thought he smiled, but he nodded. That mood had passed. When he stopped in front of the small rented house she thrust out her hand like a boy and said, "Good night."

"Good night," he responded, with a friendly grip, and let her go.

XIV

IT WAS after one in the morning. The house was quiet at last. The doctor had put mamma to sleep with bromides. Andy was snoring. The twins, peacefully side by side, looked like seraphim. And Goldie, exhausted, had sunk to the edge of her bed and was letting down her hair, planning, as soon as she could nerve herself for the effort, to get up again and shut her door. P. Heigham appeared on the sill, clad in pajamas and bath robe and carrying a book.

"What I really meant," he began, while his sister struggled pathetically to pick up the lost thread, "wasn't that you're the sort that'll be easily spoiled by flattery. Not that at all—really, Goldie! But it's plain enough, the way things have begun at the Parthenon, that you're well launched on a career that for any young person, let alone a girl of your age, is astonishing."

Goldie covered a yawn with her arm.

"Take that newspaper article alone, just as publicity. It's amazing. Now I'm older than you, Goldie, and I see perhaps more clearly than you how hard it's going to be for you to keep your balance."

"What's the book?" she asked in desperate calm.

"It's The Treasure of the Humble. I got it out of the library. I want you to promise me you'll read every word of it. You see ——"

For one brief moment it was a question whether Goldie would burst into shrieks of hysterical laughter that would have sent her humorless brother rushing for whatever might be left of mamma's bromides. Her face worked, her shoulders drew up, her hands gripped the edge of the mattress. P. Heigham watched her with dignified concern.

But she controlled herself, and, feeling like a battered pulp, remarked, "You may leave the book, old dear."

He hesitated, knit his brows, finally laid it on the bureau and went out.

Goldie fairly leaped at the door and locked it. She was thinking how delightful it would be to have the time and freedom for those hysterics. But she hadn't; tomorrow would be another day. So she tumbled into bed and slept like a child right through breakfast time. Papa, rising to a new authority, made mamma let her sleep.

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E. W. Hammons, President
Executive Offices, New York

ONLY A FEW OF US LEFT

Continued from Page 19

For a while they were silent as they passed along the level highway. He had never seen Merrymead looking so pleasant before, not in all the years he had lived beneath its quiet skies. He had never been so glad to see it, not even when he had come from France and Patrick met him at the station. Even the trees seemed to hail him back.

They had turned from the main road down a narrow straight track with yards of turf on either side, with a row of elms spreading their branches above it. Farther from the road were stone walls of neat expensive masonry, and behind them fields carefully squared and fenced, where cattle were grazing. Suddenly Jimmy straightened in his seat and pointed down the road.

"Look!" he cried. "Here they come! Maybe you'd better stop for just a minute."

Ahead of them, trotting down the road, was a little knot of hounds, and behind them people on horseback. The horses were stepping daintily and throwing their heads. Their coats, polished by years of constant brushing, shone like the alloy of rich metals. Their bits and buckles twinkled brightly when the sun struck them through the swaying branches. It was the Merrymead hunt riding home, the Merrymead hunt laughing and talking in the strange jargon they talk at Merrymead, and lolling carelessly in the saddles. As they came nearer Jimmy leaned far out of the car, the better to see them, and waved his hat.

"Look at 'em," he cried. "By Jove! Look at 'em. You couldn't find a better lot of horses anywhere, or better riders either."

He stepped out on the running board, still waving his hat, gladder than ever he was back where he could breathe the scent of horse and saddle.

"Hello, you people!" he called.

"Oh!" said Jane. "Why, what's the matter? They seemed—why, they almost seemed put out about something, didn't they?"

Jimmy was still standing on the running board with his hat still in his hand. He was looking very red, and he was staring after them, half in surprise, half in a sort of dull wonder. Why, they had spoken to him as if he were an outsider. They had hardly spoken to him at all.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "they did seem a little queer."

He stepped into the car again and pulled his hat over his eyes. He felt her looking at him, and it only added to the weight of his disgrace. He felt very dull and inert, almost incapable of thought. They had hardly spoken to him. They had hardly spoken to him at all. Though they were yards beyond him now he still could see them riding by, not as friends any longer but only as chance acquaintances who looked at him with curious impersonal glances, or never looked at all.

"We might as well go on," said Jimmy dully.

But even then Jimmy was a sporting gentleman. Even as he sat there beset by the upbraidings of his conscience, blinded by the terrible thing he had seen, he still contrived to smile and square his sagging shoulders. In his imagination, quickened and burnished by the terrible scene of the night before, he could read but one thing in their cavalier greeting, a thing which set his smiling lips into a sickly curve and made him clench his hands across his knee. So they thought it. They thought just what Aunt Anna had voiced. Why else should they have ridden by? In the horror of that moment he forgot a dozen reasons for their haste. It was near to feeding time, for instance, and no one ever kept a horse out later than that. They might have been hurt that he had failed to enter for the steeplechase; but why should one remember a steeplechase at that dread time? They might have felt badly that he had left them without a word. They might even have thought that he didn't want very much to be disturbed just then. But how was a Lee to think of such trivial matters when a black cloud darkened his conscience and a fire of rancor was burning in his soul? No, for James Slade Lee, as the Merrymead hunt passed by, his most dreaded fears became a certainty, a certainty which seared and burned for days and nights to come. He knew it now. He knew what Aunt Anna had suggested was true. Even now he could fancy them saying it. Yes, he could fancy them saying that a Lee was afraid.

"Why, Jimmy," Jane asked, "is anything the matter?"

And then he realized that his forehead was wet and that he was biting his lower lip.

"Why, no," he said quite in the way that became a Lee; "why should anything be the matter? I was just thinking what a day it was for riding. That was all."

Then suddenly as she watched him his eyes lighted up again with the fierce free joy of the gentleman of the chase, and his lips parted in his eagerness, and for the moment he actually forgot what had happened. And why should he not? They were almost at the Lee gates now, and down the road ahead of them, just a few yards from the tall pillars which Jeffry Lee had built with the first proceeds of the rubber company, two men were leading a heavy chestnut horse whose broad shoulders and haunches were moving with rhythmic nervousness. There they were, old Patrick, the head groom of the Lee stables, and young Patrick, his son, each at a side of the heavy bridle, guiding him carefully down the road.

"Look at him!" cried Jimmy, in the wave of excitement becoming a true sporting gentleman. "Always said there was nothing the matter with Homicide. Here! Perhaps you'd better stop again. The machine may frighten him, and I'll just walk up. Look at him! He sees us!"

Motionless and startled, Homicide was staring at the Matthew car, with his head thrown back and his great nostrils wide and quivering. Jimmy looked at his nostrils with approval. No danger of a horse with a muzzle and a chest like that getting winded. He could almost hear Homicide expel his breath angrily and see his shoulders tremble. Yes, in his academic interest Jimmy forgot all about the Merrymead hunt and actually laughed happily.

"Wouldn't wonder if he was thinking about yesterday," Jimmy chuckled. "He remembers. Oh, yes, he remembers!"

"Oh!" gasped Jane.

And still forgetful of the Merrymead hunt, forgetful almost that he was a Lee, Jimmy turned toward her incredulously. Her lips were trembling, and her eyes were wide with something quite like horror.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked quickly.

"Oh!" she cried in a voice of loathing. "Isn't he dreadful! He looks—he looks as though he wanted to kill you!"

"Nonsense," said Jimmy. "He's just as gentle as can be. He's just glad to see us, that's all."

"Oh, don't!" cried Jane. "He isn't glad. He's dreadful—dreadful! You don't know. If you'd only seen him when he was going to stamp on you ——"

"But I did see him," Jimmy explained. "I wouldn't have rolled away if I hadn't seen him."

"Don't joke about it!"

Her voice was trembling in a most peculiar way. He couldn't understand it at all. After all, Homicide was just a horse. Why should she look like that at just a horse?

"It's—it's too terrible!" she cried. "You mustn't talk that way! He might have killed you! Oh! I can't bear to look at him"

"By Jove!" Jimmy murmured. "By Jove! Now that's queer. He didn't even touch me. Look here. You mustn't feel that way."

It really was most peculiar. He couldn't recollect when anything like that had happened. She had seized his arm, and he could feel her hand shake as she held him.

"You won't ride him again, will you?" she was asking, and her voice had become very low and gentle in its pleading.

Before he knew exactly what he was doing in that peculiar moment he had placed his hand on hers.

"No," he was saying, "I won't ride him. I told you before I wouldn't. You don't have to ask me again"

"I know," she replied. "I know, but I just wanted to have you say it. I—it makes me afraid."

Again he had the feeling that nothing else really seemed to matter very much. Even when he thought of Aunt Anna and the riding and driving club just then it didn't seem to matter, and when he spoke he unconsciously voiced his thought.

"Of course I won't ride him," he said. "What do I care as long as you're here?"

"But I won't be here," she answered. "That's why I wanted to be sure. I'm going away to-morrow."

Jimmy didn't say anything at all, and only pulled his hat farther over his forehead. What use was it to show her how her words made him feel? She mustn't know that everything was gray and leaden again, that nothing seemed much use now that she was going.

"I was glad I was going last week, but I'm a little sorry now," said Jane.

But still he didn't say anything.

"That's why I came to meet you at the train," she said. "But I'll be back in a week or two, and I'll let you know just as soon as I'm here."

"You're sure?" he asked her eagerly. "You're not going to leave me with all this -this ——"

He left his thought uncompleted. It was no use telling her. Only he knew the legacy she was leaving. Only he could really understand.

"Of course I'm sure," said Jane. "You ought to know that."

And a minute later she was gone, and Jimmy was left standing alone in the dusty road, looking somehow as though he had walked all the way, and as though his walk had been a hard and plodding matter; but Jimmy was a sporting gentleman. He paused for only a moment, and then strode slowly up to Homicide.

"How is he, Patrick?" he asked.

And again as he looked at Patrick he had the same feeling of sickening certainty. Patrick was looking at him curiously, looking sadly and reproachfully at his business suit and the newspaper under his arm.

"You won't be using the horses much now, will you, sir?" asked Patrick.

Jimmy drew a sharp breath. He felt his cheeks burning. Could it be that Patrick thought so too? Yes, he was sure of it. Why else should he look so hurt and anxious? Jimmy tried to smile, but he couldn't. He tried to speak, but something in his throat seemed to stop him. It was only his instinct that made him nod coldly as a Lee should, and turn slowly up the drive to the white rambling house, alone with his disgrace. He knew it now. Even the servants thought so. Even the servants thought that a Lee was afraid.

IX

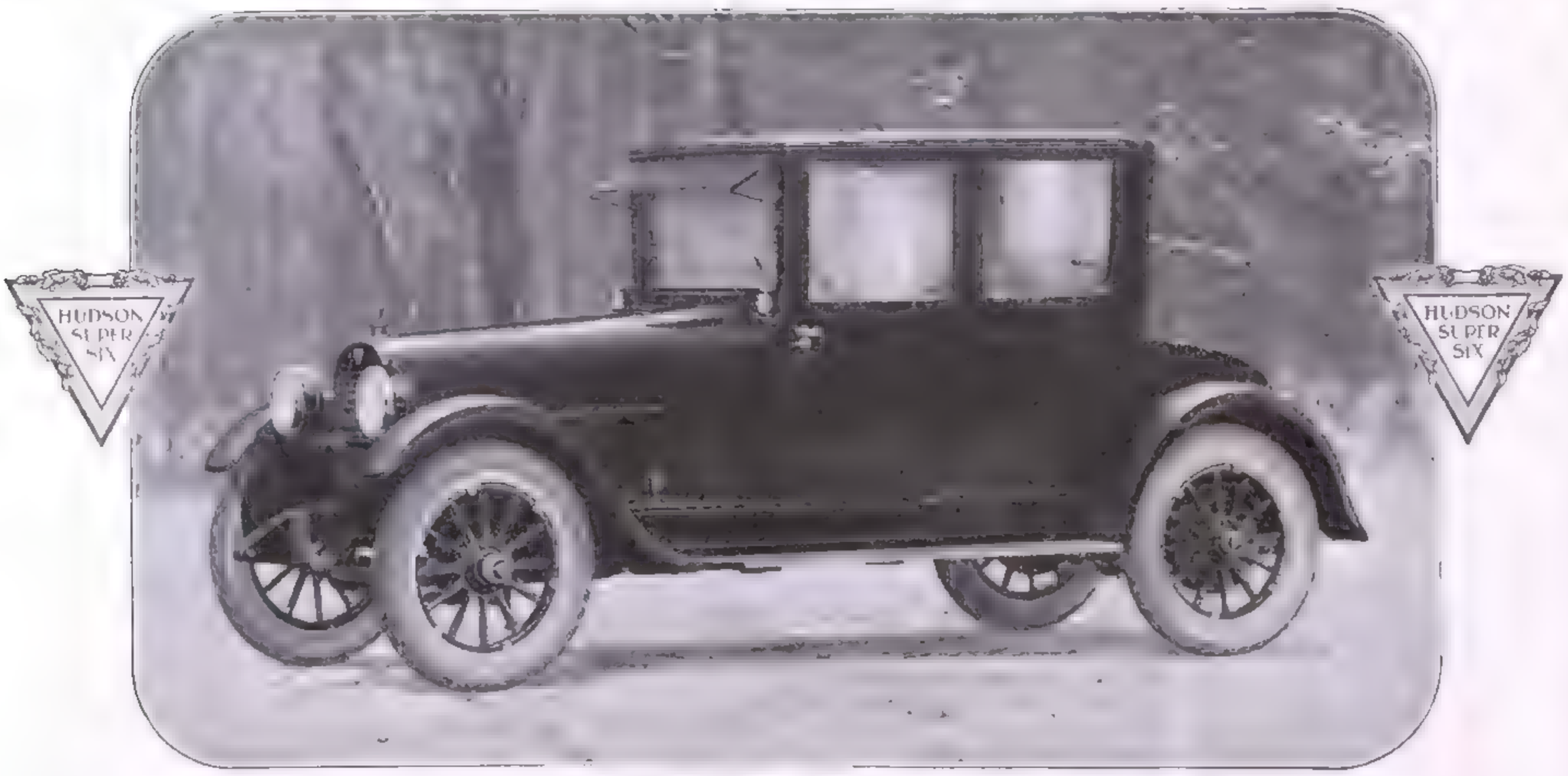
WHEN all is said and done the world he lived in was very small, nothing really but a little island, a mere corner off the great continent of chivalry, which had sunk in some cataclysm of our changing order. How was the great world of everyday to understand Jimmy Lee, and how was Jimmy Lee to understand the world? How was he to know that he was dwelling in a land of shadows, leaning trustfully on his rod of unreality? Yet in its way it was rather a grand place, his little land of shadows, smacking of the stern simplicity of Lycurgus and of the glory of that ancient court of Camelot. But three things really mattered in the world of Jimmy Lee—to ride hard and yet be careful of your horse was perhaps the first. The two others were easier still, requiring not a jot of practice or education—to tell the truth and not to be afraid. Those were the things you guarded with your life in the land of Jimmy Lee. To be suspected of failing in any of those three things was slander. To suspect you were suspected was the torture of the rack—and he thought they thought he was afraid. No wonder his life became a thing of horror.

No wonder those chosen few at Merrymead were startled and hurt by the change they saw in him. When they met him there was a reserve about him which chilled their most cordial advances, a steely glint in his eye, a disdainful tilt to his head, a bitter satirical grating in his voice. How were they to know that they had hurt him with a mortal hurt?

If she had not gone away it might not have been so bad. If he had only had the conviction that he was right and they were wrong, he would have been glad to see it through, and from pain it would have turned to stern but bitter pleasure. But

Continued on Page 44

HUDSON SUPER-SIX



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HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 42)

perhaps that was the most dreadful part of it all. He felt the justice of anything they might be thinking, of anything. Through it all he knew he had willfully strayed from the course where his stars had placed him.

That was the thing that kept him awake at night and made his days a torment. That was what made his food devoid of taste and the cool, dark silence of his very room echo with recrimination. It made his own house, the stately mansion of the Lees, a strange abode, with strange, unfriendly faces. It made the sight of a horse a thing of exquisite agony; and all the things he cared for most his boots that stood in a neat row by the window, the row of spurs that hung above them, his bits, his bridles and mallets—they each became a separate reproach, all and every one.

But after all there must be something in heredity, for Jimmy saw it through, walking the path as a gallant gentleman should, disdainful of slander, too proud to ask for sympathy. Indeed he saw it through so well that they thought he was having a pleasant time. They mistook the tenseness of his face and the unhealthy glow in his eyes. They thought it the preoccupying lust for gain which made him curtly disdainful of their greeting; and at the All-America Tire Company, where everyone did gainful things, they thought he was a little mad. Indeed there are but few in those well-known offices who will forget the next few weeks.

As the days went on and Jimmy kept appearing at nine in the morning, relentless, eager and dynamic, even old Mr. Perrett stood aghast at the force he had set in motion. It seemed at last as though he had awakened something which had better have been left to slumber. Even old Jeffry Lee stopped at some things, but Jimmy didn't. Even when he saw ruin across the table Jimmy still went on in spite of threats and entreaty. There was one thing, however, they all had to admit. He not only seemed to know what he wanted but he knew how to get it. Somehow, even though they knew what was going to happen, people worked when Jimmy was on the job. Somehow the whole office worked with a speed and energy it had never displayed before. Perhaps it was because all the others grew a little reckless when they saw Jimmy Lee pacing up the aisles. Even on that fateful day when he told the president of the Major Tire Company to go to the devil, even when the whole bloc of his competitors attempted to stop him, the office never stopped working. Perhaps it was because they really liked Jimmy Lee and felt a little sorry for him that they wanted to do their best. He seemed so blandly optimistic, so perfectly sure of his judgment. Old Mr. Hazelton used to worry about things and change his mind, but Jimmy never seemed to. He seemed to reach his decisions with a snap of his fingers, and no matter what anyone said after that, he never stopped. No, he never stopped at anything.

They thought it was the excitement of the thing that appealed to him, but they never knew what really kept him there. Jimmy himself sometimes wondered at it. It was only in the quietest time of night that he was really sure, only then that he actually understood the hope that kept him on. It was because she understood because she wished him to. She had called it worthwhile, the thing that he was doing, and, if she called it so, was it not enough? Besides, he had given his word, and that was a sufficient basis on which to risk one's fortune—and she would understand. Yes, she would understand. He whispered it to himself sometimes as he walked through the broad, warm aisles of the Lee stables, and sometimes he murmured it half audibly as he stood looking at the Lee portraits. As long as she understood the rest of it didn't matter.

If Jimmy Lee had been a philosopher it might not have been so bad, but why should a sporting gentleman stop to think that hope is bred almost always of illusion?

Simple chief of the chase that he was, simple exponent of the artificial chivalry of a materialistic age, he actually thought that the worst was over when he heard that she was back. For days he believed that the pendulum had halted at the height of its terrible swing. Never, never for a moment did he guess the most terrible thing of all.

He was making his evening visit to Homicide's stall when they told him Miss Matthew was on the telephone. It had been his custom for some time now to go and look at Homicide. Always every evening Jimmy went to see the stables just as he had done ever since he had been a little boy holding his father's hand. Like everyone who understands horses he liked to see the rows of stalls with their neatly stacked mats of bedding made ready for the night. It gave him a sense of infinite pleasure to see the swishing tails and tossing heads of the hunters, and hear them nuzzling and chewing at their oats. There was a peace there in the stables, a gentle restfulness as the dusk stole through the grated windows and made the warm, clean smell about him more and more distinct.

He was standing as he often did at the heavy box stall with its door to the paddock where Homicide was quartered. No one ever spoke to him as he stood there, for he had a look about him which even Patrick, privileged by his twenty years in those stables, respected. Jimmy would always stand very still on a bale of straw, with his elbows on the stall door, watching Homicide as he munched his oats or moved restively about.

When they told him he was wanted on the telephone they thought he hadn't heard, but finally he nodded slowly and stepped quite awkwardly from the bale of straw, so awkwardly that he would have stumbled if Patrick had not grasped his elbow.

A minute later the harness-room door flew open and Jimmy hurried out. Something pleasant must have happened, for he was whistling, the first time he had whistled in weeks.

"Patrick!" he called, and when Patrick came Jimmy was standing with his hands in his pockets, still whistling.

"Patrick," said Jimmy, "hitch up the drag with the pair of bays, and be ready to drive in half an hour."

"Yes, sir," said Patrick. "But the automobiles ——"

"Damn the automobiles!" cried Jimmy. "What do I care for the automobiles? It's much too nice a night. Have the drag ready in half an hour."

There was no doubt that Jimmy had good news. Just as soon as Jimmy took the reins Patrick could tell that he was very cheerful. When they were through the gate and Jimmy let the bays run he was laughing. He was still laughing when he pulled them down to a trot at the main road.

When he entered the Matthew drawing-room a half hour later his elation had not left him. All the bad part of it seemed almost over. Had he not done what she wanted all those weeks? Now that he thought of it, the unpleasantness of the past made the present all the better. He hurried into the drawing-room before Frederick could announce him, and paused as though adjusting himself to the glare of the electric lights.

It was a little cold that evening, the first chill of autumn, and they had lighted the fire. Jane was sitting near it in an evening dress with some pearls around her neck and in a chair beside her, much too near, Jimmy thought, was Mr. Edmund Jones. Jimmy must have looked at Edmund rather doubtfully, for Edmund smiled and pulled at the vest of his dress suit. The gesture made Jimmy uncomfortable somehow, and quite awkwardly aware that he was still in his Norfolk jacket, and still smelled a little of the stables.

"Oh, there you are," said Edmund, leaning back more comfortably in his chair.

Why hadn't she spoken to him first? Why hadn't she held out her hand? Why was she looking at him so strangely, as though she were a little frightened, as though she wanted to laugh?

"Why," cried Jane, "whatever's the matter with you? You're all covered with mud."

"The horses spattered a bit," said Jimmy. "I just drove over, and I reckon the roads were rather wet." And he dusted apologetically at his coat. "I just thought I'd come the way I was," he ended rather lamely. "I sort of thought ——"

He stopped, suddenly confused, and looked at Jane appealingly. There was something queer about the whole thing. She was looking at him still in that same frightened way, but not as though she wanted to laugh any longer, but almost as though she wanted to cry. Yet she never said anything as he stood there looking at her. There was something queer about Edmund too. He seemed unusually cold and masterful, unnaturally calm and complacent.

"You sort of thought I wouldn't be here, didn't you?" Edmund suggested coldly. "Well, I am here."

Jimmy felt his face redden.

"Yes," he said. "It's quite obvious."

"Perhaps you know why I asked to have you come over?" Edmund inquired.

For a second Jimmy did not answer, but still continued to stare at Jane. The surprise of the thing momentarily confused him.

"Edmund," Jane began, "you mustn't say ——"

But nothing ever confused Jimmy for very long.

"Perhaps," he said, nodding at Edmund, "we may both be a little sorry you asked to have me over, unless ——"

"Unless what?" asked Edmund.

"Edmund!" cried Jane.

"Unless you remember where you are," said Jimmy mildly, seating himself in one of the wicker chairs. "Now what do you want to say?"

Again Jane started to speak, but Edmund raised his voice.

"I want you," he replied evenly, "to tell Miss Matthew whether I'm right. We've been having a little discussion about you this evening."

"Well, well," said Jimmy. "Now that's awfully nice of you."

"It's nice you think so," said Edmund politely. "I was just telling Miss Matthew that she must be a trifle mistaken about what you are doing in the city."

"Oh," said Jimmy.

"Miss Matthew," continued Edmund, "has a curious idea. She thinks just because she asked you to that you are in the city learning a business. Just because she asked you to, she thinks that you have put aside childish things and become a man, Mr. Lee. I told her that it was an awfully quaint idea."

"Oh," said Jimmy, "did you?"

"I told him it wasn't true," Jane began hotly. "I told him ——"

"Miss Matthew doesn't seem to understand," Edmund went on, "that you are really busy wrecking an old-established business. Probably you never put it quite that way, did you, Mr. Lee? Probably you never explained that just because, by a curious fortune of birth, you happened to own a control in a company, you suddenly appeared, suddenly disregarded all advice for the ravings of an old man, suddenly reversed every sound policy to which that company has owed its very existence. Perhaps you never told her that even old Mr. Perrett is frightened now, that even old Mr. Perrett can't stop you now, Mr. Lee. Perhaps you never told her that the All-America Tire Company is on the verge of bankruptcy, just because you liked to bet on horses, as you put it, and because you had a peculiar, naïve fancy that rubber is going down. You probably avoided telling her; or perhaps you don't know yourself what a silly spectacle you are cutting before sensible men—a conceited, headstrong rich man's son, who thinks because he has money he can do anything. Have you ever told her any of these things, Mr. Lee?"

"You've forgotten," said Jimmy still mildly, "that I promised to take any loss personally."

"It only makes it all the sillier," said Edmund. "Imagine a sensible man doing that when he didn't have to! It's only a queer play to the gallery, just an incomprehensible piece of foolishness which is neither here nor there. I suppose it is because you live on excitement that you did it, Mr. Lee. I suppose that is what people like you are apt to do—upset things which other people have built; dance about on other people's work."

Jimmy had grown very pale and was gripping the sides of his chair, but he didn't answer again. Something held him tense and quivering; something like doubt was making his head begin to reel.

"Perhaps you have failed to realize," Edmund continued, "how well your judgment is being vindicated. It would be like you not to realize it."

"Jimmy!" cried Jane. "Why don't you tell him it isn't true?"

But still Jimmy didn't answer. The surprise of it all held him quite mute. If Edmund had only been angry it would have been better, but instead he was leaning serenely back in his chair, the master of the situation, retailing point by point his cold indictment. As Jimmy looked at Jane each word seemed to crush him down beneath its weight. He had never thought of it that way before, and now—was it possible? Could it be that Edmund was right, and that he had been playing the clown, while thinking it a graceful rôle? The mockery of his suspicion made the perspiration start from his temples, and made his hands very cold and moist.

"Perhaps you never told her," Edmund was continuing, "that since you and a doting old man decided that rubber was going down, it has actually risen ten points. No, Mr. Lee, I can hardly blame you for not pointing out what a fool you have made of yourself, and what a funny performance it has been. You still say you are going to take the loss personally? I wonder if you can, Mr. Lee? Perhaps you don't know that when business closed today you were eight hundred thousand dollars poorer than you were two weeks ago."

Something like a smile crossed Jimmy's face at those last words, for even at that ghastly time he was still a sporting gentleman.

"It's awfully kind of you to figure it out," said Jimmy. "You know I was thinking just this morning that I would ask you to. I'm awfully poor at numbers."

He was going to continue when a cry from Jane checked him, the agony of which made him stonily silent.

"Oh," she cried, "he's right, then! You did do it! Whatever made you? What could have made you do it?"

Slowly Jimmy rose from his chair, very straight and pale, now that the final blow had fallen. So she didn't understand. She didn't understand at all. It meant nothing—the thing he had thrown away for her sake. It meant nothing that he had faced disgrace and ruin as a debonair gentleman should for the sake of a lady's wish. In that moment, as a drowning man sees his life clear and distinct, Jimmy saw all his acts in their pitiful futility, stripped of their romantic mantles, naked and absurd. The irony of it smote him like a blow and sent the last vestige of his hopes crashing into the dust. It almost made him sway and lose his balance, but even then Jimmy didn't forget that he was a sporting gentleman. Instinctively the tradition of the Lees came to his aid, and kept him a gentleman still, though his crest was battered and his plume was dragged with mire.

Even then he still spoke pleasantly, as a gentleman should, in a voice that was even and quite devoid of rancor.

"You want to know why I did it?" he asked. "Do you really think I did it to please myself? Well, I didn't. It was because I thought it was what you wanted. I'm awfully sorry you don't like it. I'm awfully sorry I didn't understand."

Her voice when she answered was soft with a sort of wonder, which made Edmund start and stare at her in surprised apprehension.

"You—you did it for me?" she asked. "Just because you thought—it was what I wanted—just because I asked you?"

"Because I thought you'd like it. That was why," said Jimmy. "I'm awfully sorry I didn't see. I guess—I guess I'm not much good at that sort of thing."

And then Edmund sprang up and faced him, no longer calmly the master of the situation, and suddenly very angry.

"Just a minute," he said hoarsely. "Just a minute, Mr. Lee."

Jimmy faced him, small and straight, rubbing the palms of his hands slowly against the sides of his Norfolk jacket.

"Don't you think you've said about enough?" he asked.

Edmund strode toward him and looked down at him sternly.

"No," he replied, "I don't think I've said quite enough, not quite enough to set you down a peg, but I will in just a minute. I've been watching you, Mr. Lee, since you first thrust yourself on my attention. I've been watching you cutting your capers and playing to the gallery. I know how you've been going through life making a consistent fool of yourself, and getting yourself laughed at by sensible people. I've suspected it was all rubbish, and, by jove, I know it is all rubbish now. Why don't you tell her why you really gave up riding and went to work? Why don't you be a man, Lee, and really tell her? Oh, you thought I couldn't guess, did you? You thought I couldn't guess you blundered into the All-America Tire Company because you got spilled from a horse you couldn't ride. Why don't you tell her how jolly glad you are of an excuse not to ride that horse again?"

(Continued on Page 49)

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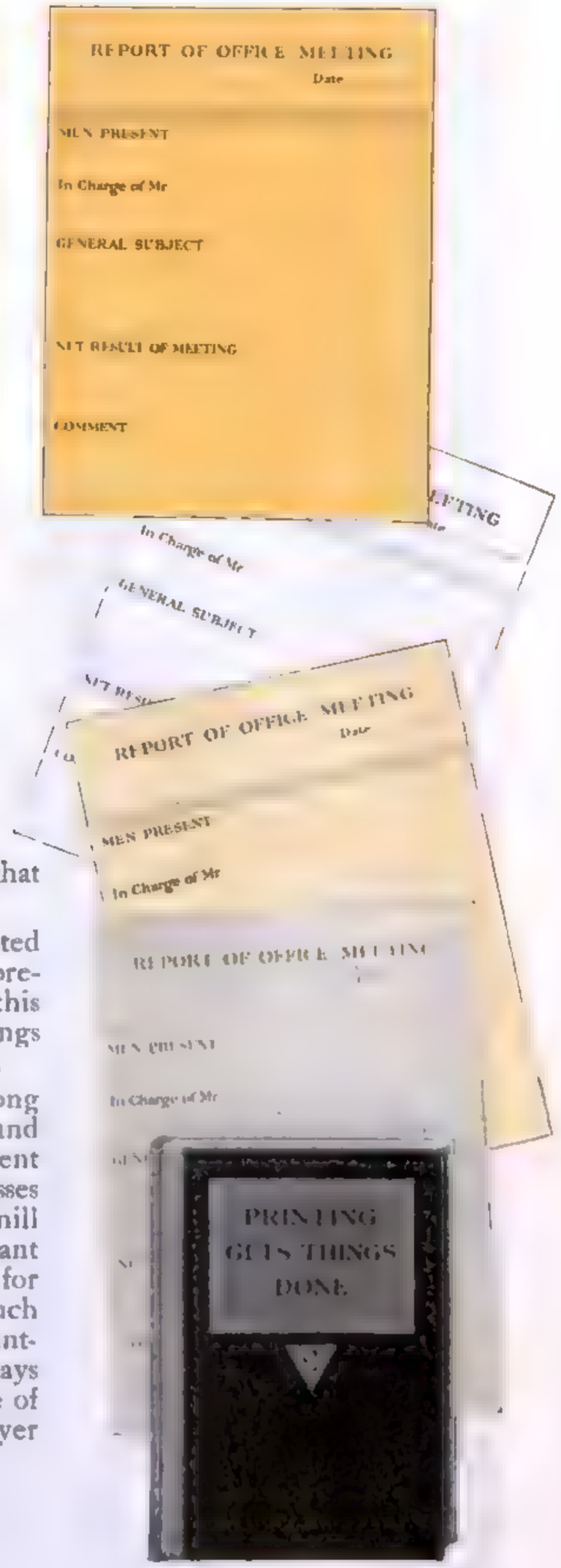

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(Continued from Page 44)

Edmund smiled a sour smile, pleased seemingly at the havoc he had wrought, pleased at the tortured face before him.

"Promised her not to ride him, didn't you?" he added. "Wasn't it convenient to find some reason?"

In moments like that the Lees had never wavered. Jimmy stopped rubbing his hands on his jacket and thrust them into his pockets.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand you," he said, and his voice sounded gravely even and painfully distinct in the quiet room. "I'm awfully sorry I'm so stupid about everything. Would you mind being just a little clearer?"

"Certainly not," replied Edmund. "I say you're afraid to ride that horse. Is that clear enough? I say there's nothing to you at all, Lee, except a little money and a few expensive tastes. Is that quite clear?"

For just an instant it seemed as though he was forgetting how a Lee should act in a lady's drawing-room. No one had spoken those words before. No one had dared to voice them, but ready as he was to hear them, he never suspected the deadliness of their poison. For just a moment something inside him seemed to waver and give way. Momentarily his judgment left him, and the repression of generations of other sporting gentlemen no longer served to hold him. All the contempt of his class against the indignities of a roughshod world seemed to burn through his eyes and make his body tremble with a half-governed fury. Even though Jimmy Lee still stood quite motionless Edmund Jones shrank back as though from something terrible and unfamiliar. He stepped backward, and Jimmy laughed softly and unpleasantly. Then he felt a hand pushing him back, and glanced away from Edmund to see Jane standing between them, and for some reason her eyes also blazed with anger, and her lips were also set.

"Don't, Jimmy!" she was saying. "You mustn't look like that! Don't you see I know he's lying!"

"It's quite all right," said Jimmy wearily, quite as if he were trying to explain something obvious. "I won't do anything like that. We don't do things that way."

He turned again to Edmund, and his words suddenly snapped like the crack of a whip.

"I'm afraid, am I, you damned skulking liar! I'll show you whether I'm afraid! I'll show you!" All the indignity he had pictured in those weeks rang in his words, all the outraged honor of a sporting gentleman crying aloud for vengeance. "I'll show you! I'll show the whole bunch of you whether I'm afraid!"

"Jimmy!" Again she was trying to push him away. "Jimmy, what do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"I mean I'm going to ride that horse," said Jimmy. "I'm going to ride that horse to-morrow afternoon."

He knew she wouldn't understand, but he didn't care just then. He knew after that insult there was only one thing that mattered.

"You mean," she was saying indignantly, "that just because someone lies to you about a thing like that—just because someone lies, you're going to break your word?"

And Jimmy looked at her squarely, and for the first time she had known him his face was hard and hostile, and his words cold and unfriendly. Unerringly he had made his choice between the two fates that confronted him.

"I knew you wouldn't understand," he said. "Yes, that's just what I'm going to do. I'm going to ride that horse. What do I care what I said, if they say I'm afraid?"

"Of course you couldn't keep a little thing like your word," remarked Mr. Edmund Jones dryly.

"Of course you couldn't keep your word in such a situation. I told her you couldn't keep your word."

And then he stopped. Then they both stopped and looked at Jane. She was pointing at them both.

"I think I've had enough of this," she was saying quietly. "I know I've had enough of both of you. Now go away."

"Why, Jane!" cried Edmund. "Why, Jane!"

"Go away," said Jane, "both of you. I don't want to see you again, ever. No, not ever."

"I don't know as I blame you much," said Jimmy gently. "But I'd like you to know I'm sorry, most awfully sorry."

But even then he contrived to smile, and nod to Edmund invitingly.

"Perhaps we might both step out together," he suggested. "It's an awfully pleasant night, quite invigorating."

"No," said Jane. "No. Edmund will stay here until you've gone."

And Edmund smiled at him in savage triumph.

"Oh, all right," said Jimmy. "I'm awfully sorry for that too. I guess I'm awfully sorry for everything."

And he bowed politely as a gentleman should on leaving a lady's drawing-room, turned, strode swiftly across the room and flung open the door. His face was still set in a queer half smile, and his head was still erect, but strangely enough he did not seem to know that she had followed him, nor did he seem to hear her voice.

"Jimmy," she was saying falteringly, "wait, Jimmy, I want to tell you something."

But he didn't seem to hear at all. He didn't even seem to notice the hat that Frederick held before him, but instead continued down the hall with the even mechanical step of a soldier at drill, and out the open door.

"Jimmy!" she called again.

Out in the dark was the scraping of wheels and the restless pawing of horses.

"All ready, sir!" came a voice. "Careful, sir! Steady, sir; they've never been whipped! They ——"

Then the voice was drowned by the sharp crack of a lash, a staggering grating noise and the spattering of gravel. There was a thudding of hoofs on the drive, the skidding noise of wheels at the gate, and he was gone. For a second or two she stood motionless at the door.

"Beg pardon, miss," came a voice behind her, and there was Frederick still holding Jimmy's hat. "Beg pardon, miss, but I'm leaving to-morrow."

When Jimmy stood alone in his room that evening tradition required that his mind should be blissfully calm and his thoughts pastorally tranquil; and yet they were not. Again and again as he composed himself for slumber, as a Lee should before stepping on the field of the morrow, something would sweep through him which made him very weak and sick, and made even his battered pride a hollow trivial matter. It was the dull engulfing tide of disillusion. Could it be that they were right?

Could it be that he had done nothing at all but set his lance in rest and charge like that other misguided knight against a herd of swine? Could it be that he was the only man left who understood, and the times had rolled away, leaving him a poor pathetic anachronism, bolstered by the ideals of another age?

In the first gray of the morning he gave up trying to sleep, and walked to his open window that looked out on the shadowy stables.

"Damn 'em!" he muttered. "I'll show 'em. I'll show 'em if I'm afraid!"

x

NO WONDER they are still discussing what happened that next fateful day. Right now you would probably find a dozen people at the riding and driving club who would be glad to tell you, and whose eyes would glitter, and whose voices would shake with the excitement of those distant moments. For even at Merrymead, that insulated stronghold of brave women and reckless men, some things happen of which one stands in awe.

They were just getting ready for the afternoon ride when Jimmy appeared on the brick terrace, just as though he had never left them. They were glad to see him, very glad, but the feeling did not seem mutual. He was in his riding breeches, flicking a braided Western riding whip against his boots, but his weeks in the office had taken the healthy tan from his cheeks and made him seem almost ill as he stood looking at the bronzed young men, and the red-faced old gentlemen, and the stern-visaged ladies. When they spoke it over later they all said they felt a curious restraint when Jimmy Lee appeared. Something must have happened to him since they had seen him last. His old spontaneity was gone, and he listened coldly to their jests. Yet, though his eye had the glitter of ice beneath the cold winter sky, he was smiling as a sporting gentleman should.

"Nice day for riding, isn't it?" said Jimmy, and thrust his hands into his pockets and met their surprised glances with a cool impervious stare. "I just couldn't stay away this afternoon. Something bracing about the air, don't you think? I thought maybe we might have some sport."

Beyond any shadow of a doubt there was something queer about him. Light as his words were, they seemed laden with an unbecoming bitterness. They were not entirely sure of it until he spoke again, but after that there could be no doubt that he was acting very strangely. Though they never knew exactly why, they felt that something was going to happen, something grim and unpleasant.

"I was just wondering," he continued slowly and quite harshly, "if anyone would like to bet I couldn't stay on Homicide."

His words startled them somehow. It was the way he said it—no camaraderie about it, none of his old joyous carelessness; and though he was still smiling it was not the pleasant smile they knew of old.

"Great Scott!" someone exclaimed. "You can't ride him to-day, Jimmy. You're all out of form. You haven't been up on anything for a month."

"That isn't what I asked," Jimmy replied with an even, chill civility. "I asked if anyone dares to bet that I can't stay on. I can judge for myself when I want to ride."

And when they remained uncertainly silent he pulled his little notebook from his pocket.

"Well," he demanded. It couldn't be—it couldn't be there was a sneer in his voice. "Well, why don't you sing out? I'm waiting. You're not all afraid to lose your money, are you?"

What could anyone possessing even the vestiges of the sporting instinct do after a remark like that? Naturally, they did it. Indignantly they clustered about him, offering what odds he wanted for any amount they cared to take. In their excitement at seeing a Lee again recording his bets they forgot the strangeness, almost the insult of his manner. But Jimmy didn't forget, not even when Willy Slatterlee began slapping him playfully on the back. Willy slapped him only once.

"I wouldn't do that again if I were you," said Jimmy; and Willy didn't, and nobody else did either.

There it was again, something that deadened all the pleasure they took in his return. Perhaps after that remark of his some of them began to suspect the purpose that brought him there. Yet he never mentioned it, but only remained calmly aloof. It was only afterwards that they really understood.

He seemed in a hurry to finish, though they were fond of leisure at Merrymead. In an incredibly short time he was standing in the tanbark just as they had seen him last, standing as a sporting gentleman should, when they opened the stable door, slapping his boot with his little braided whip. He had removed his coat and had rolled up his sleeves, and the sun was shining on his close-cropped hair. There was something intangibly splendid about him just then. There was always something splendid about him at such a time—something you couldn't explain, but which seemed to have root in the very essence of things, which gave a contraction to the throat and a smarting to the eyes. It may have been the sun that made him seem very young and fair, for ordinarily he was not beautiful to look upon. Or again, it might have been the bright mantle of romance itself, defiant of time, unsullied by the ages. In some way he seemed very real as he stood there, real and yet different from mundane things, no longer a futile product of a riding set, but an actor in a rôle which everyone understood but to which no one could give a name.

If they had forgotten what it meant to be a Lee, they remembered then, even before he had mounted and had gathered in the reins. Homicide was plunging as they got him out of the stable door, and began weaving back and forth, restless and sinuous. He seemed shaken by some sort of terror, for even when they quieted him he still trembled. Jimmy looked at him carefully, just as he had looked before, tossed the cigarette he was smoking into the tanbark and stepped on it. Then, just as he had before, he turned toward the benches, and just as he did so one of those things happened which would have made the priests in the temple of Isis look startled at the heavens. For just then a cloud had come across the sun and a chill wind began blowing from the west, but Jimmy didn't mind.

All ready with the watch?" he asked.

"All ready," someone called, but he did not seem to heed the answer.

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He had started as though the little gust of wind had made him cold, and was staring at the upper tier of benches with a curious perplexed look, which seemed to combine both pain and wonder. But almost immediately he turned away and stepped toward Homicide. A second later he was in the saddle and his voice was ringing out hoarse and brazen.

"All right," he called, "let her go."

They never quite saw why he wasn't thrown. The fierce and sinister action of it brought them to their feet and kept them so for minute after minute, kept them so silent in their throbbing concentration that they could hear the stamping, and the gasping breaths of horse and rider. They saw the sweat stream from Homicide's flanks and the foam from his bit fleck back on his shoulders. They saw Jimmy's shirt grow limp and wet and cling to him, displaying every muscle of his back and arms. It was a piece of horsemanship such as goes down only in tradition, one of those unbelievable things which you must see to give true credence. If it had been a stock saddle they might have understood it, but it was an English hunting saddle on which he stayed seated. Twice he lost his stirrup, but still he stayed on. Three times when Homicide bucked he was thrown forward, but each time he recovered. Twice Homicide tried to roll, but Jimmy pulled him up, while his whip flanked down on the steaming quarters. Once Homicide crashed into the wooden railing, but Jimmy still was there. There was a recklessness in his riding which left even the riding and driving club appalled. It seemed as though he did not care what happened so long as he held his seat.

For ten minutes it went on, a sight which held even the oldest members of Merrymead aghast and motionless, and then quite suddenly the show seemed to be over. Homicide, blown and panting, stopped stock-still, and then, at a touch of Jimmy's whip, he trotted in a docile circle around the tanbark. Once around, while they were still vaguely puzzled and still strangely disturbed by what they had seen, Jimmy checked the horse and loosened the reins, but Homicide never made a move.

They thought he was going to get off then. Indeed some of them were already hurrying forward to take the bridle when Jimmy waved them back. There was still something very strange about him. His face was lighted by an odd excitement, more like anger than any joy of sport. It was a look which puzzled even the most hardened sportsman. It was only when he spoke that they knew the truth.

"So you think I'm yellow, do you?" he asked hoarsely.

Bewildered, they stared at one another, unable for the moment to grasp the meaning of his words. Was that why he had acted so?

"You thought I was afraid, did you? Does anyone here think I'm afraid now? Does anyone ——"

"Jimmy!" someone called. "Are you crazy?"

He had stopped with his sentence half finished and his shoulders shook. The indignity and the horror of the days he had led seemed to cry aloud for utterance, so that the words within him made him choke.

"Get off, Jimmy!" someone called entreatingly. "Of course we don't think that, old boy. Good Lord! Why should we think ——"

But it was too late then for him to understand. Indeed he may never have heard at all.

Before the horrified eyes of Merrymead he wheeled the horse about, brought down his whip and set off at a gallop across the meadow.

"Good God!" someone cried. "He's going at the water jump!"

As the terrible truth dawned on them, as the full horror of the tragedy flashed into their minds, they could only stare helplessly after him, powerless to do anything but see the end. There it was, the last jump in the steeplechase course, a broad pool where they had dammed the brook, and a fence on the other side. It was a jump you took on only the steadiest hunter, and even then the committee had almost ruled it out. It was there that Reggie had smashed his leg, and where Major Jones from Washington had been killed two years before. There it was now in a terrible panorama with Jimmy urging a raw, maddened horse toward it.

They thought that Homicide might refuse, but he didn't. For just a moment it looked as though Jimmy were trying to check him, but that was hardly credible. With the speed of an express train Homicide was streaking forward. Then they were at the pool and taking off.

"Gad!" someone shouted. "He's over!"

And he was, but Homicide had missed his footing and fell heavily on the other side.

It was Aunt Anna who spoke first after it was over.

"Go and pick him up," she said. "Do you see what you've done now? You've killed him. That's what you've done! You've killed him because he wasn't afraid."

There was an instant's silence, and then old Colonel Thurston spoke.

"Don't be a fool, Anna," he said. "It's worse than that. He did it because he thought we thought so."

And that was what made the thing really terrible, terrible even to the hardened eyes of Merrymead.

XI

BUT even before they reached him they saw he wasn't quite finished. What he did was a mere reflex, but it showed that he was still a sporting gentleman. Before they could get to him he had rolled clear of the horse, where he lay lashing and struggling to rise. Painfully Jimmy had raised himself to his knees and had snatched at the bridle. But even a sporting gentleman must sometimes stop. Instinctively he tried to get to his feet, but somehow they failed to answer his shattered will. Instead he slumped forward and lay on the turf, very small and pathetically inert, as though he had suddenly become very tired. When they began to pull him away, however, the rein was in a double hitch about his wrist and his fingers would not loosen. It was Aunt Anna who solved the difficulty. Her face was drawn into harsh grim lines as she knelt beside him, a veteran of a dozen stricken fields.

"Cut the rein," she said. "Don't you know he won't let it go? Don't you know he's not the kind to let go of anything?"

Yes, even when he was borne away in the black torrent of oblivion Jimmy was still a sporting gentleman and his instinct still held true. He still clutched the cut rein as the doctors bent over him. He still clutched it as the roar of the black torrent dwindled to a harmonious sound like the singing of the spheres.

Wherever he may have been in that half hour of unconsciousness he still gripped the one reality which really mattered. Even when the light slowly came back to him the rein was still in his fingers.

"You can't hurt 'em," someone was saying. "They don't know when it's time to go. I've seen 'em in the war, b'gad! There's still a few of them left! He'll be all right when he comes out. You can talk to him if you want to."

Jimmy opened his eyes and stared about him blankly. Something funny must have happened. He thought he was just clearing the rail and taking the ground, and here he was in his room. There was the window looking out on the stables, with the soft afternoon sun pouring through it. There were his boots and his bridles, and his copy of The Three Musketeers on its stand beside the bed. At first he couldn't understand it, but then dimly he remembered something that had happened a very long time ago.

But even in his bewilderment he was still a sporting gentleman, even when his mind groped vainly for reality. And when he spoke the words came naturally, the spontaneous perfect speech of the true sporting gentleman. His very voice, its very inflection, was just the same as that of that other gentleman who had gone before but had paused to give his legacy.

"Is Homicide killed?" he asked faintly, and they told him Homicide had broken his off foreleg.

"I ought to have known he'd be rotten in a pinch," said Jimmy, and closed his eyes rather wearily. But in half a minute he had opened them again, and they were wide and troubled, and his voice was troubled also.

"By Jove!" he said. "I remember now! I pulled that horse—pulled him when I saw the water. It wasn't Homicide's fault at all."

"Don't worry about it, Jimmy," came a voice near him, and there was Aunt Anna kneeling beside the bed. "How should you know you shouldn't gather him? You might as well let that piece of rein go now. It won't do you any good."

(Continued on Page 52)

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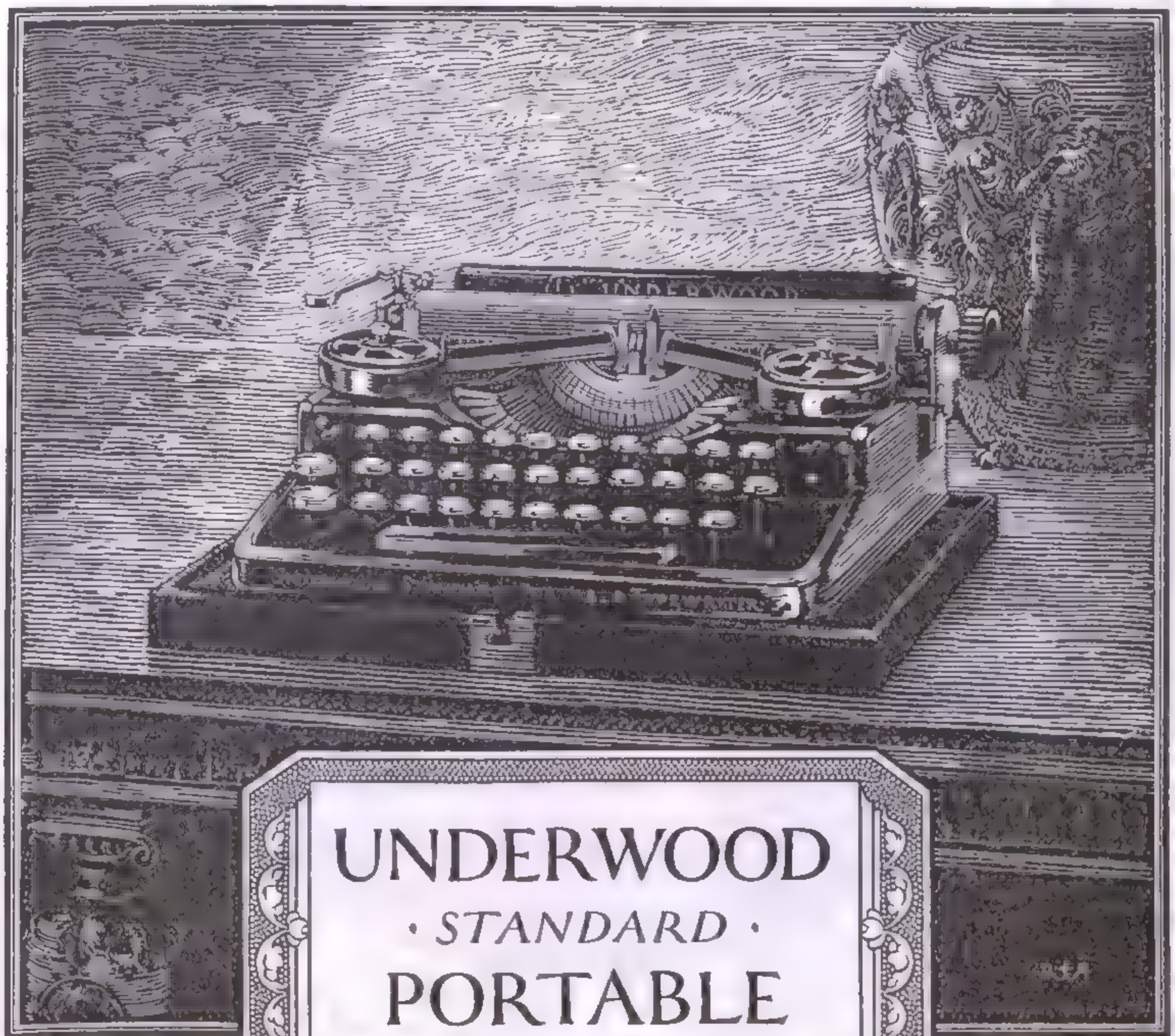

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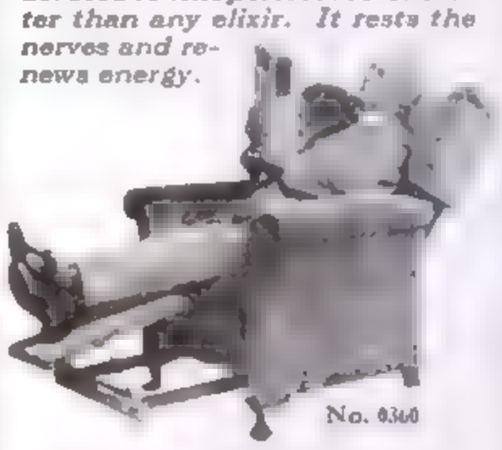

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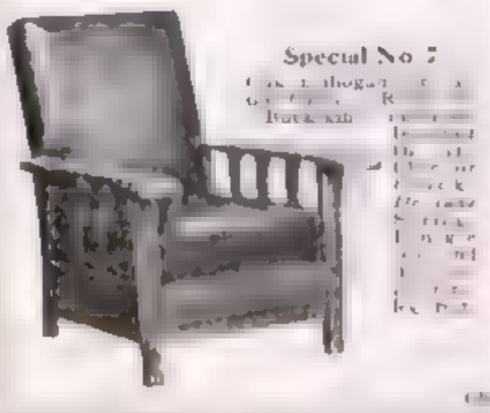

Special No. 7

(Continued from Page 50)

But Jimmy still looked worried, and his voice had lost its listless note.

"I didn't gather him," said Jimmy slowly; "I pulled him—because—I wanted to stop."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Aunt Anna.

"By Jove!" said Jimmy more gently. "Serves me right. That's what it does. Serves me right. Look here——"

He paused and smiled faintly as a true rider should, and when he continued he still was true to form.

"Look here," said Jimmy; "what's the matter with me?"

And Aunt Anna also answered as one should in a family of the chase.

"Two ribs and a collar bone," said Aunt Anna. "Here! You better take a little of this."

"Good Lord!" cried Jimmy. "D'you mean to say a little thing like that knocked me out? I must have been in rotten shape."

Again he paused and then his smile grew broader, and his eyes brightened not unpleasantly any longer, but very cheerily indeed.

"By Jove!" he said. "It was worth it. By Jove, what a brute he was! Game as the devil! Did you see him try to scrape me on the railing?"

For an instant his eye flashed like the eagle's glimpsing its retreating prey.

"Look here," interposed the doctor, putting a hand on Jimmy's head. "I don't suppose it would do any good if I told you to keep quiet."

Jimmy stared at him incredulously.

"Why, doctor!" he exclaimed. "I've only smashed two ribs and a collar bone!"

For answer the doctor drew out his watch and looked at it.

"Don't you feel any pain?" he asked.

And then for the first time Jimmy took a mental stock of himself. He did feel a little queer. It hurt him to move his head, and things danced before his eyes; but after all, what was a little thing like that? Through his veins was still running a fierce fire of elation, the joy that he had acquitted himself like a sporting gentleman, the joy that his name was stainless, and the joy of a perfect day.

"Pain!" said Jimmy. "Why, I'm feeling better every minute."

The doctor slid his watch back in his pocket.

"You can talk for ten minutes," he said, "and then I'll come back here and muzzle you. Now—do you want to see anyone particularly?"

And then for the first time a cloud crossed Jimmy's face, and for just an instant his eyes flickered and his lips trembled.

"No," he replied. "No one in particular."

"There're some men waiting downstairs," said Aunt Anna. "They want to see you just as soon as they possibly can."

"Send 'em up," said Jimmy. "I suppose they're from the club."

And then Aunt Anna and the doctor left him. Again Jimmy closed his eyes a little wearily. He was beginning to remember something else now, something that the afternoon had momentarily blotted out.

"Jimmy!" came a voice beside him, and Jimmy opened his eyes very wide indeed, closed them, passed his hand across them and looked again. Something was wrong. Could it be that he had hit his head?

"Now how the deuce did you get here?" he cried.

"Why," said Jane, "I've been here all the time."

"By Jove!" murmured Jimmy wonderingly. "By Jove! Now what do you know about that?"

There she was, looking down at him, but she looked different somehow than when he had seen her last. Somehow something about her had changed. She didn't look at all the way he thought she'd look in such a place—no, not at all. She hadn't been crying, for instance. He could tell that right away; and she didn't look frightened either, not any more than Aunt Anna had when she had knelt beside him. Indeed she looked almost glad, as though she were stirred by some odd, poignant excitement. It seemed to him as he lay there watching her that she looked the way she had that day on the bathing beach when he had told her not to jump from the balcony.

"By Jove!" said Jimmy again. "Now what do you know about that? I thought I saw you up on the bench there beside Aunt Anna."

And Jane laughed a cheerful, carefree laugh, quite the way he thought she would laugh if she were one of that merry, reckless set—quite the way anyone would laugh who really understood.

"Of course I was there," said Jane.

"Now what do you know about that?" murmured Jimmy absent-mindedly.

Could it be possible that she did understand after all?

"Well," he asked defiantly, "how'd you like it?" And Jane laughed again.

"It was wonderful!" she said. "Perfectly, perfectly wonderful!"

In sheer astonishment Jimmy raised his eyebrows.

"Wonderful!" he gasped. Could it be possible that he didn't understand anything about women at all? "But I thought you said ——"

He couldn't have understood much, for suddenly she had knelt down beside him, and her face was so close to his that he could feel a wisp of her hair across his cheek.

"Really, I liked it!" she said. "Really, I thought it was splendid."

"By Jove!" murmured Jimmy very softly. "You—do you really mean you understood that too?"

"Yes," said Jane. "Of course I understand it. You may not know it, but I've understood it all along."

And somehow when she said it he didn't doubt it at all. His darkest suspicion seemed to vanish, and something akin to gratitude moistened his eyes and made his voice quite wavering.

"I said there were only a few of us left," said Jimmy, and moved his hand across the blanket until it touched hers, and for a moment neither of them spoke.

"But look here," said Jimmy suddenly, "I don't quite see. I suppose I'm awfully stupid, but why didn't you say all this before? If you felt this way, why didn't you let me ride him?"

"Don't you know?" she asked very softly. "Don't you know why I asked you not to ride him? Don't you know at all?"

For a moment Jimmy couldn't speak, and when he did his voice was very uneven and low.

"By Jove!" he murmured. "By Jove, what a stupid brute I've been!"

"No," she said. "No. I'm glad you did it now. You had to—after what he said last night."

"No," said Jimmy. "It is because I didn't think, because I never think. That is all."

He paused as though a sudden light were dawning on him.

"By Jove!" he said more loudly. "Do you know what I think? I don't believe they thought I was afraid at all!"

"Of course they didn't think so," said Jane.

"Oh, Lord!" he murmured. "What a fool I've been! Oh, Lord, what a driveling fool! But I'd like to tell you something——"

He paused again and looked vaguely towards the wall.

"I guess I knew I was a fool all the time I was riding. I knew it just as soon as I saw you sitting there. And then when I went over that jump ——"

It seemed as though he was living that moment again, a moment that was far from pleasant.

"It was funny, but when I went over that jump everything seemed different, and I've been over that jump a lot of times. It was funny, but I sort of thought when I was riding that jump I was taking you over, too—and—and I hadn't even asked you."

"Oh," she said softly, "then you do understand! You don't think I was silly any more because I asked you not to ride him."

"That was why I pulled him," said Jimmy. "That was why I pulled him when I saw the water."

She smiled ruefully.

"But I couldn't stop him. I couldn't stop him any more than if he'd been a cannon ball. You see what I mean! If it had just been Homicide and me—why, I'd have let him go. Only maybe it was a little rough on Homicide."

"And you're not angry any more," she said, "and you don't think I was silly?"

"Don't!" he pleaded. "Don't say that. Don't you see I know what a fool I've been? I didn't need to ride—and I did. I didn't need to jump, and I couldn't stop him. I didn't need to do any of it at all, and I did do it—just because I thought somebody thought ——"

He stopped again and sighed. "Oh, the deuce!" he ended. "What a mess I've made of it. But I won't do it again. I don't care what they think—as long as you're along. You see what I mean? As long as you're along I'll pull up every time."

"Of course I see," she said. "It's just what I've meant all along. You know I began to see it when we dived off that balcony."

"By Jove!" he murmured. "Now what do you know about that? Jove! What a fool I am!"

"Don't be silly!" said Jane. "You're not! You never have been."

"Listen," said Jimmy. "I can't move around much. Would you mind leaning your head a little nearer? I want to tell you something." And then he added almost in a whisper: "It still goes—what I said, you know. There are only a few of us left. Now what the deuce!" he exclaimed a moment later, for the door had opened, and Aunt Anna and the doctor and a very old gentleman had entered the room.

"Well, by crickey!" said old Mr. Perrett, "I said they couldn't kill you. I said so just as soon as it happened, so I did."

"You bet they can't!" said Jimmy.

"Well," said Mr. Perrett, "I thought maybe you'd like to see me a minute. I've got something to tell you about rubber."

"Rubber!" exclaimed Jimmy. "What do I know about rubber?"

Mr. Perrett turned to Aunt Anna and grinned happily.

"Now if it ain't like old Jeffry all over again! That's just what Jeffry might have said, now isn't it? You don't know anything about rubber, hey? Well, now—well, you ought to hear what is happening downtown. You otter hear what they say about you and rubber. You otter of been in the office this morning, so you ought."

"By Jove!" said Jimmy. "I'd forgotten all about that."

"Now if it ain't like old Jeffry!" piped Mr. Perrett. "That's just what he used to say. I don't suppose you'd care to know now as how all the bottom has dropped out of rubber—all at once, so it did; and the bottom is still out."

But even then Jimmy didn't seem interested.

"Look here," he said; "you did all this anyway. I just went down there and made a fool of myself. I didn't know anything."

And then he said it again, and again the words sent a glow to his cheeks.

"It don't matter what you know," said old Mr. Perrett. "There's always someone to tell you. That don't matter, but as long as you ain't afraid—why, that's the only thing that matters, the only thing that matters anywhere. And you were the only one—the only one who weren't afraid in the whole damned shop. That's why they sent me up here. They wanted me to tell you."

"By Jove!" said Jimmy. "Now did they really?"

"As long as you ain't afraid," piped old Mr. Perrett, "you can do anything. That's just what they all said this morning. That's why they're glad you came. They know a man when they see one—even in a rubber company."

"Why, Jimmy!" cried Jane. "Edmund wasn't right about—anything."

Jimmy smiled.

"No," he said. "Of course he wasn't right. Only next time"—his smile broadened—"only next time," said Jimmy, "maybe I'll pull up—just a little—on that, too—as long as you're along."

(THE END)

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GENTLE ANNIE

(Continued from Page 5)

with caution, like any other medicine. Otherwise you get to crying over the wrongs of Russia or why our Post Office Department ain't better run, or something equally heart-rending.

Ivan was now serving his customers round about the valley, and getting a look into the homes of same, and what does he do but fetch back an evil-headed serpent of gossip to tempt Annie from her vigorous rectitude. He conveyed to her that Russia wasn't the only place with a message. Kulanche County had one for Russia, and Annie got it good from these tales of her father. It was that a woman married to a Kulanche peasant like Sad Sam didn't have to get out and do the work of two men for him. Other peasants' wives didn't. They loafed around the house like fine society ladies, passing the long delightful days in cooking for seven or eight ranch hands and sewing and cleaning and milking a few cows—mere fancy work that didn't have to be done in overalls like Annie had wore from the start. Annie didn't believe Ivan at first. She must of thought he was writing some Russian fiction of high life. So she sneaked off herself a few times to see if her sisters were really leading this life of splendid idleness. She found they was. Lots and lots of 'em didn't do more than ten hours' work a day, and a few of 'em told Annie she was a dumb-bell to be working fourteen or so, and getting through as much as two men and a boy, or thereabouts.

The poison of revolt was now in her veins. She slowed up on the rough work. Pretty soon she wasn't doing near as much work as two men, and sometimes would lie abed till five o'clock in the morning. Sam was shocked. He thought first it must be hookworm had got his bride. He could hardly believe that this one was going to turn out a sissy. He give Annie several good talkings-to. But it seems that is the one thing you must never do to a Russian. Talk makes 'em more Slavic than ever. Even the simplest words only makes 'em more set in their vast delusions.

Pretty soon Annie not only laid down on the fall plowing but—having been further corrupted by low gossip—she said she'd got to have some new clothes so she could dress more like these other pampered toys she had beheld in their homes of luxury. She was getting the full beauty of this here new message—more clothes and less farm work—and once Annie gets a thing in her head it's there to stay. She dislikes to be thwarted too.

Sam just simply sickened at heart when he heard this new talk. He saw he'd made a mistake in not acting firm at the start. This was revolution, and it was up to him to start a counter revolution. So he starts to be firm with Annie. That was the evening Mrs. Henry Mortimer was driving by their house and stopped in here to say that Sam was killing Annie in a noisy and horrible manner. But like the newspaper says, this rumor proved to have no foundation in fact. The inside of the shack was pretty well tore up, but Sam was severely blemished. He had a black eye and a cut lip and some thriving welts and was deeply scratched, and lame in one leg. He'd gone out of his class. Annie had not only committed a lot of choice mayhem on him but had come off without a scratch.

So she now not only ordered a lot of clothes from Red Gap, having 'em charged to her Little Snowflake, which was her pet name for Sam, but she issued a ukase that hereafter she would be found in her home, cooking or cleaning or sewing, instead of out driving a span of mules that didn't understand Russian and wouldn't learn it. Sam was horrified, but in no shape for another battle, so things went on for a month under this shameful armistice. Annie was gentle as ever, and still called Sam Little Snowflake. She cooked for him and the hands, and I heard she wasn't a bad cook, barring an unfortunate yen for some terrible mix-up of ripe cucumbers and sour cream. And the low gossips of women that had put her up to this insurrection would now call and pat her on the back and say all she needed was a little nerve. Of course they was wrong there. Annie had nerve enough. All she needed was to know her rights.

The second battle come when Sam got the Red Gap bill for the new clothes. When he got one look at this he went up hollering and come down fighting. If the fight had been advertised there wouldn't of been a cent down on Sam. People had no confidence in him after his first showing. This time he was laid up for three days, with Annie in her new house gown putting poultices on Little Snowflake where she'd hurled him against the hot stove. And she'd sing to him that beautiful hymn about butchering the city people and getting steeped in their rich red blood. Sam knew what the words meant by this time, and sent down to his lawyer in Red Gap to find out if he couldn't have Annie deported for being a Bolshevik and trying to overthrow the government by brute strength. He found he could not. The lawyer said Annie would have to go further than just overturning Sam's government.

Annie didn't know about this effort to deport her, and went on being an undesirable alien in her home. She sang "Ah, how it hurts and oh, how sad my heart is!"—and why must she always be gloomy and cold in her passions?—and ordered up a blue plush sofa and some chintz curtains to take the place of things that had been wrecked in battle. She ordered some more furbelows for herself at the same time, telling Little Snowflake she wanted to look always beautiful in his sight. Poor thing! She never seemed to know she had been a lovely vision to him in them simple old days when she dressed in high boots and overalls, paying a dollar a rip and ten cents a button. Sam tried to get this to her, being now panic-stricken; but she said overalls was not coquettish.

Ivan the Terrible was present at the next battle, which come off on receipt of the new bills. Sam thought his father-in-law was going to help Annie, but the old man, coming in at the start, explained that he was there merely to look on. Sam practiced some new holds he'd learned, but they got him nothing except a dent in his forehead that will always remain. You have to give Sam credit for not knowing when he was licked. But he never knew much of anything else either. He certainly knew little about the Russian nature, which is even more sudden than subtle. Ivan told after this engagement that the sight of Annie in action brought back her mother so plain to him that he broke down and cried bitter tears. He's a sentimental old hound. Annie was sentimental too. She'd always cry over Little Snowflake after she got him trimmed proper.

But by this time public sentiment was going against Annie. I mean male public sentiment. It was felt she was setting a bad example to wives already thinking too much about their independence and rights and community property, and so forth. A lot of 'em reasoned with Sam, but that was wasted time, because he'd done his best in these brawls and never got better than the short end. And it was plain he never would.

Ralph Waldo Gusted says to me one day, "Sam's got no more chance with that lady roughneck than Pete Kitchin had in Sonora."

I never knew who Pete Kitchin was, but he had his troubles in Sonora if this was any just comparison.

And when the women hear about this male attitude they flock to Annie's support and drink tea with her and urge her to keep up the good work for herself and a downtrod sisterhood that ain't had her physical training in Russian gymnastics. Annie was pleased with these attentions. She had become the social leader of the ranching set. She promised to keep on throwing the fear of God into all husbands that wouldn't listen to reason, and she stayed gentle even at the most active moments of her wifehood. That was the most Russian thing about the girl. She never lost her temper. She'd rip out names at Sam that she'd learned in English, but in the same gentle voice she used to call him Little Snowflake. She'd explain gently to him that in Russian you can call a man several things that reflect harshly on his father, but she hadn't found anything of this kind in English. Americans didn't seem to care what you said about their fathers. It took reflections on their mother to raise 'em to their best efforts in battle. But she was entirely gentle even when she would impugn the purple of Sam's ancestry, like you might say. And she was gentle but firm when she ordered new stuff for the house and herself every month.

Sam was now desperate. No one ever asked any more why he was called Sad Sam. His bank account was being clouded something scandalous. He had been double-crossed in love. His soul mate, as far as he could see, was going to keep on wasting her magnificent strength on these brutalizing indoor sports that might any time leave him a cripple for life. So he now took the great decision that the courts must come to his relief. At a calmish period between two sets of monthly bills he told his little playmate they would have to be divorced. Annie was shocked that he should want to break up their home, but she took counsel from her sympathizing neighbors and found that this was part of the American message; then she took further counsel from a Red Gap lawyer and told Sam she would bow to his will like a dutiful wife.

He was quite alarmed that she took it so easy, and more alarmed when the thing started. He'd had the idea of suing Annie for mental incompatibility on account of her being such a fuss budget; but she beat him to it, and one day he found himself sued for cruelty and physical violence. Annie's sense of humor has never been any great handicap to her. Sam had never looked into the sacred rights of divorce, and thought one way was as good as another, even if it did give out false notions about his ring record. The quicker the better, he thought. So Annie packed up all her new gowns and hats and shoes and fur neck pieces and went down to stay with Ivan while the thing was being put through.

It was kind of a relief to the community to have it settled for good and all. The women said Annie had asserted her rights, and the men said now they guessed everyone could see what happened to a woman that forgot her place in the home, and it served Annie right, and so forth. This divorce would be the last chapter in the scandal. It was believed that Annie would go to helping Ivan in his community brewing and distilling. By this time the old boy had got him a car and a trailer and would take his stuff as far as Spokane, where it was being consumed in habit-forming quantities. The trailer and car would apparently be hauling the household goods of a poor family, with an innocent bird cage and mebbe a baby carriage lashed to the top where they'd show. It was felt that Annie was fitted for this life, and would grow old and rich at it. But little they knew this simple daughter of the Czars.

And Sad Sam didn't know how woman has come into her own, which consists of a lot that used to be her husband's. Annie's helpless and gentle manner and her vast melancholy and tales of brutal treatment got over big with the judge down at Red Gap. He granted the helpless waif her divorce, and then in clear ringing tones awarded her half of Sam's property. Sam was staggered cruel when he got so he could believe it at all—twenty years' gathering having to be cut two ways. He had a Russian moment, and talked of ending it all with one shot. But he didn't. He decided to live on and suffer. Then he got his second wind and had a talk with Annie's lawyer, persuading him it was no time to sell, and the place had better run on as before. He may have thought he was winning something by this, but he was soon undeceived. The lawyer said it was now a joint partnership, and Annie would have to get her share of the profits. Sam got some new furrows in his brow right there; but he was up against the law, and at least he was shut of a woman that had been likely to demolish him along about the first of any month, which was something for a man in his wasted condition.

He come back home with Joe Graff that lives over on Elkhorn, and all the way up, Joe says, he was telling how good it would be to have a peaceful home once more and not be in grave physical danger from a woman that really didn't know her own strength. He also spoke bitterly of Russians, saying they seemed bent on killing each other off, and he wished 'em luck in this grand work of extermination, though mebbe they ought to save a small herd to be kept in a zoölogical park for natural curiosities. And it was a surprising balm to his sorrow, even if he did have to split up fifty-fifty with Annie, to know that he'd set eyes on her for the last time.

(Continued on Page 57)

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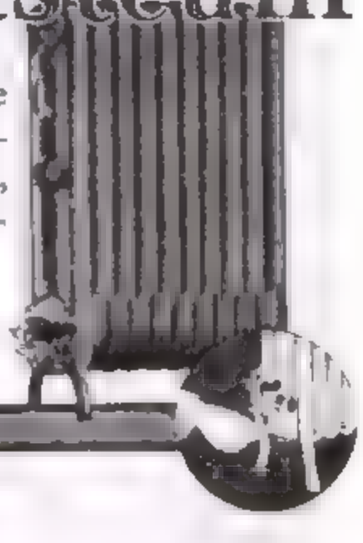

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(Continued from Page 55)

Then Joe pulled up at Sam's gate and the door was flung open to 'em in a welcoming manner by Annie in a new pink gown. She waved fondly to her late consort. Joe Graff wanted to drive on, but Sam begged him to stay a few minutes, because brutal murder was probably going to be done, and he wanted a witness, no matter who the remains was going to be of. So they go in and find Annie pleased as a child. She had supper ready, and wasn't able to understand Sam's hostile manner. She said why wouldn't she come to the home she owned half of. She was going to stay there and do the cooking, like she had been. She said she'd have to be on the spot to protect her interests. She'd cook and draw down her salary for it, and Little Snowflake would manage the place and draw a moderate salary for that, and what was left over they'd divide the way the minister of war down at the capital had said to. And if Sam thought she could be put out of her half a home he'd better try it quick, because supper was waiting. You got to give the Russians credit for going to the root of matters sometimes. She further wanted to know if Mr. Graff wouldn't set up and have some food with them. Mr. Graff wouldn't, not knowing when something violent might happen to Little Snowflake, so Annie followed him to the door to say that America's civilization was in some respects even riper than Russia's.

It seemed like Sam's nuptiality had been only slightly impaired. Annie's been there ever since, and that was over a year ago. Sam was helpless. He went around at first saying that the Bolsheviks had finally got a foothold in this country and was profaning the sanctity of the American home, but he'd give fair warning, and no one could blame him for it. He further said he'd have his partner pinched for assault the first time she laid a finger on him. But nothing like that happened. Annie no longer had any excuse for roughing it with her Little Snowflake. She not only cooks but now and then she'll bring a fond light to Sam's eyes by getting out when help is scarce and doing something classy with a plow or a wood wagon. They say she's again doing the work of two men. And the place this year has paid a lot more than it ever did. But Sam is still dazed. He can't figure it out.

The neighbors can though. The women regard it as one happy little home without a rift in the loot. The men don't like it. They agree with Sam that it's a Bolshevist invasion, putting all sorts of whimsies into the heads of wives that never was any too docile. A lot of 'em that had been buying a new gown every two years with the butter-and-egg money are now trying to get their nerve up to a Slavic pitch. In two or three cases the men has had a scare throwed into 'em, like when Mrs. Ralph Waldo Gusted held out for her bit of the last bunch of steers Ralph sold. The message of Russia is permeating the valley. Talk about the twelve-pound look, like in the play! What these tight-fisted ranchers around here now dread to see in a wife that's always been tractable is the gentle Annie look. I dunno. Maybe it was a good Russian idea. But Annie had to get the message of America first.

And, oh yes! Word of Annie's competence in battle went down to Henrietta Price, and got her all stirred up about how Annie kept herself in such perfect condition. She seemed to be 100 per cent efficient, and Henrietta wanted to get her training system into a paper for the Red Gap Count-Your-Calories Club, of which she is president. But she never did. Annie had no system. Beyond doing the work of a couple of farm hands she'd never took a single setting-up exercise, and her diet has always consisted of eating all she could of anything she could get. There wasn't a thing in her past to excite a calory counter.

Ma Pettengill lighted a cigarette and for a long moment dreamed absently above it. Then she started up after an alarmed glance at the watch on her wrist.

"My good lands! Here it is three o'clock and nothing horrible has happened on the place since nine this morning! I bet it'll be good when it comes!"

THE PRESIDENT'S FOREST

(Continued from Page 23)

Obviously we must do some exploring. Mr. Mather and Harold Bowman, of Kanab, started out the next morning with Bill Vaughan and White Mountain Smith to take in Cape Royal, which entails a ride of some twenty miles, and a night in bivouac. They took two pack horses and lay out one night in the same cave or under the same overhang where President Roosevelt camped on a like errand. A spring gives water here. The beds were spread on the cliff's floor, looking out over all the world—a marvelous moonlight view.

They got back to camp by midday of the following day, excited over the marvels they had seen, which Mr. Mather declared far surpassed anything he had hitherto seen in all the Grand Cañon Park. They rode through a series of open parks, alive with brilliant autumn colors. They crossed a natural bridge that never has been photographed, and followed a trail cut entirely under overhanging rock at one place. From Cape Royal they could see forty miles either way. Wotan's Throne was directly in front, and fifteen miles away was El Tovar. The view ran out over the Little Colorado River and disclosed in every mile such tremendous scenes as only the Grand Cañon can offer. At the brink of the cape a rock dropped straight down took six seconds to reach bottom. Straight down to Clear Creek the depth seemed about three thousand feet.

"That's the cañon!" they exclaimed. "You missed it by not coming. There is nothing like that place in all the world."

"Well, I don't know," said Ambrose Means, the lion hunter, who then was in our camp, from the South Rim. "I've seen Cape Royal and Skiddoo Point and all the North Rim. The finest view on the north side, and the finest in the whole cañon on either side, is away below here, fifty miles. It is twenty miles west of the V.T. Park meadow, down Locust Cañon. They call it Monument Point. That is the longest view of the cañon you can get, and the finest. Not many have ever seen it."

The average width from rim to rim hereabouts is twelve miles. The entire North Rim lies about twelve hundred feet above the South Rim, and this greater elevation does not fail to offer great advantages. Even our friends whom we met fresh from El Tovar admitted that the North Rim views were wider, if not more bold, and that the foliage coloration made it all more beautiful. When one says this one feels the need of apology to Baron Brant, the stalwart manager at El Tovar, who has made more map for the Grand Cañon than all other human agencies. It seemed hard to be within twelve miles of the baron and not see him, but I sent my card across the gap by his assistant, Mr. Inglis, who was over on foot.

More the pity that we could not call upon the baron. Two months later came the painful news that Mr. Brant had passed away, forever, from the scenes he so long had loved and in which it is only fair to say he had been so great a factor of success. Not many men have had so many friends. Deprecatingly he always called himself an innkeeper. In fact he was a poet and a nobleman.

Bright Angel Point is 8157 feet in elevation. Cape Royal is marked at 7876 feet. Skiddoo Point is beyond the Greenland Plateau to the north, and is higher than Bright Angel Point. The boys at camp said it was above 8200 feet, but we had no means of getting its elevation or that of Point Sublime, many miles to the south. The first thing we did to Skiddoo Point was to remove its wholly execrable name and to call it Point Imperial, as a fitting companion name to Cape Royal. It will be so known in the future. I do not know how the original puerile and trivial name got attached to it. I heard of one man who calls Wotan's Throne, Watson's Throne.

As some of us wished to look into the lion situation we did not make the Cape Royal trip, but instead rode out to Point Imperial and back the same day, a total distance of sixteen miles or so—Wadleigh, Beam, Heller and myself, piloted by Al Jensen of the lion camp. Tom Thorkildsen, Mr. Mather's business partner, was obliged to leave the party that day, and took a car out to Kanab. We took one pack for our camera equipment, and so brought

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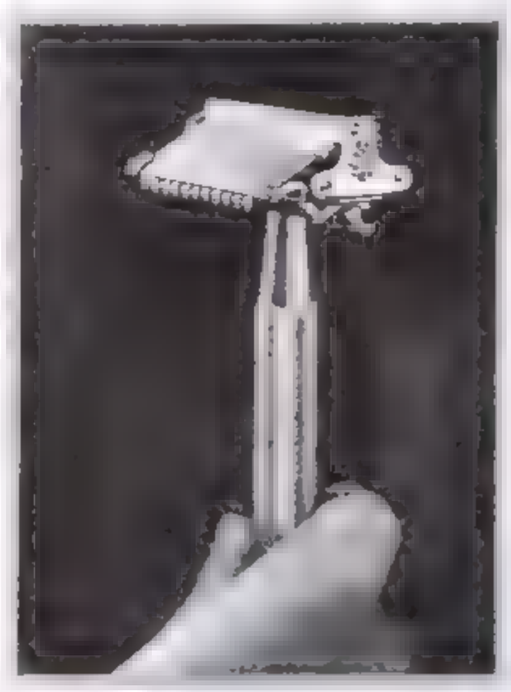

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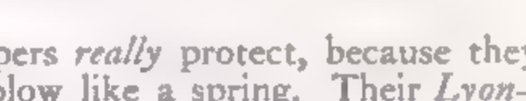

Lyon Standard Bumper

Lyon Convex Bumper

LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

back photographic records, which the Cape Royal party could not secure. Our two parties nearly came to blows in discussing the rival claims of these two beauty coigns, each insisting that nothing by any possibility could compare with its own pet point. I can make no actual comparisons, but only say that the day's experiences made the most extraordinary thing of the sort in all my life. Wadleigh came to me, subdued, as we all were.

"I can make a confession now," said he. "Last night the Grand Cañon, of which I had heard so much, left me a little disappointed. I had never been on either rim before, and the Bright Angel Point did not impress me as I had hoped. But now that's all gone. The view from Point Imperial surpasses any man's wildest dream in sheer glory of beauty and majesty. And I'm here to say ——"

He paused.

"What are you here to say?" I asked him.

"Nothing!" said he, and turned away.

And what could anyone say to convey any sort of idea of that spot? Why, nothing.

By way of specification, which can mean nothing at all, it may be said that from Point Imperial one can see enormous distances. The San Francisco Mountains are visible, low on the horizon to the right. Sweeping then to the left, you cover the whole great bend of the cañon up to and beyond Lee's Ferry. Navajo Mountain looms distinct, that way. You look out beyond the buffalo range. Off to the right of that you can catch the entry of the Little Colorado. Across the rim lies plainly the Painted Desert; and in good air you can make out Tuba City, so they say. But all that means nothing.

Close up under your feet crowd a thousand stately examples of the Grand Cañon architecture, red, white-capped, silent, frozen into music for all time. A thousand Thomas Moran scenes are offered, the magnificent side cañons, which seem best of all, because they are close and you can look down into them. Could even Moran give notion of these giant gorges in autumn, aflame in the astonishing cañon foliage colors, so far more brilliant in flaring reds and tender yellows than the vivid walls themselves?

Such, gentlemen, if you please, is the President's Forest. Earth holds no created place or thing to compare it with or by which to compare it. The North Rim region is the unparalleled landscape of all the world. It is still unknown and undesecrated.

Mountain Lion Hunting

The horseback trail from Bright Angel Point to Point Imperial would be around twelve miles, I suppose—we figured it about eight miles from the Vaughan boys' camp above the ranger station. It passes through roughish country and amid thick forest. There is less yellow pine now, more fir. There are miles of aspens, but these are bare now, because of the cold. It was sad to see many pines dying under the work of a new bark pest; but I believe the biological survey is going to count these beetles, and so save the forest.

I rode over to see the camp of Dunham, the government lion hunter who is doing all he can to make the cañon safe for democracy. I found his tents and those of Ambrose Means, the south-side lion hunter and guide, in a flat little valley about halfway over to Point Imperial. There were six or eight hounds of the two packs, and their music certainly was good to hear—it made a fellow feel mightily like riding. We met Dunham on the way, a stalwart fellow with a fine smile and good grip of the hand. Later I talked with him.

"I have killed fifty lions in four years," he said. "I got forty one winter. We always run them with dogs, and as you know it is hard to train a good pack of lion dogs. The best place is right along the rim. They usually lay up in the cliffs below the rim. You can't ride down in there."

I talked with Ambrose Means, who came across from the South Rim with a New York man for a lion hunt—a quiet, athletic man of perhaps forty years, five feet eight in height and weighing one hundred fifty-four pounds; an Arizona cowman, and I presume the greatest roper of big game the world ever produced.

"I was with Buffalo Jones in Africa twice," Means said. "He was first backed by a Boston man to get some motion pictures. That was in 1910. I went again into West Africa after gorilla pictures in 1914. It was a failure. We got no pictures. I shot one gorilla; that was all.

"I don't know what has become of Marshall Lovelace, who was with us in Africa. He went to the war, too, as a volunteer. They put him in as a sniper. I never heard from him again and I fear they got him.

"I've been lion hunting since I came back. Last year I caught twenty-four lions in forty-three days, all sizes, but I can hardly find a trail on the south side any more, so I came over north. I'd say there may be one hundred fifty lions in the whole Kaibab Forest. Sometimes in good country one will tree in fifteen minutes, though I have had one stand out three and a half hours ahead of the dogs in the rough rim country."

Yet another angle to show how complicated even lion hunting can become when handled by three or four conflicting bureaus in Washington. I was curious to get at the status of the Vaughan boys, the very workmanlike and very pleasant young cattlemen at whose cabin we stayed, who had a very full equipment of horses, pack and camp gear, and a few dogs.

"You see, we have the horse concession," said Bill Vaughan. "We get that from the superintendent of Grand Cañon Park. No one else can hire out horses in here. We also have the exclusive right to hunt lions in here, but we can't take anyone without a permit from Washington. The park superintendent gets that for you. No forest-service permit is needed.

"You can't outfit or get horses or go hunting lions in here without you go with us. We as concessioners can hunt north of the park line, but the forest service can't let you hunt south of the park line. North of the line anybody can guide you, but south of it nobody can but just us, who have the concession."

Conflicting Records

"Dunham and Means can't take out parties to hunt south of the line, but Dunham can hunt for himself on both sides the line. Uncle Jim Owens owns the cabin and most of the horses and stuff, and he has the pasture permits from the forest service. But if you wanted to make a lion hunt now with Uncle Jim you couldn't.

"We've known a party to get thirteen lions in six weeks. Fewer lions and more cows than is supposed—twelve or fourteen thousand cattle on the forest, like enough. Sheep have been in. The grass is cut down right bad."

It is rather clear that the record is very contradictory on this predatory animal work. If the lions have all along been so few, why hunt them down so hard? Would not the sporting hunting—if it were properly handled—kill all the lions that need killing? And why kill the last one if the cattle and sheep were taken out?

And why not take the cattle and sheep out and throw all this messed-up, impractical, complicated business into one new and distinct management whose one task shall be the preservation of a noble refuge as it was left by Nature? One thing is sure: If this be not done our Kaibab wilderness and its wild life are doomed.

Our party beat out the snow in the Buckskins and headed north in a long, strong flight for the rails. Leaving the rim at mid-afternoon we made Kanab for the night, and left early the following day for the northwest lap to the railroad at Lund Station. We got on fairly well as far as the Piute Indian Reservation, some thirteen miles, and at Moccasin—an oasis of green in the waste of red and gray—had the pleasure of lunch with Mr. Heaton, celebrated father of fifteen sons. Moccasin is perhaps the only post office and the only school district operated for the benefit of one family and name. Four or five of the Heaton sons live here, and there are children enough of the name to fill the school. One of his sons entertained us, supplying us also with a carload of good watermelons—there was a field covered with them. The mother of the elder Heaton walked across the plains to Salt Lake. He was born one month later, and he and his family have grown up with the country.

A few miles farther on we struck more early history. We were across the Arizona line again, and at the Pipe Springs found the two old stone fortress houses established here by the Latter Day Saints as a refuge for women on whom sat heavily the law

(Continued on Page 60)

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GINGER ALE

(Continued from Page 58)

abolishing the institution of polygamy in that sect. The houses have loopholes and were connected by a gallery. The water of the spring—which was found under a solid rock—was all covered by the upper house, and the flow was led through both houses, so that no enemy could cut off the water. The rock houses could have stood off a strong attack from Indians—or others. The Piutes did kill a few people in that vicinity.

The good Saints say these buildings date back to the days of persecution. The water is very good, and is the only good water for about sixty miles westward.

We now faced the hardest part of our journey, a real desert. Some say there are two or three thousand wild horses off south in here.

The claim is made that water has been found at eighty-eight feet. We saw one desert farm struggling for it, and surely pitied the little group of young chaps from the Pacific Coast who are living in tents on desert homesteads there. Their wells are not yet down, and they have to haul water in barrels over weary miles.

Not a spear of grass now; not a rabbit, not a horned frog; and a snake with a double tongue would have an awful time here, both tongues getting so dry. I saw one horse eat sagebrush. We missed our Sevier River Valley.

But softly! The Virgin lay on ahead. Beyond, on the far horizon, rose blue and lavender mountains. Dusk came. We entered the somber folds of a range of hills of black lava. The crests of the buttes and mesas were all of black lava now. It was a spooky region, desolate beyond belief. The road, which could not have been worse, was worse.

The moon rose on the blue-shadowed rim to the right. For one glorious instant it was balanced by the red sun, which was just passing below the black lava ridge on the left.

And then the desert night came, warm, soft and velvety.

It was an eerie journey then in those lava gorges. We were going down, had broken through the mountain range. Far below, a red light showed. In the light of the desert moon we stepped to the edge of the road and looked over and down at one of the astonishing sights of even this astonishing country.

Another Mormon Miracle

We were on the brink of the greatest surface slip or fault in all the world. It runs for one hundred fifty miles, the earth with one shoulder shrugged a thousand feet higher than the other. This is called the Great Hurricane Fault. A thousand feet below us lay the lights of the town of Hurricane. The dark loom of trees came in the strange lighting, the moon back of us not yet fully peering over the edge. Zigzagging at top gradient possible to gas, we got down. The air was warm and soft. A wide and gentle street welcomed us. Trees lined the streets.

What marvel was this?

It was another Mormon miracle. A bishop moved a village outright and put it down here. Some springs gave the town water; the Virgin River and hard work did the rest, and now there is a thriving, happy, contented community. All the farmers live in town.

The full glory of a tropic moon comes down into this dream valley, and tomorrow will show a tropic sun. In vegetables and fruits the town of Hurricane has no real rival, although it has no market. Apples, pomegranates, Mission grapes, Tokay grapes, English walnuts, almonds, figs all of finest flavor. Such tomatoes as we had on the table I have never seen anywhere; and of fruits in preserves and jellies one could not say how many. All the melons do well.

The peaches are fine and berries of all sorts excel. Pecans are exuberant. I had never before seen casaba melons the equal of those grown here. Here the high cost of living is settled. There is no argument about rent.

Our next morning was of a Sabbath, and such a Sabbath! The gentleness of the air, the softness of the coloration all about, the sound of lazy running water all combined to make a magic place for tired wayfarers. We sat on the floor of the porch of the hotel, operated by a motherly dame, in the green shade and were loath to go. Good Bishop Herschi fetched in a tin pail and a brass preserve kettle which Farmer Workman had sent in for us—full of pomegranates, grapes, almonds, everything. Across the street someone was playing a flute, now carelessly, now with a full burst of melody. Back of us in the parlor rose the strains of a violin, a duet well executed. Investigation showed two demure young ladies as the artists. They played well. We returned and ate more pomegranates to the music of pipe and viol. "We never lock our doors here," said our good mother landlady. Her garden is framed with hollyhocks and calla lilies.

Bishop Herschi told us of the early life in this region; about the old cotton colonies of Dixie and the old town of St. George. "Well, well, we have quite some park all our own," said he. "Now you must see Zion Park."

We did see Zion National Park that day. We climbed into and out of the Great Hurricane Fault, and came to the Virgin Valley again. We entered a deep gorge, a half dozen Yosemites set in, edge to edge, twelve miles of it, and a half mile from rim to rim. The walls rose two thousand, three thousand, four thousand feet. Domes, spires, amphitheaters marched down upon us, stately, in the Sabbath calm. Gray walls closed somberly, the road clung to rock faces. We were at the beginning of the tremendous cañon called Zion National Park. A few miles and we pulled up at the tent camp in a shaded corner of the giant walls.

The Gathering at Cedar City

We took horses and rode on up the cañon for six miles. It was impossible to photograph the walls, because the gorge was too narrow. We went on, fording the river a dozen times, the gorge bending and narrowing. A cloudburst in above you here would leave you sure to die imprisoned, for you could in no way climb those perpendicular bare walls. We were late getting out, and the moon rose. The ride in the moonlight, in the supernal beauty of the new lighting of soft white and velvet black, with ghostly white peaks half a mile above, was an experience for which one can recall no parallel.

A big camp fire that night. Two hundred people had come, in wagons or on foot, from the settlements below, to see us and talk with us and have us talk with them. If ever any speaker had a better audience, or spoke on a more marvelous stage, where could that have been? The green trees, the black shadows of the cliff back of us, the majesty and glory of a white peak ethereally lighted by the moon across on the farther wall—above all, the simple and frank courtesy and kindness of these people—for one, I was proud of my country. Morning under the flute and violin, night under the moon—that was the most impressive Sabbath I have ever known; and I also have heard organ and choir in St. Peter's in Rome and St. Paul's in London, with millions in fretted stones, millions in gems, all about.

We had had ten days of marvels, but there was one more—that extraordinary amphitheater known as Cedar Breaks, where erosion has done its work in red and yellow and white on even a larger scale than at Bryce Cañon. So now at one P.M. we were off for our last lap. We left Zion and dropped again into the Hurricane Fault. From our forty-two hundred feet of Zion camp we lost a thousand feet, but gained two thousand more, skirting along on the lower surface of the slip, the other wall above us on the right. Toquerville, Kanarraville, Ash Creek, Hamilton's Fort; and we hit a downgrade shoot that brought us into Cedar City, the snappiest settlement we had seen on the trip, and the most modern.

A big new hotel is building as fast as they can get funds. The Mormon Church and Hon. Stevemather are the two real bright angels for Southern Utah. Either one of them will put on a roof or put down a foundation, on request, or stand good for a strip of highway. We were only thirty-three miles from the Union Pacific Railway here. Cedar City is of to-day and very much up-to-date.

The business personnel of the entire town was in committee to meet our party. Here also was Mr. George Albert Smith, very high in rank in the Church of Latter Day Saints, who had come down from Salt Lake as the personal representative of President Heber Grant to meet the party—two men who would be big in any company. And Mr. D. S. Spencer, high in U. P. traffic councils, came down to get word from the North Rim; and Tom Peck was up from the Los Angeles traffic offices on similar errand; and many others from outside. Obviously nothing was going to do Cedar City any good the next day but a general fiesta.

It was so ordered. There were scores of cars, and one hundred fifty-four people, in the line, climbing the stiff gradient of the twenty-two miles of mountain road, five thousand feet in twenty miles. At ten thousand four hundred feet we stood, a mass of motor cars grouped on the brink of the Cedar Breaks amphitheater, one more of the form-and-color marvels of arid Utah.

A great, scooped-out, red-lined bowl backs into the mountain crest at the head of a tributary of the Virgin, they tell you; although you had needed the sight, from the trail, of the peaks around Zion Park, apparently not twenty miles to the south, to assure you that the Virgin River had possibly got around here for headwaters on any of its forks.

The lower side of this great red bowl is broken open. You can see down into it fifteen hundred feet, some say two thousand feet. Brian Head Peak, overlooking the rim, is eleven thousand five hundred feet, a thousand feet higher than the rim. The coloration is much that of Bryce Cañon, but the cavity of the Breaks is much larger, although there is not the same daintiness.

The vast sweep of the rim is magnificent. Surely there should be a state park of the Cedar Breaks.

No black-and-white photography can carry any conception of this Utah country. Its color is its great charm. Here you get every shade of red, pink and rose, with paler bandings for relief, and the look down and across the vast painted bowl is one for a lifetime. When color photography fully has come, some idea of Utah will get out into the world. Nothing else ever can depict it.

There will be a rim road and a camp at the Breaks before long. Our generous-hearted ladies solved the food problem with such lunch baskets as are possible only in a land flowing with milk and honey. At the critical moment when one of my distinguished friends was reaching for his tenth tithing in fried chicken, Elder Smith called on the assemblage to sing the stirring old war hymn, Come, Come, Ye Saints! I am of the belief that this caused my friend to reflect, and so probably saved his life.

Where Old Virtues Still Live

Our luncheon was opened by prayer and it was closed by song in unison—all simply, reverently, after the custom of the Saints on all such occasions. It was tremendously strong and impressive. Surely we were in a new and strange world. When we came out I often was asked by expectant newspaper men and others what was the most extraordinary thing we saw in lower Utah. Always I replied, "The people." And that is the truth. That five-hundred-mile circuit, now drawing to its close, covered the most astonishing travel experience I, at least, ever have known. But the best and most pleasing memory is that of the people who live there, so far away, yet so instinct with fineness, kindness, simplicity, hospitality—all the ancient gentle virtues which some cynics say are lost. They are not lost. You need only to know where they are, to go and to find them.

The people came out again; filled their tabernacle building to say farewell to the strangers. They opened their exercises with prayer again, and again closed them with song. But now we were in the clutches of the time-table. We had been out nearly two weeks, doing our seventy-five or one hundred miles a day, not mentioning other activities. We now did our forty miles an hour over the high, cool plain in the brilliant moonlight, over the best road we had seen. And now, in the moonlight of the high country, we all scattered, for Los Angeles, Salt Lake, El Tovar, Denver, Chicago, Yellowstone Park.

Such is travel to-day. We have seen a new America, an old America, and have followed the way the old ox wagons went, barefooted women plodding alongside, long ago. We have broken bread with the children of lion-hearted adventurers. Ours has been no adventure at all. We have seen men talk together after adventures in Africa, meeting here after Europe, Asia, Alaska, South America—all as matter of course.

(Continued on Page 63)

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(Continued from Page 60)

Where, then, is adventure now to be had? Where is there a wilderness? I do not know.

But this, then, is the story of the President's Forest, which, if we be patriots and if we be unselfish men, we easily can set aside to remain aloof and apart forever, to show other Americans as yet unborn what that old America once was, how beautiful, how splendid. The colors will not die between now and then. The walls above and below the earth will not change between now and then. Through our fault alone can the immemorial whisperings of the pines be stilled, telling of other hearts and other tongues—our own, then to be gone.

"Will it pay?"

The old, old American question. As though anything else we now can do would pay as well! Pay? Yes, pay immeasurably, illimitably, unspeakably, and in a hundred ways, material and spiritual alike.

If our great men, our leaders, shall do this thing, largely, finely, not hagglingly, every conflicting interest will be composed. We shall save a great and typical portion of the American wilderness. We can never save it in any other way.

Pay? The very desert will offer its annual tribute forever of the undying rose. The very cañon will do diurnal homage forever, robed in its own royal purple. Pay? The wild creatures will literally kiss the hands that spared them. Pay? Why, all Nature for all time will pour out pay from her heart of hearts.

Pay? If every future President of this republic, representing in himself no royalty, but meaning a great people, should stand hat in hand on the point called the President's Point, and look out over the Grand Cañon until his eyes dampened in the humility of real leadership, while he made his own obeisance to America—don't you think that would pay? It would pay—pay him and us, and our children's children's children.

We take poison in hand to kill off the last of our wild creatures. Has that paid? We take ax in hand to fell the last of our trees. Has that paid? We drive our flocks and herds to the limit of natural resource, and beyond. Has that paid? And how much less in the future will these overdevelopment St. Vitus' methods pay? Is it to require war, pestilence, famine, to bring us to our senses?

Shall we need some earthquake to rip a Hurricane Fault clear across our civilization before we can call a halt?

Pay? What does pay? Why, forethought has always paid. Statesmanship has always paid. Politics never has.

I would not turn my hand over to live another decade. I have had a good time, and have seen life. I have seen America. But I would like very much to live to see the dedication of the forest of America, the President's Forest. My own voice could mean but little then or now. But if it could, I would suggest just one thing—that we should open those exercises with prayer—an exceeding simple, humble prayer; and close them with a song—an exceeding great and mighty song.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Hough.

Sense and Nonsense

Handsome is as Handsome Does

A PARTY of sportsmen from New York were on a recent hunting trip in the South. One day they went after coons and possums, but the only trail the dogs struck was one which made them put their tails between their legs and turn for home.

"Just what does a polecat look like?" a member of the party asked one of the guides.

"A polecat, boss? Why, a polecat's a heap prettier than a kitten; ain't it, Sam?" he said, turning to another negro for corroboration.

Sam did not seem so sure. He hesitated a moment.

"Well," he replied, scratching his wool, "it's always been mah contention dat handsome is as handsome does."

The Joy of Authorship

IN A KENTUCKY court a negro was arraigned for trial on a charge of mayhem. As Exhibit A for the case of the prosecution the mutilated victim of his wrath was presented, a lamentable spectacle, before the eyes of judge and jury. Now the face of the victim was but little more than a recent site—a place where a face once had been but was no longer.

When the jurors very promptly and properly had returned a verdict of guilty the presiding judge, pointing to the chief complaining witness—or what was left of him—and addressing the defendant, said with all solemnity:

"Prisoner, this is the most hideous example of human brutality that has come to my attention in a long experience on the criminal bench. I cannot fathom the workings of a mind which would lead one to such excesses of cruelty as have been proved against you and for which you now stand convicted and awaiting a sentence which will carry with it a suitable punishment.

"If you can think of any extenuating circumstances to be advanced in your behalf, this court is prepared to hear them now. Personally, I can see no hope of mitigation unless it were that sudden and demoniac madness temporarily overcame you in your fury of rage against this poor man who sits here, scarred and maimed. Surely demons from hell must have prompted you in what you did. The devil himself must have urged you on and on as you worked this wreck and ruin upon the countenance of a helpless fellow creature."

He paused then, and the prisoner spoke.

"Well, jedge," he said, "come to think it over, I ain't shore but whut you're right. It do seem lak to me now, ez I looks back on it, dat w'en I wuz cuttin' his nose loose f'm de rest of 'im wid a razor dat de devil wuz right behine me sayin', 'Da's right, cut his nose loose f'm 'im.' An' I spec's hit must 'a' been dem demons you mentions dat suggested to me stompin' out his front teeth. But, jedge, Yo' Honor"—and here the conscious pride of a creative genius crept into his tones—"bitin' off his ear wuz stric'ly my own idea."

Preparedness

A VIRGINIAN, recently elected judge and feeling keenly the responsibilities of his exalted position, was coming on horseback along a road in a remote section of his district. He saw a smoke on a hillside.

"Boy," he said to a lad who was loafing alongside the road, "is that smoke up there from a still?"

"Yes, sir, I reckon it is," the boy replied.

"What are they making up there?"

"Might be makin' some apple brandy."

The judge jumped from his horse. "Here, boy," he said, "hold this horse. I'm going up there and stop that. They can't flout the law in that manner in my district."

The boy took the reins and the judge climbed the fence and started towards the smoke. After he had gone a few steps the boy shouted:

"Oh, mister!"

"What is it?" asked the judge.

"Effen you don't come back, what must I do with the horse?"

Advertising Father

IN A PRIVATE school for children in Dallas the pupils were required one day to use a given word in a short sentence.

"Now, Jimmy," said the teacher to the young son of an automobile dealer, "I want you to write a sentence with the word 'closets' in it."

Without hesitation Jimmy stepped to the blackboard and wrote in a large, flowing hand: "Some men keep liquor in their closets."

Overplayed His Hand

TWO New York artists on a duck-shooting trip met Tom Roberts, their guide, in his boathouse at Seaford, Long Island. Over in the corner an old fellow was carving decoys out of wood and painting them.

"By George, that's clever work," said one of the artists, observing that the old man used his coloring so as to make the wooden duck an exact likeness of a live one. He had even gone so far as to use shoe

(Continued on Page 65)

Making your attic of real use

Many a big attic room, now practically useless, can be made such an attractive family recreation center that the boys and girls will be glad to stay home these long winter evenings.

In harmony with any decorative scheme you may select for such a room a Blabon floor of Art Linoleum will be not only most appropriate but will yield the maximum of service. Pattern No. 350 Inlaid is shown on the floor above.

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Blabon floors are quiet and comfortable to walk upon. They are easy to keep clean by a light regular going over with a damp cloth or mop. For every room, upstairs and down, they are beautiful, sanitary, and economical, whether used as a floor or as a background for fabric rugs.

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Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum

have the soft rich colorings of costlier fabric rugs at a fraction of their cost. Mothproof, sanitary, durable. A variety of beautiful patterns and color combinations. Ask your dealer for Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum.

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Autocar Company, Ardmore, [illegible], Ohio
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Borden Home Farms, Wallk[illegible]
Berea College, Berea, Ky.
Barrett Company, The, Det[illegible]ch.
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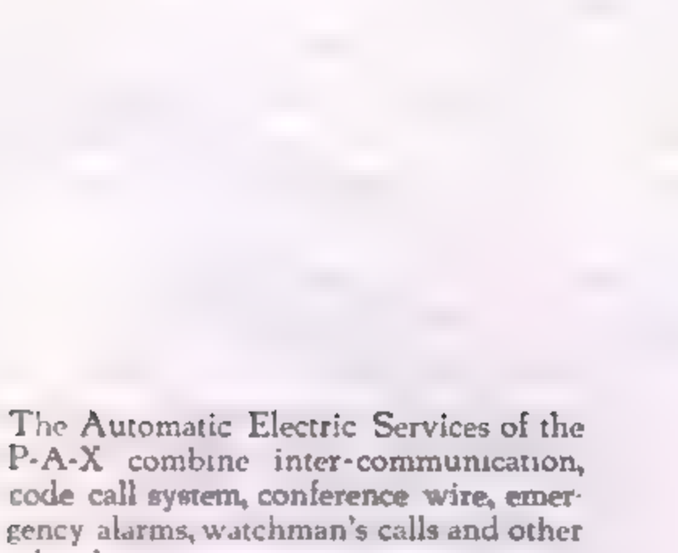

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Racquet & Tennis Club, New York, N. Y.
Royal Arms Apartments, Portland, Ore.
Rock Island Arsenal, Rock Island, Ill.
Robert Dollar Co., San Francisco, Cal.
Swift Residence, L. F., Lake Forest, Ill.
Seiberling, F. A., Residence, Akron, Ohio
State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa
Sinclair Refining Co., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 63)

buttons for eyes, and paint a delicate yellow ring around them.

"Better be careful or you'll get 'em too good," Roberts cautioned the decoy maker, observing the fine detail of the yellow ring. "You know"—he turned to the two artists—"I made some black-duck decoys once that were perfect. I even went so far as to stick real feathers on them. Nobody could have told them from real ducks. I set them out on the stern of my boat to be ready for the morning shooting. They were so good that a cat came along that night and et the heads off'n five of them and I was delayed two hours the next mornin' in gettin' started."

The Brilliant Baptists

S. D. MULDROW, who lives at Malvern, Arkansas, has working for him a negro known affectionately as Babe because he weighs two hundred and thirty pounds. Babe is a shouting Methodist and strong in the faith.

One day Mr. Muldrow said to him, "Babe, did you hear what some of your people over at Morrilton did here the other Sunday?"

"Naw, suh. Whut dey do?"

"Well, they held a meeting at the colored Methodist church and they took a vote amending the constitution of the church so as to abolish the ex post facto law."

"Is dat so?" exclaimed the gratified Babe. "Well, wuzn't dat de smart thing to do!"

"Wait a minute," added Mr. Muldrow. "When the negro Baptists heard about what had happened they held a meeting the next night and they changed their constitution and by-laws by absolutely abolishing the writ of habeas corpus."

"Dar now," lamented Babe, "I mout a knowed dem Baptists would git right back at we Methodises."

One Too Many

A WOMAN who worked in a big Chicago bookstore during the war was much interested in a customer who came in at intervals of several weeks and bought an armful of the trashiest fiction they had. Her tastes ran to detective stories, sex novels and romances of high life.

She was very pretty, a small fluffy blonde, and her clothes and furs and jewels literally screamed unlimited money. Each time after she had selected her trash she asked this clerk to recommend to her "one good book." It was apparent that in her background there was some person who insisted that in addition to her light novels she must read a standard work. So she dutifully took along any such volume the clerk suggested.

On one occasion the clerk gave her Wells' Mr. Britling Sees it Through. She remained away for three months, but one day came in, selected her dozen or so volumes of trash and then asked for "one good book."

"Let me see," said the clerk. "Last time you were here you took Mr. Britling. Here is another by Wells—Joan and Peter. That may interest you."

"Oh, Lord!" wailed the befurred customer. "It took me three months to read that last one, and now he's gone and written another."

Too Quick Delivery

SPURRED on by newspaper taunts, possibly, a plain-clothes man in a Southern city set out the other day to detect violations of the prohibition law. He met an old negro whose appearance he considered suspicious.

"Say, uncle," he whispered with a wink, "do you know where I can get some whisky?"

"I spec' maybe I kin git yer some ef yer gin me de money," replied the suspected one.

"Well, here is a two-dollar bill," said the plain-clothes man. "I'll wait in the alley here. Now hurry back."

"Yessah, boss, ef ye'll jes' hol' dis box er shoes fer me." And the policeman had the box under his arm before he knew it, while the darky shambled off down the street, turning the first corner.

Thinking he was on a warm trail and would soon have a prisoner with the goods on him, the sleuth waited in patience. An hour went by. He was getting tired. Two hours. Still no sign of the messenger.

Weary and discouraged, he returned to the police station. Suddenly he remembered the shoes under his arm, and decided to have a look. The box contained, carefully wrapped, a pint bottle of corn whisky.

EUROPE IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 13)

discharged, except for theft, without the consent of this governing body. In consequence many German companies are burdened with personnel that they do not really need.

All this looked good on paper. To employ an effective American business phrase, it was an excellent selling point in bringing about a resumption of production after the armistice. Wherever a group of artisans was employed its council of workmen solemnly delegated two of the number to sit in with the bosses. These delegates, however, viewed their elevation to eminence in very much the same way that a bashful schoolboy regards his first recitation in public. Almost invariably they were overcome with stage fright and after the first appearance sought to side-step the obligation or to have understudies appointed.

The reason was not difficult to find. The average German, especially of the worker class, likes to be ordered about. Ingrained into his character from earliest childhood is the behest to respect discipline and obey commands. This state of mind accounts for the sign *Verboten*—forbidden—which you still see everywhere. If a German were dying of thirst in the desert and found *Verboten* posted over an oasis he would probably respect it and pass on unrelieved. Hence, by reason of its long submission to authority before and during the war, German labor has been almost wholly unable to capitalize the advantage that the socialization law gives it, although it still goes through the form of complying with some of the injunctions.

I could relate endless stories of the humor and agony that have attended interpretation of the statute. An American who owns an interest in a Berlin factory entered one of the large workrooms unexpectedly last August. The most conspicuous human object that he saw was a brawny Prussian mechanic, whose face reeked of soap and scrubbing. His hair was plastered down with oil, he wore a red necktie and a frock coat, and his bull neck almost oozed over the top of a stiff standing collar. When the visitor asked the foreman to explain the apparition he received this reply:

"That is Herr König, who is one of the worker members of the council of management. It is his day to inspect the factory, and he hates the job."

In exactly twenty minutes after he had given the plant a cursory once-over, Herr König was relieved of his armor and back in his overalls, thanking God that the ordeal was ended. This incident is typical. It is interesting to speculate on what would have happened in an American factory if one of our choice labor uplifters were invested with Herr König's authority.

The fact that Herr König dressed up to play his official rôle emphasizes a curious trait in the German that persists despite all governmental changes. Every occasion demands a fitting costume. Take the matter of a meeting of a board of directors. No self-respecting German would think of attending save in a frock or morning coat. He would consider himself disgraced if he appeared in a sack suit. In this obsession you have the reason why nearly everyone in Germany formerly wore a uniform of some kind. Even the garbage man could appear in gala dress. By the same token you have the root of the profound respect which the Teuton still holds for brass buttons.

At Essen, Dr. Otto Wiedfeldt, managing director of the great Krupp plant, told me a characteristic story of the way the worker-directors did their socialization job the first time. He said:

"We had to permit two of the workers to sit in our board meetings. They took absolutely no part in the proceedings and I merely showed them the balance sheet, at which they glanced. The only question that their spokesman asked during the conference was: 'What is a director's salary?'"

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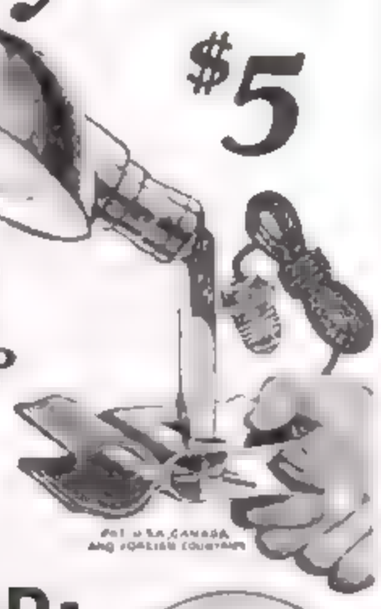

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TRADE FARBERWARE BROOKLYN MARK

The socialization law, however, is not without constructive agencies. Under its provisions special schools have been established by the trade-unions in various important industrial centers to train boys and girls in law, accountancy and commercial technicalities. Here you find the German in his element, for, as in no other country, vocational education is part of the national life. This reminds me that the Reichstag lately adopted a resolution providing for the study of the Versailles Treaty in the advanced classes of all the graded schools. There is nothing altruistic in this departure, for it will inculcate in every child a burning hatred of the French and keep alive the sting administered by the defeat of Germany.

Linked with labor is the all-important feature of man power, and behind that man power, in turn, lurks the ominous possibility of another war.

No one will be surprised to learn that of all the belligerent countries Germany was the first to undertake an after-the-war census. It was peculiarly characteristic that she wanted to take stock of her available human assets almost immediately. While England and France were thinking about making a human appraisal the Germans already had their facts neatly tabulated.

The first census showed that the total population in round numbers is 60,400,000, which was 5,000,000 less than the number of persons within German confines at the outbreak of the war. At first glance you would assume that the war loss was contained in these 5,000,000. Such is not the case. Germany has lost more than 4,000,000 people through the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to France and the further readjustment of her territory which diverted Germans to Denmark and Poland.

One disclosure of the German census is worth dwelling upon, for it is duplicated in the most recent similar British undertaking. Since 1914 the excess of German females over males has been increased by 2,000,000. It is now nearly 3,000,000. This increase is concentrated in the group whose ages are between twenty and forty-five, the period during which marriage is usually contracted and the years of human fertility. Since the marriage portion in Germany has been reduced, for obvious reasons, it seems altogether likely that there will be no dearth of new matrimonial alliances. Moreover, the prospect for a continued increase in births becomes brighter, for the moral breakdown due to the war has in no sense disappeared. In her desire for swift rehabilitation official Germany will take good care of her illegitimate children.

German War Losses

This matter of marriage recalls another striking reason why unemployment has been minimized in Germany. At the Adlon Hotel in Berlin I had an efficient maid named Amelia. Every time I gave her a fee she told me that she would add it to her marriage portion. She was engaged to a plumber. Finally I asked her why she did not marry at once and keep on working. Thus there would be two incomes in the family.

Much to my surprise she told me that she could not marry and keep her job. Pressed for the reason she said that the new German law prohibits the wife of a man who earns more than 1000 marks a month from working outside the home. Later I verified this fact. It shows that the Germans are not permitting any unfair competition among women. They assume that if a man can make 1000 marks a month his wife should not keep an unmarried woman out of a job.

Up to 1914 the Germans led the world in increase of population. During the war the baby business received every governmental support. There was a slump in births during 1919, but beginning with 1920 the birthrate began to boom again. To-day the first thing that strikes the visitor is the extraordinary number of babies to be seen everywhere.

Germany's actual war losses of all kinds—and I give the official figures—were 6,385,000, including 1,600,000 dead. Only Russia exceeded her in total number of casualties, which were 9,150,000. No nation has approached the German in salvaging the wounded. Just as she endowed science as a first aid to industry, so has she subsidized surgery for human reclamation. One animating idea here was to renew every agency of production.

Although the world is sick of war and talk of war, the first query that meets every person who returns from Germany is: "Are the Germans getting ready for another struggle?"

No German will admit that there is any immediate likelihood of such folly. In 1919 the Germans divided their animosity principally between the British and the French. Since that time the former have given such evidence of friendliness for their former foes—a concrete example was English support of Germany in the Upper Silesia row—that just now Teutonic bitterness is almost solely directed against the hereditary enemy across the Rhine. There is nothing vague in the German psychology of hate as regards France.

A typical demonstration of the German feeling about France occurred on July fourteenth, which is Bastille Day. On this occasion the national flag is hoisted over every French embassy, legation and consulate throughout the world. In 1920 the tricolor was hoisted over the imposing French embassy in the Pariser Platz in Berlin. An immense crowd of truculent Germans immediately assembled, and on a wager one of the number entered the building and tore down the emblem. The indignant French insisted upon a public apology, which was offered by a Foreign Office official, backed up by a battalion of soldiers.

Bastille Day in Berlin

In 1921 I happened to be in Berlin on Bastille Day. The French took no chances. They notified the chief of police that they intended not only to hoist their banner but to keep it flying at all costs. The Adlon Hotel is just across from the embassy. When I went out after breakfast the whole Pariser Platz was packed with Germans, and what seemed to be a regiment of Safety Police mounted guard. There was no untoward incident, but the mob exuded hate. The flagpole on the embassy roof was surrounded by French soldiers in full war kit and they remained on duty all day.

It follows that there are two distinct camps in Europe. One headed by the French maintains that Germany is getting ready for war, that she has a secret army organization of 1,000,000 men, and that the Teutonic menace is still potent. Men like Clemenceau and Tardieu have told me that the sole reason why France maintains her army of 800,000 men is in anticipation of another outbreak by Germany. Her fighting men embody the security that she must have.

The other group contends that the disarmament of Germany as carried out by the Interallied Mission appointed for the purpose is complete, and that there is nothing to fear from the losers in the war of wars. They hold that war as waged to-day requires years of intensive preparation, and that Germany is too busy with economic rehabilitation to concentrate on a program for destruction.

What are the real facts? No man can travel in Germany to-day and outwardly discover any signs of warlike preparations. On the contrary, you are likely to encounter an antiwar demonstration. In cities like Stuttgart and Mannheim the women have held parades in which they carried banners bearing the inscription *Nie Wieder Krieg*, which means Never another war. If the final decision for all future war rested with womenfolk the world could safely scrap its armaments and navies to-morrow.

Unfortunately, the women of Germany, unlike their sisters in America, do not carry the balance of power. They are a self-effacing lot and in the main they bore the burden of war just as they took up the task of peace, meekly and uncomplainingly. I have talked with German women of almost every social station during the past few years and I have yet to find one who favored another struggle.

With the men it is a different proposition. Deep down in their hearts is a desire to get even with France and wipe out the stigma of defeat. This idea is being driven into the minds of the youth of the land. The favorite toy in Germany is the soldier. In Nuremberg while out walking one Sunday I encountered a procession of young students whose ages ranged from twelve to sixteen years. Every youngster wore a uniform, and most of them carried swords. Of course the sword has been for years an essential part of the student equipment. The dueling sword in peace provided training for the war saber. The German student sticks to his traditional regalia.

There is a remote chance that Germany will return to a constitutional monarchy some day. Like Hungary, she is fundamentally monarchial. Not only does the German like to be ordered about but he loves the imperial spectacle. In 1919 the Germans spoke to me of the former Kaiser with contempt and derision. Many referred to him as "William." On my last visit the scorn was somewhat modified. I doubt if William Hohenzollern has the ghost of a chance to come back, but it is not improbable that a member of his family will again wear the German crown. The Crown Prince's eldest son has a strong hold on German affection. One reason is that his mother, the Crown Princess Cecile, has always been a favorite, and there is a wide belief that she is entitled to some compensation for having shared the life of the Crown Prince.

The fiasco that attended ex-Emperor Karl's second attempt to regain the Hungarian throne in October last, which ended in his exile to Madeira, was a warning to the Prussian monarchists that the time is not ripe for a kindred undertaking in Germany. The Entente is determined that no Hapsburg shall come back to Hungary, and it would probably place the same prohibition on a Hohenzollern in Germany.

In connection with Karl's new and in all likelihood permanent abode is a fact not generally known. The Portuguese Government has placed at his disposal an imposing concrete structure, built on a hill overlooking Funchal, the capital of the archipelago. On my way to Capetown I stopped for a day at Funchal, saw this building, and heard the story. It was sponsored by German capitalists and begun in 1913. The idea was to use it as a sanitarium. The only white labor employed was German, and an immense amount of steel was used. With the outbreak of the war the edifice was still incomplete. Upon investigation it developed that it was in reality a fort, with huge emplacements for big guns. Under the pretense of rearing a hospital the Germans were really erecting a fortification that would command the harbor and blow enemy ships into splinters.

The Bavarian Paradox

Bavaria presents the curious paradox of being the hotbed of reaction as well as the nest of communism. She teems with semi-political plotting. Life in Munich is one upheaval after another. During the past twelve months four hundred political murders have occurred there. The assassination of Erzberger had its inception in this city of beer and pretzels. Every able-bodied man is a member of some kind of secret society, dedicated to the redemption of Germany either by war or through a government of the workers. With such a mess of conflicting aims it is impossible to hazard a forecast. One thing is certain: Bavaria galls at her alliance with Prussia, and the separatist movement is likely to bear fruit during 1922.

To offset the undeniable rebirth of reaction, so far as it upholds the return of monarchy, you have its repudiation in March, 1920, when the Kapp coup sought to overthrow the republic.

In the spring of 1921 a communist named Hoeltz set himself up as a sort of Robin Hood in the country adjacent to Mansfeld. With several thousand followers he terrorized the countryside, robbing the rich to succor the poor, until he was arrested by the Safety Police. It was predicted that his trial would provoke a counter revolution. I was in the capital when he was brought to the bar. Troops and police, all wearing steel helmets, patrolled the streets on the day of the verdict. When it was announced that he had been sentenced to prison for life there was not a ripple. In these two happenings you see that the German worker protested against reaction and yet failed to rally to one of his uplifters. The truth of the matter is that the German commoner wants to be left severely alone.

Whether Germany is planning war or not, she will not lack agencies to wreak devastation when the time comes. Under the Versailles Treaty her army—the *Reichswehr*—is reduced to 100,000 men. To supplement it she has a large force of the so-called Safety Police, who wear green uniforms. This costume, however, is the only thing green about them, for every man jack of them served in the war. All able-bodied Germans are members of some kind of society. On a general call to arms

(Continued on Page 69)

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

THIS IS FASHION PARK

The illustration presents the principal unit of Fashion Park. There are three others in which the identical character of work and style expression prevail

A booklet describing Fashion Park available on request.

THE DESIGNING ROOMS AND TAILOR SHOPS OF MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND RETAIL CLOTHIERS ARE LOCATED AT FASHION PARK IN ROCHESTER. IT IS HERE THAT MEN'S STYLE IDEAS ARE DEVELOPED, WHICH BETTER STORES ANNOUNCE AS "TAILORED AT FASHION PARK."

THE ORGANIZATION IS DOMINATED BY DESIGNING AND TAILORING IDEALS OF A PERMANENT AND DEFINITE CHARACTER, WITH A BACKGROUND OF INTENSIVE QUALITY. THE CLOTHES, READY-TO-PUT-ON, CAN BE SEEN AT ACCREDITED AGENTS'.

Cost $100,000 to Perfect

The Van Camp kitchens employ famous chefs. Also scientific cooks—men with college training. Also a Domestic Science Expert who knows what women like.

This staff worked years to perfect this Pork and Bean dish and create an ideal sauce. The cost was about $100,000. Now every housewife has at her command these new-day Pork and Beans.

The Van Camp Way

The beans are grown on studied soils, rich in nitrogen. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook. The water used is freed from minerals, to insure a tender bean-skin.

The beans are baked in sealed containers, so no flavor can escape.

The baking is done in steam ovens, under pressure. Thus hours of high heat can be applied without bursting or crisping the beans.

That is why Van Camp's beans come out whole and mealy. That is why they easily digest.

The sauce is a matchless creation—the final result of some hundreds of tests. It is baked with the beans, so every granule shares its delicious zest.

If you don't know the new-type dish which has resulted, go today and get it.

Cans of three sizes

A Woman's Story

About Van Camp's, as she told it to the writer

"I went to luncheon one day with my husband, and I realized for the first time how men love Van Camp's.

"John ordered Pork and Beans. There came a dish like nothing I have ever seen before.

"Every bean was whole. None were crisped or broken. And the sauce was baked into the beans.

* * * * *

"I tasted the dish, and it was a revelation. The beans were mealy and mellow. The sauce had a zestful tang. The dish had more flavor, both of pork and tomato, than I ever had known before.

"I realized, too, that those beans were baked as I could never bake them. The very texture told me they were easy to digest.

* * * * *

"The waiter told us that the beans were Van Camp's. And he said that since they served Van Camp's their orders for Beans had trebled.

"Then I read in a magazine at home the story of Van Camp's. It stated that thousands of restaurants all over America were serving those Beans to please men.

* * * * *

"That changed my whole relation to Baked Pork and Beans. I had often prepared them, spending 16 hours to soak and boil and bake them. And the beans were either crisp or mushy.

"I had served ready-baked beans, but they were not very inviting. This dish in our home was not popular.

"And there John, at his down-town luncheons, had found a new-style Pork and Beans. And he ordered it three times a week.

* * * * *

"After that we had Van Camp's at home. Now it is a frequent dish. Then I ordered other Van Camp products. Today I am letting those culinary experts do a rather large share of my cooking. And it pays."

Other Van Camp Products Include

Van Camp's Soups	Van Camp's Catsup
Van Camp's Spaghetti	Chile Sauce
Evaporated Milk	Chile Con Carne
Peanut Butter	Etc., etc.

Van Camp's Pork & Beans

Baked with the Van Camp Sauce

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

830

(Continued from Page 66)

there would be no difficulty about swift mobilization.

But man power, as such, is purely incidental to that other and larger weapon that Germany has developed to the last degree of insidious efficiency. I mean her colossal dye and chemical industry, which is the most powerful potential war plant in the world. Alongside this forbidding and death-dealing machine the wiping out of her battle fleet and the stripping away of her guns and aëroplanes are as nothing.

All military authorities agree that in the next war aviation and poison gas will be the principal agencies employed. Germany was able to introduce poison gas because at the outbreak of the war she controlled 95 per cent of the dye business. Practically every one of the hideous and inhuman gases created in her chain of chemical factories merely represented a development of a dye or chemical process. Mustard gas, for example, was made possible by the manufacture of indigo, and the Germans had an international monopoly on indigo.

On the day that the armistice was signed the German dye industry had reached its maximum production. Although half a dozen interallied missions combed the country and rooted out tens of thousands of machine guns, millions of rifles, and destroyed hundreds of aëroplanes, they passed over the dye and chemical plants on the Rhine with the benign comment that "thanks to the war the Allies have built up an adequate dye industry that will hold its own with the Germans."

The net result is that at the moment I write this article the German dye trust—the famous Interessen Gemeinschaft, more commonly known as the I. G., and the closest knit monopoly in Germany—is producing more than ever before in its history. German dyes are once more flooding the universal markets. They are backing the British product off the boards, and, in the face of drastic American license and tariff restrictions, are entering the United States in quantities. The answer is that German dyes are cheaper than any others.

The actual monetary loss to our new industry is not the point to be considered. The bigger issue is that overwhelming German competition in dyes, if it continues, will discourage our dye enterprise. With our dye activities curtailed we are at the mercy of the invader. Half a dozen of the latest gas bombs dropped from aëroplanes are capable of wiping out a whole city. To men who have studied chemical warfare in all its phases the indifference to its development in the United States is highly reprehensible, to say the least.

Advance in Aviation

It all gets down to a simple matter. Disarmament of Germany is incomplete without the sterilization of her chemical assets. Until that is achieved she remains a distinct menace to all civilization. There is no real insurance against horror in the Versailles Treaty stipulation that prohibits the use of poison gas. A treaty is precisely like a commercial agreement between nations. So long as they are at peace it works admirably. The moment they go to war it becomes a scrap of paper, to be torn up and thrown to the winds.

So, too, with aviation. Under the terms of the peace treaty the Germans were free to develop commercial aviation six months after it went into effect. As with iron and steel, they have gone to it tooth and nail, with the result that the widening air web over Europe contains no more complete and up-to-date segment than the German. The country is crisscrossed with air routes, air travel is ridiculously cheap, and most of the leading universities are not only equipped with laboratories for the development of aviation but aircraft has become a part of the curriculum.

Last summer a well-known American who served with distinction in our air service during the war visited Germany to find out what was going on in aviation. He discovered the plans for an all-metal eighteen-passenger monoplane with four engines, which he regarded as the last word so far as speed and construction were concerned. To quote his own words: "It was five years ahead of anything else in Europe." He had concluded an arrangement to purchase the world patents when the deal was upset by the Entente Disarmament Commission, which ordered the plans and model destroyed on the ground that the machine might be used in war. There would perhaps have been a different course of procedure had the prospective buyer been an Englishman or a Frenchman. If a German patent can be exploited by the Entente for commercial purposes it is not likely to fall under the head of possible war material. I relate this story to emphasize two things: One is the advance which the Germans are making in aviation; the other is that Entente officials have no altruistic ideas about American competition when it interferes with their own national business game.

From the contemplation of these unhuman aspects let us now turn to a swift visualization of German life, in which the normal and the abnormal mingle to a strange degree. In 1919 Berlin, war weary and bitter over the peace terms, gave herself up to a frenzy of pleasure. Like the French king, her people said: "After us the deluge." They plunged into gayety, not up to the hilt but down to the dregs. You still find the same abandon, for there are over 600 cabarets, and endless gaming clubs. No city anywhere reveals such sordid night life, no public highways are so cluttered up with prostitutes. The daily fluctuation in the value of the mark has led to an orgy of gambling in which everybody participates.

The Crime Wave

But Berlin is not the real Germany, any more than Petrograd ever represented actual Russia. Elsewhere the Germans have gotten back to the sober calm which is their birthright. Save Munich, which is the hotbed of political intrigue, the cities are orderly and well-behaved. One reason, perhaps, for this quietude is that substitute beer is gone and the real thing foams once more in the capacious steins. Give the average German his beer and pipe, and he asks no more. Moreover, Germany at large, like the provinces of most European countries, detests the capital and is glad to offer a contrast.

The gambling mania is widespread. Like Lloyds in London, the populace will bet on anything, from the sex of the next presidential baby to a possible change in the reparation terms. With gambling you always find crime. During the first year after the war murder became a fine art in Germany. Organized gangs obligingly rid people of their enemies almost for a song. There was even competition between these assassination syndicates. Theft became an instinct. You had to keep your luggage locked up; and to leave shoes outside the door of your hotel room meant that you bade them farewell. To-day crime is still rampant and ordinarily it is unsafe to leave your belongings about.

The German thief is not only ubiquitous but he is original and enterprising. The latest kink in crime is the aëroplane burglar. While I was in Berlin marauders literally descended from the clouds to the roof of a large warehouse and carried off curios and tapestries worth $25,000. During the day a hole had been cut in the roof, which happened to be a large one, and the goods were piled up to await the arrival of the flying machine. This gang made their job complete, because the aëroplane itself was stolen. The thieves were apprehended a hundred miles outside of Berlin, where they had to descend on account of engine trouble.

Every contrast is disclosed in this panorama of German humanity. The Archduke Leopold Ferdinand of Austria—a Hapsburg of the Hapsburgs—who lost his royal graft with the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, has gone into vaudeville and appears intermittently in high-class cabarets. On the other hand, Prince George of Bavaria, who also suffered the forfeiture of his meal ticket, has become a monk. The country is littered with aristocrats trying to adapt themselves to a new and meager order of living. With regard to railway transport, the favorite saying is: "The people who once traveled first-class are now going fourth, and the old fourth-class crowd is reveling in the first."

This leads me to a matter of universal interest. Until six months ago if a civilian rode in a private motor car or wore a dinner coat in a restaurant or at the play he was likely to be jeered at and called a *Shieber*, which means profiteer. Germany is the only country that I know of where the war profiteers have hung on to their loot. In England, France and the United States the swollen fortunes have been squeezed out. The German profiteer has been much wiser, because among other things he salted down his ill-gotten gains in English pounds, Dutch guldens, Swiss francs or American dollars. He therefore still swanks about, bulging with prosperity.

Just as hot water was the wartime barometer of living conditions in European hotels, so is the silk stocking the index to virtue or opulence in Germany. Up to the time of my last visit practically no self-respecting woman would wear silk hose in public. If she did she was labeled a *cocotte* or the wife of a profiteer. As a result the not particularly appealing limbs of the German ladies have been further disfigured by cotton or lisle covering.

In one respect there is a distinct improvement throughout Germany. The food is better than at any time since 1914. If you are willing to pay for it you can get anything you want, even lobsters, which are smuggled in from Holland in baskets.

So pressing is the necessity for living quarters that tenants' associations have been formed in all the large communities to protect their rights. At a convention of the national league of these associations, held in Dresden, a plan for socialization was agreed upon. Under this scheme the low rents will be standardized and a set of rules promulgated for sanitary construction. This proposition is typically German, for it places all the details of renting and leasing under what will eventually be a national control. It puts the rent gouger in his place.

One night in Berlin I went to dine with some people who lived in an elaborate apartment. When I took my departure I noticed that the door was made of steel and was equipped with heavy bolts. Upon inquiry I found that nearly every well-to-do living establishment in the capital is similarly protected. The precaution grew out of the communist uprisings when gangs of armed men looted houses under the pretext of official examinations.

American Quakers in Germany

The German Government has introduced a novel first aid to both employment and housing. It pays a bonus of 80 per cent of the unemployment dole to all builders of new houses. The bonus depends upon the number of men employed on construction. The argument is that if these men were idle the authorities would be compelled to provide for them. By endowing new building they not only save 20 per cent on the dole but are instrumental in helping the builder and the manufacturer of building material.

In connection with the German housing shortage was the most unusual, perhaps, of all ventures in profiteering. A married couple or a pair about to be married may obtain rooms by the presentation of the marriage license to the local housing bureau. It has been discovered that many marriage licenses have been issued to people who have not the slightest intention to marry and whose sole purpose in securing this document was to obtain a place in which to live. A considerable traffic in licenses has been carried on by a syndicate of unscrupulous grafters who had a pull at headquarters and who could get licenses without all the necessary formalities. For these papers they exacted a prohibitive fee in addition to the normal price demanded by the state.

One detail of interest to us remains to be pointed out. That a considerable portion of German child life has been salvaged is due to the work of the American Relief Administration, carried on in this instance by American Quakers. More than half a million little ones are still being fed in the schools. The Teutonic tots interpret the word "Quaker" to mean "food." I heard a schoolgirl whose face was smeared all over with cocoa say with glee, "*Ich bin gequakered*," which means "I am quakered."

One significant result of this American feeding is the promulgation of a new child-welfare law which not only introduces compulsory mental and vocational education but hygienic training and living as well. The German child will henceforth be allotted to a trade that will suit his taste and temperament. In this scientific guidance of the head and hand of the youth of the land you have another reason why the future Germany will be both strong and productive.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the European economic and political situation. The next will be devoted to France and Belgium.

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It is the soft, yielding wide-web that insures such perfect comfort. Tightness and binding are entirely eliminated, yet the garter holds perfectly to the leg.

For comfort's sake, ask for Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs at the men's wear counter. They are packed in the smart blue and orange box.

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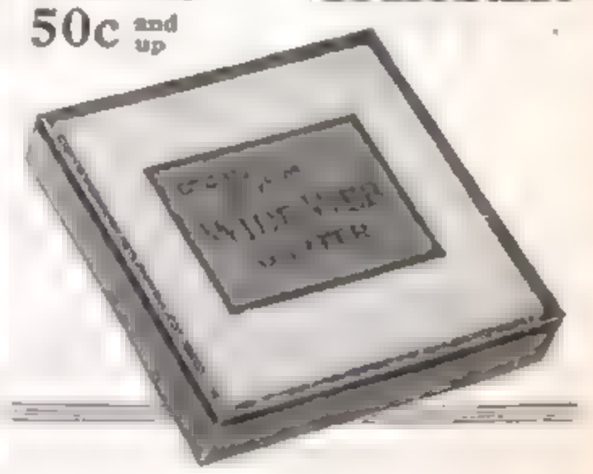

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Bituminous coal supplies the greater part of the power that operates the cement industry. In a year 8,000,000 tons are consumed in the production of cement, and an average of 200 pounds of coal is used for each barrel produced.

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DON CARLOS VITTORI

(Continued from Page 11)

He said, "Not bad—leg out of drawing—rather nice. Whose are these?"

"M-mine."

Blood hummed in the boy's ears. He glared at the white hands that slowly selected four of the sketches. Without deliberation the man took a bill from his pocket and placed it on the counter.

Then he said "I wish you luck, Mr. Coe" in a queerly sad fashion and held the sketches to Kate for inclusion in the flat parcel. Adam carried the baby and the basket back to the motor. Two began a squeal as the door shut. The great machine slipped off. Lucretius picked up the hundred-dollar bill. Sweat came out on his forehead. The room jigged, opalescent and strange.

"Some guy!" said Adam pensively. "That kid's got teeth like a rat trap. Hey, Kate, get your hat! We eat!"

The strangeness went on. Kate pulled his ear, vanished, whistling, upstairs for her hat and coat. Adam lit his next cigarette. Lucretius leaned on the counter and wondered who the white-haired man was and where the four sketches would hang. His mind trotted after the black motor.

"That good pay, Curly?"

"Yes, f-for those."

"This Goya you were talkin' about—what would he get?"

"He's dead."

"There's a guy in Havana," said Adam, "named Goya that runs a good café. I ain't had a mouthful since breakfast but a frankfurter and some coffee. When you goin' to marry Kate?"

Lucretius woke, reddened and stammered, "J-just a joke."

The giant blew a smoke ring and said, "Huh! Sneeze, son. Your head's full of hay. She's nuts on you."

"D-d'you think s-s-s "

"Sure!" the huge lad pronounced, settling the white of his cap one-half inch above the level black of his right eyebrow. "Sure! You used to be lame and your hair's curly. That's all."

Kate locked the shop door and they strolled toward Fifth Avenue.

The girl frowned, "Why didn't I get his name? He's some filthy rich brute with a collection. Then I could have told people he'd bought some of Curly's things and they'd be impressed. His finger nails weren't painted, so he's well-bred. Clean yours, Curly. You're so sloppy. One of your shoes is untied too. Do try to train him, Adam."

"Sure!" said Adam. "Walk along. I'm starved."

Suddenly a tall man with puffed eyelids came abreast of them and told Kate thickly, "Little girl, I like your looks. Better shell them two gobs and ——"

He vanished. Lucretius undoubled his fists and stared at the space of sidewalk where the man's brown boots had been. A woman screamed. The boy's eyes overtook the fellow rolling in a torrent of dust across the asphalt.

Adam lowered his hands from his chest and said "Hooched!" thoughtfully. He had thrown Kate's admirer away, somehow, without bothering about it.

The girl said, "You're so useful, Adam," and they crossed Fifth Avenue with a trail of children behind them.

In the Brevoort Adam glared at a menu for five minutes while people stared at him. He ate, in a sort of slow rhythm, silently, six large oysters, a plate of chicken soup containing bits of toast, four mutton chops bedded in sugared sweet potato, seven hot rolls and a dessert of tortured cream in which walnuts were crushed. He drank four cups of coffee. It was soothing to watch him eat. His brown throat expanded fleetly over food. His eyes were gravely happy between their thick lashes. He didn't speak. Lucretius marveled. The giant had no stomach. His rich muscles merely absorbed meals. The lean boy gaped at efficiency. Adam lit a cigarette and paid the bill carelessly.

"It's just as well," said Kate, "that your father has the biggest dairy in Ohio."

"Second biggest, sister."

"I mean that he's able to give you an allowance."

"I hate bad cookin'," said Adam, looking at his watch. "You get plenty to eat on a ship, but it's m'not'nous, kind of. Two-thirty. Some dessert on your chin, Curly."

Lucretius wiped his chin and said, "W-we have to be aboard at six, huh?"

"Sure! How old you, kid?"

"N-nineteen in March."

"Fleet'll be back from South America in May. Better marry Kate then."

Lucretius froze into misery.

Kate said, "That's nice. Doesn't seem to please him."

"I—it does. But ——"

"He's scared," Adam reflected.

Lucretius tried to look at her and couldn't. He took one of Adam's cigarettes. It was strong and made him cough. Kate slapped his back and rose when he was better.

She said, "I must get home. Now, Curly, you're to send me post cards from everywhere, and you mustn't drink funny drinks in Cuba. Adam, look after him. Come out in the hall and kiss me, Curly." In the hall she told him, smiling, "You needn't. But do write me, Lucretius."

Her green frock receded. One hand nestled in the fur of her coat. Lucretius opened his mouth and couldn't speak. He jumped after her and gave her a fumbled kiss on the cheek.

The girl said, "Oh—you do?" Then she ran through the white vestibule and down the steps of the old hotel. The green skirt swayed over the asphalt. Warmth was flung back from the cold wind, and Lucretius pulled his cap down to one eyebrow.

"You're all right," said Adam. "Now what'll we do?"

"Ought to go back to father's and get my toothbrush," Lucretius said without stammering once.

The giant said "C'mon," and took the lesser boy's arm.

Lucretius Coe went swaggering up Fifth Avenue against the winter breeze. He would get Don Carlos Vittori from the wall above his bed and take the Spanish gentleman to Kate as a sort of betrothal gift.

He told Adam, "G-goin' to take her that Goya grandfather gave me. If 'tisn't a Goya it's pretty near one, and it's just l-like his things at the Metropolitan. Grandfather had a sh-ship. He took this old Spaniard out of Barcelona when there was s-some kind of revolution goin' on. And the Spaniard g-gave him some stuff instead of money for his passage. Don Carlos was part of it. And g-grandfather gave me Don Carlos."

They walked. Lucretius heard himself whistling. Then he heard himself singing out "H'lo," to three sailors careering by on the top of an omnibus. He decided at Twenty-sixth Street that his chest, in proportion, wasn't much smaller than Adam's chest. Oh, plainly there was nothing grisly about living!

He said, "It's a n-nice day."

"You're full of hop," Adam grunted. "Where's your old man live?"

"Cigar shop. East Forty-seventh."

They walked. Embellished women smiled at them on the broader sidewalks of Fifth Avenue. They passed Christian Salvat's art store and Lucretius told Adam, "That's a Vermeer in the window."

"It's a tough-lookin' bird," said the giant, exhaling smoke.

"D-don't you like pictures?"

"Some. Mind that cab, bud."

Lucretius rubbed the shoulder the taxicab had grazed and clung to Adam's rocky arm. They marched down Forty-second Street and up Lexington Avenue.

Lucretius said, "M-my father and I don't like each other much."

"He's prob'ly practical," Adam nodded.

"Awful! Oh, d-don't mean he ain't kind to me, Adam. But ——"

"Sure!"

The small cigar shop had several of the usual loungers in its chairs. Lucretius had slept in the anchored dreadnought the night before and thus evaded a meal at home with two of his father's poker-playing friends.

He advanced to the counter and said, "This is Adam E-egg, father," and proudly watched Adam engulf Coe's large hand in his larger hand. The tall man grumbled levelly that he was pleased to meet the giant and shifted his pipe in his mustached mouth. They showed no signs of more speech.

Lucretius ground a heel and told Coe, "G-goin' to take Don Carlos down to M-muss Packer, father, for a ——"

(Continued on Page 73)

A monster that spoke with a thousand tongues would be a poor disseminator of information as compared with the Mimeograph. Forty thousand messages is its easy daily grist. In the evolution of man-made things the Mimeograph stands alone as the speediest means of duplicating all kinds of typewritten letters, bulletins, forms, plans, diagrams and free-hand sketches. Neatly and exactly it does its rapid work. But its outstanding merit is that it is one of the greatest money savers ever invented by man. And that is the reason why you should give it serious consideration today. If you are anxious to get greater efficiency from your present equipment, or maintain high-pressure standards even with inadequate forces, you will be interested in our booklet "S-1". Ask for it now. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.

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All of these things account for last year's splendid sales record and the fine reception of Today's Franklin.

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More costly to build, but lighter, stronger and more shock-absorbing than steel. Increases comfort, permits wheels to conform to road without straining body.

FOUR POINT BODY SUSPENSION
Here again is flexibility, to a degree impossible with cars having body rigidly bolted to frame the entire length. Prevents squeaks and strains.

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See what this does to rigidity, the enemy of comfort, safety and long life. And to noise—no shackle bolts.

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Give almost twice the usual spring movement. Deaden road shocks. More costly than semi-elliptic or other kinds, but important for comfort. Absorb the forces that cause skidding.

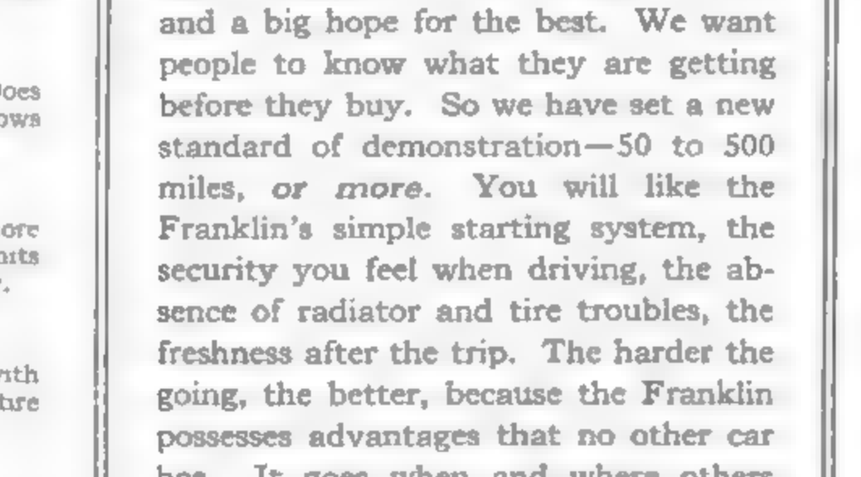
LIGHT UNSPRUNG WEIGHT
Less weight below springs than any other car. Reduces reaction of road roughness against tires, body and passengers.

TUBULAR FRONT AXLE
Made of drawn steel tubing. More expensive to produce, but is stronger, lighter and free from hidden flaws.

SCIENTIFIC LIGHT WEIGHT
Quality materials of great strength properly used to equalize stress. Distributes load evenly. Lengthens tire life, gives comfort, easy handling and economy.

A New Standard for Demonstration

A lot of cars have been bought in the past on impression, a short demonstration, and a big hope for the best. We want people to know what they are getting before they buy. So we have set a new standard of demonstration—50 to 500 miles, *or more*. You will like the Franklin's simple starting system, the security you feel when driving, the absence of radiator and tire troubles, the freshness after the trip. The harder the going, the better, because the Franklin possesses advantages that no other car has. It goes when and where others cannot. Go to any Franklin dealer. His time and car will be at your service for this purpose at any time convenient to you. It will pay you to know the Franklin.



THE DEMI-SEDAN—an entirely new idea in motoring comfort and convenience. Quick-removable, non-rattle glass panels make it adaptable to winter, to spring and fall, and to summer. Permanent top, 4 doors, for 5 passengers.

PATENTED LONG-TYPE ALUMINUM PISTONS
Combine advantages of cast iron and of ordinary aluminum types. Silent, longer-wearing, allow higher engine compression, quick acceleration.

GENEROUS USE OF ALUMINUM
In body, engine base and oil pan, rear axle housing, etc. Saves 440 lbs. in enclosed types, 350 in open. Costs 800% more than materials it replaces. A big factor in Franklin light weight and quality.

NON-STALLING ENGINE
A cowl switch does it. No pushing of pedals—no meshing of gears. A powerful safety factor.

CARBURETOR ADJUSTABLE FROM DASH
Carburetor adjustment possible with car in motion, meeting varying conditions. Prevents gasoline waste, insures maximum power.

COLD WEATHER STARTING DEVICES
Strong starter, improved electric vaporizer, closed circuit ignition system—hotter spark. Makes starting instant, easy and dependable, regardless of temperature.

ELIMINATION OF GREASE CUPS
Wick oiling eliminates all but three, which are easily reached. Lightens routine care, guards against damage due to neglect.

PRESSURE OILING TO BEARINGS
Makes oiling positive, constant and equal—not a matter of chance. Saves many repair bills. Reduces carbon.

NEW USE OF DROP FORGINGS
In load-carrying parts. Increases endurance, saves repair bills. The first car to embody this advance in construction.

SAFER BRAKING SYSTEM
Service and emergency brake areas separated, insuring cool brakes. Service brake on transmission acts through differential equally on both wheels. Multiplies braking force, prevents skidding.

AUTOMATIC SPARK CONTROL
Relieves the driver of guessing. Insures correct timing at all speeds. Saves engine—saves gasoline.

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

Other Franklin Types: Touring, Runabout, Sedan, Demi-Coupé, Touring Limousine, Brougham

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 70)

"Sold it 'smornin'," Coe said.

"S-s ——"

"For a hundred to an art dealer Jake Tannen said bought old Spanish stuff. He come over and bought it like a shot."

The glass case between them enormously swelled and floated in a queer mist. Don Carlos Vittori was sold! He had hung in his flaked frame beside the bed for twelve years. Coe had sold him! Lucretius put a palm on the glass.

A voice said in some shadow, "The kid looks sick, Coe."

"He was m-mine," said Lucretius. "Grandfather g-gave him to me."

Coe had become a fluid appearance above the counter, floating in air. The floor was shaking under the boy's feet. Don Carlos wore a blue coat with buttons of dim gilt and his white breeches had knots of gay yellow at the knee. He had always been there. He had a pale, snubbed nose and curly black whiskers. A parrakeet looked over his shoulder from the dulled background where a crack wandered in the old paint. Lucretius felt water in his hair. Sentiment became a hot fog about him.

He cried, "You t-took him!"

"What's bitin' you? An old thing like "

"M-mine! Grandfather g-gave "

"Oh, come down off of it!" said Coe, more real, leaning on the case.

Adam spoke out of the fog, asking, "Who bought the picture?"

"Is that your business?" Coe growled.

Lucretius shouted so fast that he couldn't stammer, "I'm never comin' here again! Who took Don Carlos?"

Coe came about the counter and said, taking the boy's shoulder: "Didn't put you in the Navy to get fresh. I let you enlist for your health. Go take a walk and cool off. You never said you liked that piece of junk that much. You're sent'mental. It's foolin' round with that drawin' teacher and ——"

Lucretius tore his arm loose and dashed out of the store into cold wind. He ran, sobbing, along the street eastward and panted to Adam, "Knew I was f-fond of it! G-grandfather ——"

The giant wasn't beside him. People on a corner were staring. He slung an arm out and caught a lamp-post, halted somehow, looked back. Adam was nowhere.

A small boy trotted up and chirped "Whacha cryin' 'bout, gob?"

Then Adam strolled out of the shop and advanced, lighting a cigarette. He came up slowly, fingering a white seam wide at his right shoulder and took Lucretius by the elbow. They walked on.

"Sour goof," said the giant.

"G-grandfather gave me Don Carlos. It ——"

"S'all right, kid. The picture's at this guy Salvat's."

"Who told you?"

"Your father," Adam said. He halted and held out his right hand. "Give the little finger a pull, Curly."

Lucretius pulled the little finger, which felt curiously loose. Something cracked.

Adam wriggled it and said, "Remind me to get some iodine, kid. Where was that art dump, huh?"

"D-did you slug father?"

"No," said Adam. "I don't ever hit folks. Promised mamma. Makes her nervous. Spoiled his collar. C'mon."

His face was less blank, rather amused. He began to trot evenly. Lucretius pattered alongside. Part of his mind went running with Adam by the violet flank of the Grand Central Station where the vast windows were cream from inner light. He thought of Don Carlos Vittori. He'd made a copy of Don Carlos when he was little for his grandfather. He chewed his tongue. Hot rushes of anger went slashing through him. Don Carlos seemed the greatest thing a man could have. It was Don Carlos that had set him to drawing. He'd never go near Coe again, even if he got Don Carlos back. The little tenderness between them fried out, was nothing. His father distorted like a shape seen under water. Like water, Lucretius went swirling about a corner and saw the art store of Christian Salvat.

Adam said, "Here's your place, kid. Keep your temper," and opened a door into warm glory.

A mincing woman in ocher furs stared through a glass at a statue of green metal. The ceiling had a bright margin to its whiteness and naked folk wallowed in relief on the vault. There were lamps shaded in colorless silk. Six pictures hung on the walls tinted pale amber and a blond girl looked down from a gallery of Florentine iron at Adam, who took out the flashing gold of his cigarette case and lit a cigarette. The giant confronted a trinity of statues in yellow marble, globular women with grapes in their carved hair. A plump man finished tying a card to a farther statue of bronze and came delicately forward, blowing his nose on a bordered silk handkerchief. He glanced off at the long portrait of a lady whose powdered hair was a spot on the wall and said "Yes?" to Adam.

"Where's this fellow Salvat?"

"I am Mr. Salvat."

"Huh!" said Adam in searing disapproval of the man. "Well, this kid's name's Coe. You bought a picture by a man named Goya off his father this mornin'. It belonged to the kid, not his dad. You paid a hundred dollars for it. I've got a traveler's check for a hundred here. Gimme the picture and call it a day."

Two younger neat men came drifting among the statues. Mr. Salvat passed his hands over his slippery reddish hair and said, "That's an extraordinary statement. I did buy an old daub from a man called Coe this morning. It was an imitation of Goya. Sold it to someone to decorate a grill room this morning. Who did that faked Goya go to, Rogers?" he asked another man.

"Some bounder. Never saw him before," the young man lisped, and walked off to open the door for the mincing woman.

Lucretius sobbed. Don Carlos was hopelessly gone. He put his hand on a rosy chair of velvet and watched his fingers shake.

Mr. Salvat said, "Oh, this is really too bad! The boy valued it. Rogers, get him a drink of water. I'm very sorry. You might advertise."

"I d-did value it," said Lucretius. "C-come on, Adam."

Suddenly the plump dealer and his groomed men gave back. Adam swept his arm through the warm air in a terrific curve and spat his cigarette on the gray luster of the carpet.

He said "Ho!" gently, and plucked the bronze statue of a gaunt naked woman from its green pedestal. He snarled, "Lot of damn expensive stuff here? All right! Now, who's got Don Carlos? Give you till I count ten to say, y'damn lyin' Lizzy! Speak out or I'll bust everything in the dump!"

His nostrils were white arcs in the brown of his face. The men went dodging back. He swung the bronze in a curve and said, "Spit it out, guy!" almost softly, aiming the statue at a great portrait on the wall. The girl in the gallery shrieked.

"Drop it!" Salvat squealed. "Eustace Marlett Smith took it! It's at his house."

"Good enough," said Adam, balancing the statue, "and where's this Smith hang his hat? Quick!"

Someone babbled, "Park Avenue. Big red brick house," and Adam dropped the bronze on the rug beside his cigarette.

Lucretius trotted behind him through a crowd of gabbling women and men that opened in a lane from the door. They galloped down Forty-first Street, and Adam pulled Lucretius past a taxicab on Madison Avenue. A chill was sinking into Lucretius. He dragged at Adam's arm and the giant slowed.

"Mr. Marlett Smith's r-rich. G-gives pictures to museums."

"What 'bout it?"

"Oh," Lucretius panted, "d-don't you see? It's a real Goya, Adam! He's paid this mutt s-some awful wad of money for it. We c-can't buy it back."

"Your picture, ain't it?"

"S-sure, but ——"

"C'mon," said Adam, and ran.

Lucretius knew the stiff red house well. He had limped past it often and thought of the art gallery it held. Here was Goya's Señora Maria Iturbe, which Marlett Smith had bought last year for fifteen thousand dollars. Here were the two Rodin statues, the Romney Countess of Flint, the Gauguin bathing boys—a glittering world of things Mr. Packer talked about. There would be a hall filled with guards and footmen and haughty secretaries. Adam rang a bell in the vestibule lined with common wood, and a wooden door opened at once into an empty hall.

The giant stepped inside and told a man in black, "Tell Mr. Smith that Mr. Egg 'n' Mr. Coe want to see him and it can't wait."

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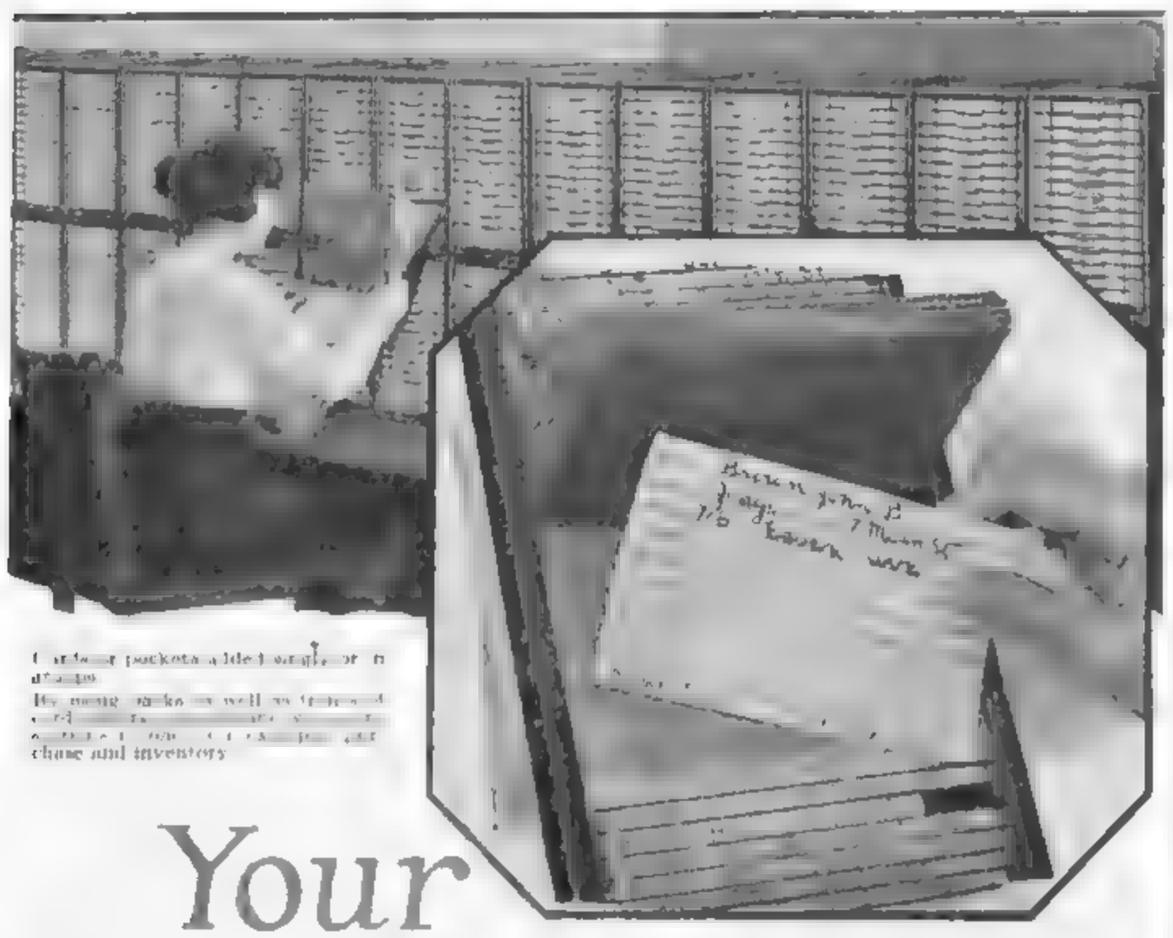

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"Mr. Egg and Mr. Coe," said the servant. "Yes, sir. Please come this way."

A baby was squealing somewhere above the staircase lined with dim blue tapestry, and the upper hall that was a shadowy stretch of hanging prints. Steel engravings flickered by Lucretius. They paused in an oval chamber where the new portrait of a woman with orange hair hung alone above Chinese furniture. The servant went primly through gates of iron bars and glass and into a gleam. The baby howled fiercely against the sound of a lullaby.

Adam said "Misses his mother."

Something struggled in Lucretius. He said, "S-say ——" And then an old man roamed out of the gleaming farther room, preening his white mustaches.

"Look," Adam said, "the kid's father sold that cheese this Don Carlos. The kid wants it back. Wants it to give to Kate for an engagement present, see? How we goin' to fix this up, sir?"

Eustace Marlett Smith waved his hands in the air and moaned, "Oh, my prophetic soul! I almost knew Salvat was in too much of a hurry this morning. Come in, children. Murphy," he bade the servant, "tell his damned nurse to bring Two down. We may get him to sleep now. Come in."

The walls were colored like baked-potato skin. Marlett Smith led them down one length of the room past cases of thin glass. Greek jars showed black and orange under the lights and a mound of jewels writhed on blue velvet. The old man stopped and pointed to Don Carlos hanging between a red-faced bullfighter and a bony woman in green whose ugly face was half covered with a mantilla.

"The Toreador Valeda and Señora Maria Iturbe," he said tranquilly.

Adam stepped up and lit a cigarette under Maria Iturbe. He gave her a comfortable inspection, then declared "She's damn skinny."

"Like many famous ladies, Mr. Egg. And there's Don Carlos Vittori. I've just measured him. Thirteen inches long and eight wide, and the hand" —the tired voice rose—"doesn't hold blood that could paint him!"

A thrill went down Lucretius. He had been right to love Don Carlos. He was real, the great art. The boy stared at the old man and beyond the weary face at the still room, the poised statues, the pictures.

The banker said, smiling, "You don't understand, Mr. Egg? You think the boy and I are rather mad?"

Adam let smoke drift from his scarlet mouth and answered, "No. You're all right. I ain't a fool, exactly. You folks understand this business, I don't. But I ain't the kind of hick that'll laugh at it."

Marlett Smith said, "That's the gentleman's answer. Well, youngster, take him along. How much did your father get from Christian Salvat? I haven't paid the blackguard yet."

"A hundred dollars."

"I'd best give the thief a hundred and one then. My heart," said Marlett Smith, "is now broken, and I may come with a dark lantern and steal him back. Going to give him to the little black-haired girl for a wedding present?"

Lucretius found his throat shut. He stared at the languor of the Romney beauty on another wall and the vaporous green of an Italian group, the first of spring caught in a frame of dull gold. Here was Don Carlos in good company. Nameless emotions stirred in the boy, and after a while he said, "Y-you keep him, sir."

The old man looked at him and bowed. He said, "I tried to learn to paint for twenty years. I rent Don Carlos from you. I'm too old and vain to take so much for nothing. Don't make me do that. Here comes Two. Now, Mr. Egg, if you'll calm the raging main again."

A nurse brought the squeal into the room. Adam put out his cigarette on a glass case above an urn of black marble and went to tell the baby, "Here, babe, shut it off! What you need is your head under a faucet. There!"

Two sat on a couch and presently gurgled under Adam's fingers. The nurse produced a bottle and it was accepted. Marlett Smith brought Lucretius a folded check and said, "Come here and look about whenever you like. Mr. Egg, could I borrow you from the Navy for a week?"

"Got to be in Brooklyn at six, sir. Fleet goes south to-morrow."

"I can't tell you how heartily I regret it. He's going to sleep."

"Hit him where he lives," said Adam. "A kid's nothin' but his stomach. He's a good guy when you handle him right. C'mon, Curly."

The old man was roaming away toward Don Carlos Vittori. He nodded his white hair and sighed, "I'll hope to see you again," then he forgot them and stood gazing at the little picture with a hand on his mustache. The boys passed down the stairs and Adam pulled on his cap in the hall, lighting a cigarette.

"Knew you could fix it up with him, Curly. He's all right."

"D-didn't remember he'd bought a Goya till I heard th-that kid yell."

"You ain't practical," said Adam, and steered him into the street, then began to trot. It was five o'clock on the colored dial of the huge station northward. Adam went tramping to a soda shop underneath a hotel and snapped to a waitress, "Three choc'late ice creams."

He sank at a table and his face went blank. He complained: "I'm hungry, and talkin' makes me thirsty. Had to talk a lot to-day."

"Y-you've been awful good to ——"

"Don't get sent'mental, kid," the giant ordered. "Here, eat your cream."

"Yes, sir," said Lucretius.

Adam ate two dishes of ice cream in silence slowly. Lucretius couldn't eat. He sat with his hands folded on the table and stared at the brown face. By such poor gestures do the humble show forth their gratitude to the mighty and kind.

THE NOTES OF AN ANTIQUE WEEVIL

(Continued from Page 9)

"Ah, Madonna!" shrieks the proprietor. "You are stealing the bread from the mouths of my children. Ah, but this business is ruining me! No, I will not do it! Come, signore, take it for five hundred and let us weary ourselves no longer with fruitless talk."

"It is useless, signore," declares the customer firmly. "I will not pay your price. Come now! Here is my last word: Wrap it up and take three hundred lire for it."

"Body of Bacchus!" moans the proprietor. "We cannot deal together, you and I. Go to a cheap shop, signore. I—I am a noted dealer, signore. I cannot do those things. Farewell, signore."

"Three hundred lire," says the customer firmly.

"Three hundred and fifty," counters the proprietor.

"Three hundred," insists the customer hoarsely, starting toward the door.

The proprietor gives his shoulders the tremendous shrug which in Italy signifies that the shrugger can do nothing more to prevent you from utterly wrecking yourself by your colossal idiocy. He reseats himself at his desk and paws around among his papers with sudden and complete absorption.

"Three hundred and twenty-five," says the customer, holding the door half open and making what the new school of diplomacy would call a gesture of departure.

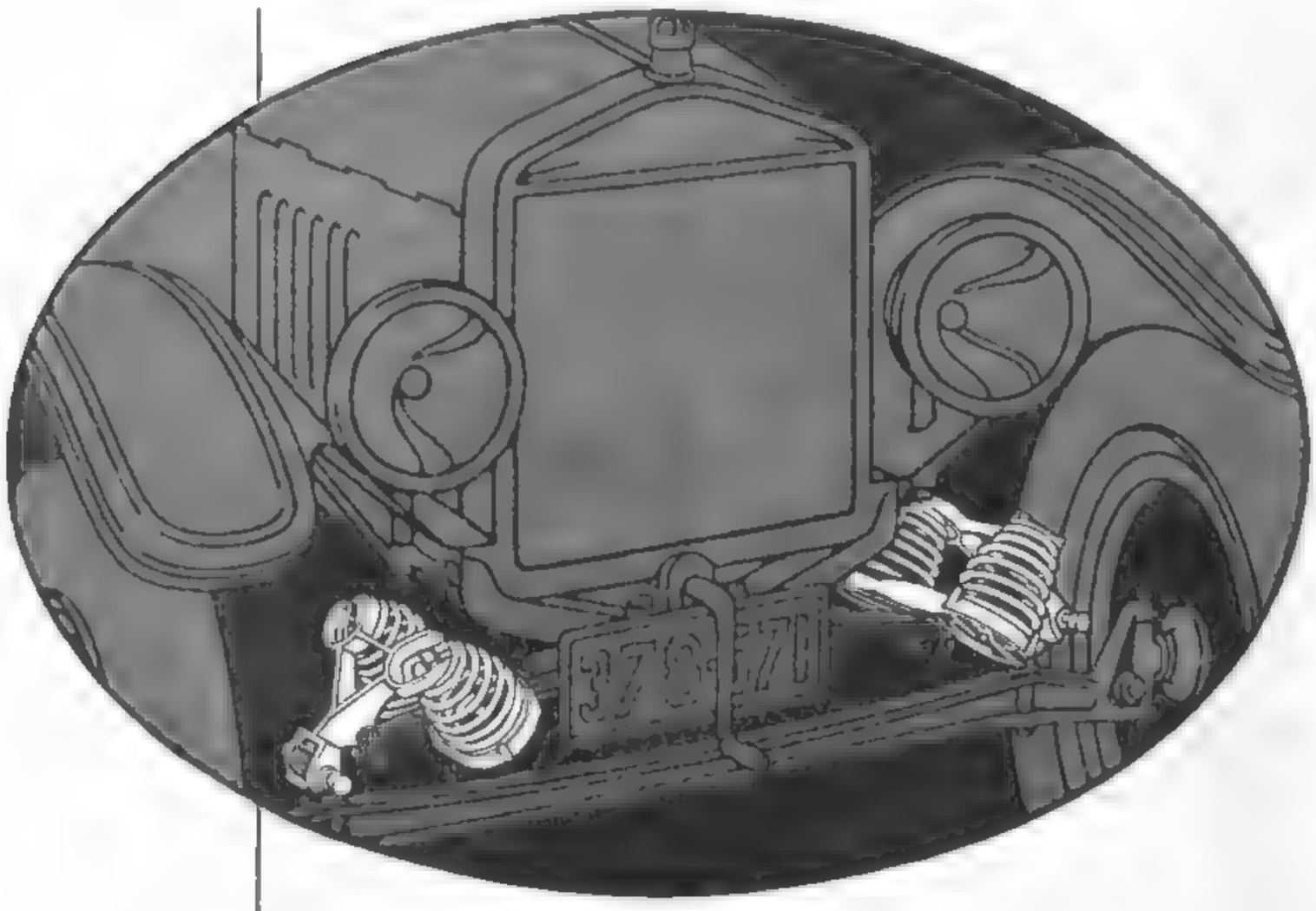
The proprietor capitulates, rolling up his eyes and tossing his hands in the air to show that he accepts misfortune's dread harpoon in a sportsmanlike spirit.

"You have a bargain, signore," says he genially, rising and unhooking the marble plaque of the pope from the wall. "To-morrow I shall have candlesticks of beaten iron in the Venetian style. Come to-morrow and I will sell them to you for nothing."

And so the customer is content at having secured his plaque for one hundred lire less than he expected to pay; and the proprietor is happy with 200 per cent profit.

The percentage of genuine antiques among the antique shops of Paris, Rome, Florence, Berlin and Vienna is about the same as the percentage of good investments among the oil and mining stocks of America. Sometimes a fake antique is easy to

(Continued on Page 77)



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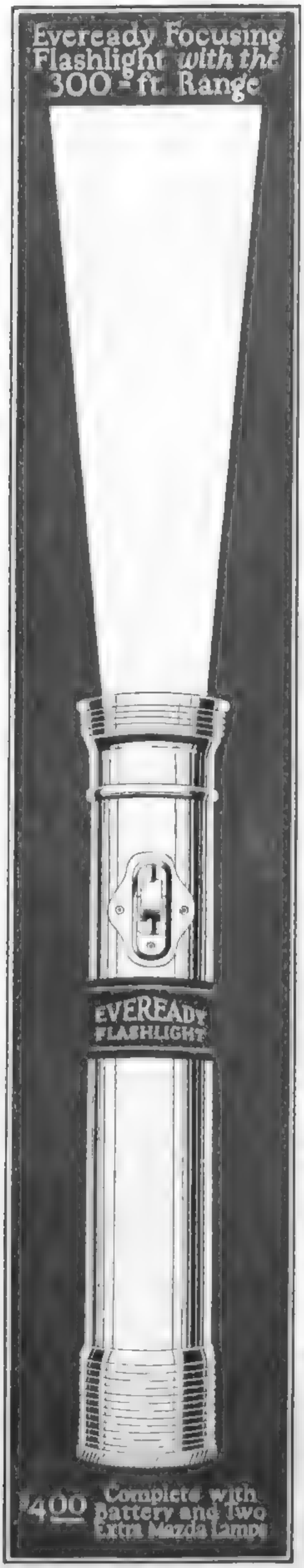
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(Continued from Page 74)

detect, and sometimes it is not so easy. As a matter of cold fact, the only easy thing about European antiques is the person who buys them. There are a number of experts who claim to be able to detect a fake wormhole that would fool any worm in the world; but every little while a group of the most serious, profound and tiresome experts get into terrible fights over a particular painting or piece of furniture, some claiming fiercely that the article in question was produced in 1519, and others maintaining noisily that it was done in 1915. The only satisfactory way in which such a matter could ever be settled would be to have a war over it. Large numbers of experts have also gone into ecstasies over certain beautiful old masters; expert has purchased a painting from expert, running up the price at each change of hands until its cost is on a par with that of a new town hall; then some low, coarse nonexpert has come along with an X-ray machine and shown, by X-raying the paint, that it was so new that it wasn't even worth as much as a dog house.

The best manufacturers of fake Italian and French antique paintings are full of quaint conceits and cunning wiles for the confounding of experts on paintings. They welcome the cynical and hard-boiled purchasers who start to examine a painting by looking at its back in order to make sure that the canvas is old. They beam affectionately at the suspicious buyers who must have just so many cracks to the square inch of surface, who count the flyspecks with loving care, who test the paint with alcohol in order to find out whether it is new paint or old paint, and who hunt so assiduously for that rich and mellow golden-brown tone that comes only with age—to hear the experts tell it.

Yet a golden-brown glow on a painting is not by any means a sign that it was painted back in those good old roistering, swashbuckling days when the most sincere fighters and the noisiest drinkers wore lace frills around the bottoms of their short plush pants. The French and the Italians can add three hundred years to a painting by dissolving licorice in water, pouring the result on the canvas and rubbing it around for a few minutes with the palm of the hand. They obtain very beautiful and realistic flyspeck effects by dissolving gum arabic in water, coloring the liquid with sepia and Chinese ink, dipping a secondhand toothbrush into it, and spraying it on the canvas by drawing a match along the toothbrush bristles. Any fly that looked at the result would declare unhesitatingly that a yearly fly convention had been held on the painting ever since Christopher Columbus abandoned the flat-earth theory, and that all the leading speckers of the fly race had tracked their muddy feet on it at one time or another. It might be mentioned in passing that the antique hunter would do well to remember that any antique dealer who possesses a normal brain ought to be able to accomplish any of the results that are popularly supposed to be accomplished by worms, flies and the ravages of time and climate. It's a poor human that can't beat an insect.

The Ancient-Painting Industry

There are three simple methods of preparing a canvas so that it will have a properly decrepit appearance. One is to cook it in a hot oven. Another is to take an old and sad painting—one for which no dealer on earth would dare to charge more than two dollars—and paint an imitation masterpiece over the original daub. The third is to take a new painting, smear the back with glue, and paste an old canvas over it.

Some of the most experienced antique hounds carry little bottles of alcohol in their breast pockets, and when they are investigating a picture with great care they sneak out their bottles and slosh alcohol on it to find out whether or not the colors run. If they run the picture is new. If they do not run the picture is old. So, at least, the experts say. The idea is excellent; but the dealers have an unfortunate habit of covering the painting with a sort of transparent glue which resists the action of the alcohol and puts the experts in the boob class.

The dealers, in their determination to give the experts what they want, frequently indulge in activities that make the work of leading American con men look like the roughest of rough stuff. Knowing that experts are very fond of discovering things for themselves, they frequently sign the name of a great painter to a clever reproduction, age the paint and the canvas carefully, paint over the signature, and arrange things so that the expert finds the painting in a dark corner, suspects it of being a masterpiece, and finally uncovers the signature and almost becomes hysterical in his efforts to keep his discovery from the dealer so that he can buy the painting for about ten times what it's worth. Life for the collector of antiques is frequently very complex.

The collector of antique French and Italian and other foreign furniture is confronted by a series of pitfalls, and if he slips into any of them the resultant jolt will probably push his thigh bones up between his shoulder blades.

So long as there are any ancient houses in France and Italy, just so long will the makers of phony French and Italian antiques have enough local color to make their products look like the real thing. This is due to the fact that the wainscoting and all the concealed woodwork of these venerable houses have been gluttonously eaten by many generations of worms. They look wormy and they feel wormy and they are wormy. Whenever a house is pulled down, therefore, the makers of antiques flock to the scene and stock up with heavily wormholed wood. This, when incorporated into the magnificent chests, tables, sideboards and other pieces which are destined to fill the antique shops of Paris, Rome and Florence, catches and holds the eye of the purchaser. It is obvious—to any amateur antique-seeker—that any piece of furniture which contains such intricate and symmetrical wormholes must have been made away back in the days when a gentleman who was jostled on the street was regarded as remiss in his duty if he failed to ram a four-foot sword completely through the gizzard of his jostler.

Aging New Furniture

The old worm-eaten wainscoting is used to make the shelves and drawer bottoms of sideboards which are known as credenzas in Italy and credences in France. It is also drawn on for the backs and bottoms of chests, for picture frames, for wooden stirrups and for all small wooden reproductions which are discovered with such glad cries by those who love the better things.

The fronts and tops of chests and sideboards are frequently made of new wood which is carefully treated in various neat and tricky ways. For example, this new wood might be carved carefully by workmen who are well acquainted with ancient designs. When the carving is finished the manufacturer turns over the product to three or four burly stevedores whose sole duty consists of beating up furniture. They are armed with large sticks of various shapes, and their activities are limited to whaling the stuffing out of the wood knocking it, as one might say, for a gool. In this way the chests and sideboards acquire, in about half an hour, the scratches and indentations which ancient pieces pick up in the course of two centuries. The wood is given the proper color by boiling it with walnut rind. Or it may be given the peculiar irregularities of great age by applying nitric acid, which eats into the surface, and then coloring the marks of the acid with permanganate of potash.

The new wood, of course, must be carefully wormholed. The crudest variety of wormholing is done with a shotgun. The result looks sufficiently wormy to suit anyone; but one can always find a Number 10 shot at the bottom of each hole. The shotgun method, therefore, can only be used on furniture which is to be sold to the greenest of tourists and the rawest of collectors.

The wormhole machine, which I have never seen, but which is said to be used by several of the leading Parisian *chineurs*, or fakers, is a new invention. Its front is a square plate with serpentine grooves in it. When the plate is pressed against a piece of wood and the handle turned, a number of slender augers push out and make a cluster of wormholes. A turn of a lever changes the position of each auger slightly, so that the wormhole pattern won't recur. The best wormholes, however, are made in Italy by hand. The auger with which they are made is bent in an irregular shape, and the purchaser of a piece of furniture which has been wormholed with it is at liberty to thrust wires into the holes in order to investigate their wormy crookedness. The most thorough furniture manufacturers,

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Scotissue Towels

knowing that the careful collector will rap on the furniture in order to see whether dust falls from the wormholes—as should be the case if the hole is the work of a normal worm—fill the holes with wood dust. Their aim to please is both sincere and accurate.

In a number of the antique shops along the Rue Saints Pères and the Boulevard Raspail, in Paris, I saw many specimens of carved wooden panels about a foot and a half long and about five inches wide. The dealers claimed that they were taken from old châteaus and palaces which had been recently torn down. This statement was obviously unreasonable, for if it were true practically every château in France would have had to be demolished to provide the great number that were on sale. The panels were attractive and not made by great pressure—a method sometimes used in France and Italy in the making of cheap antiques. Pressure carvings, as they are called, always show a bent grain; whereas the small carvings showed a severed grain.

Investigation proved that they were made by burning. Iron molds were heated until they were white hot, and then pressed against very dry wood. When the molds were removed, and the burnt surface brushed with steel brushes, the wood had the color and the polish and the texture of ancient carvings. A dose of Number 10 shot from the manufacturer's shotgun supplied the wormholes for each panel, after which they were ready to be sold to the traveling public for about four dollars apiece. Their cost was approximately forty-five cents—twenty cents for the wood, twenty cents for the labor and five cents for the shotgun cartridge. Articles as large as mantels for generous fireplaces are made by this burning method and passed on to eager collectors at prices that make the proletariat froth at the mouth and howl wildly for an equal distribution of wealth.

There is a wood-carving company in Paris which advertises that it will be glad to deliver the furniture of any period to antique dealers at a moment's notice. There are workshops which produce buhl cabinets decorated with birds, beasts and flowers of which André Charles Boulle never heard. There are places where the best fakers in the world turn out furniture which Parisian dealers later guarantee to have been owned by Marie Antoinette. If Marie Antoinette had owned all the furniture that Parisian antique dealers claim that she owned, by the way, that unfortunate queen would have had to spend her entire life buying out furniture stores. There is a shop on the Rue Saints Pères where enterprising dealers purchase new pewter plates and bowls and mugs and flagons, place new marks on the bottoms, age them cleverly and then sell them for twenty times their cost.

Sobbing Pewter

The pewter collector, incidentally, provides a prolific source of income to European antique dealers, for he is one of the most violent of fanatics; a nut, so to speak, of the nuttiest type. Pewter, as is well known, is a base metal made of tin to which a small amount of antimony, copper or lead has been added. It was originally made for use in the homes of the wealthy before the days of pottery and china; then it was used in kitchens of great houses. Churches which couldn't afford gold or silver services had pewter services. Taverns had complete outfits of pewter pots and tankards which could be thrown promiscuously by pickled guests without damage to anything except the guests.

When properly cleaned, old pewter has a soft silvery luster that is highly esteemed by all collectors, and a true pewter lover will run twenty miles for the privilege of handling a pewter plate, hearing it cry and taking rubbings of it.

Pewter collectors speak a jargon which has little or no meaning to persons who have never been exposed to the pewter germ, and it is in the antique shops that one hears the pewter fans running on by the hour. The *cri d'étain*, or the cry of the tin, which they are constantly mentioning, is not, as might be supposed, the noise which the pewter collector makes when he finds out the price of a piece of pewter. It is the noise which genuine pewter is supposed to make when the collector holds it close to his ear and bends it backward and forward. Pewter has always refused to cry for me, but I take it for granted that there is a cry in it; just as I take it for granted that there is a lady in the moon, though I have never been able to see her.

All the pewter made in the old days in London and Paris and the German cities bore on its back the small private mark of its maker, due to the fact that a certain standard of metal was required by law. There are plenty of these marks. Massé's list of British pewterers, for example, contains the names of upwards of thirty-three hundred fifty pewter manufacturers. The chief recreation of the pewter collector is to get hold of a lot of pewter, place tissue paper or tin foil over its marks and rub it diligently with some blunt instrument until a copy of the mark has been transferred to it. Two big-league pewter collectors will squabble for hours as to whether the best rubbings can be made with cigarette paper and a hard pencil or with tin foil and an ivory penholder, and as to whether the best results can be got by heating the pewter before taking the rubbing or by leaving it cold.

The most excitable pewter hounds keep little books of pewter rubbings on their persons, and think nothing of spending two or three hours trying to locate a given mark in their books. If interrupted in this pursuit they become violent and use hideous language to the interrupter. They trade rubbings with each other, and can spend as much as eight or ten hours in pawing over half a dozen frowzy plates. When they have hopelessly disagreed over the proper method of taking rubbings they can argue for weeks over the best method of cleaning pewter, which develops an almost impenetrable crust when it lies neglected in a barn for half a century, as most of the genuine appears to have done. Some hold out for ashes and vinegar; others for boiling with hay; others for oxalic acid mixed with rottenstone; others for hydrochloric acid; others for oxide of tin; others for Calais sand and elm leaves; others for soft soap, rottenstone and turpentine.

Hints for Pewter Ferrets

Evidently one can experiment for years with pewter without making much progress. The same thing is true, of course, of all sorts of antiques. Only a short time ago the official expert of the French Government took a careful squint at a portrait owned by a Parisian lady and pronounced it a genuine Leonardo da Vinci. The lady was about to pass it on to an American art museum for the sum of five hundred thousand dollars when another celebrated dealer gummed up the deal by declaring emphatically that the painting was a copy. Both of the experts had international reputations and should have been qualified to know exactly what they were talking about. The lady, however, at once sued the second expert for five hundred thousand dollars. Such is life among the antique experts.

There is a great deal of phony pewter in the European antique shops. The Germans turned out pewter by the carload for credulous tourists, and the French are not at all backward in producing ancient pieces fresh from the factory. I found a gem of a pewter inkwell in a little Parisian shop one day, properly marked and battered and timeworn. It had a cylinder for ink, a cylinder for sand and a space for pens; and its age was soulfully and hotly declared by the dealer to be one hundred and fifty years. By haggling exhaustively with him I beat him down from one hundred francs to fifty francs, and bore off my prize in triumph. When I got it home I examined the interior of the ink cylinder with an electric torch and discovered that the inside surface was bright and shiny. On a guess, it was about eight months old.

Almost every Parisian antique shop will, if pressed, produce a pair of pewter plates with the salamander crest of Francis I on the bottom of each plate in *repoussé* work—work done by hammering the under side of the plate until the desired figure is raised on the upper side. These salamander plates are all frauds, and shouldn't be bought unless the purchaser proposes to take them home to use for cod sinkers. In fact, most of the foreign pewter which is embellished with *repoussé* work is about as interesting and valuable as a lead Columbian half dollar. Amateur antique hunters should sheer away from all foreign pewter until they have examined a good collection of it in a museum and become familiar with the look and the feel of the genuine article, and with the faint mellow ringing sound which it gives out when struck with the finger

(Continued on Page 81)

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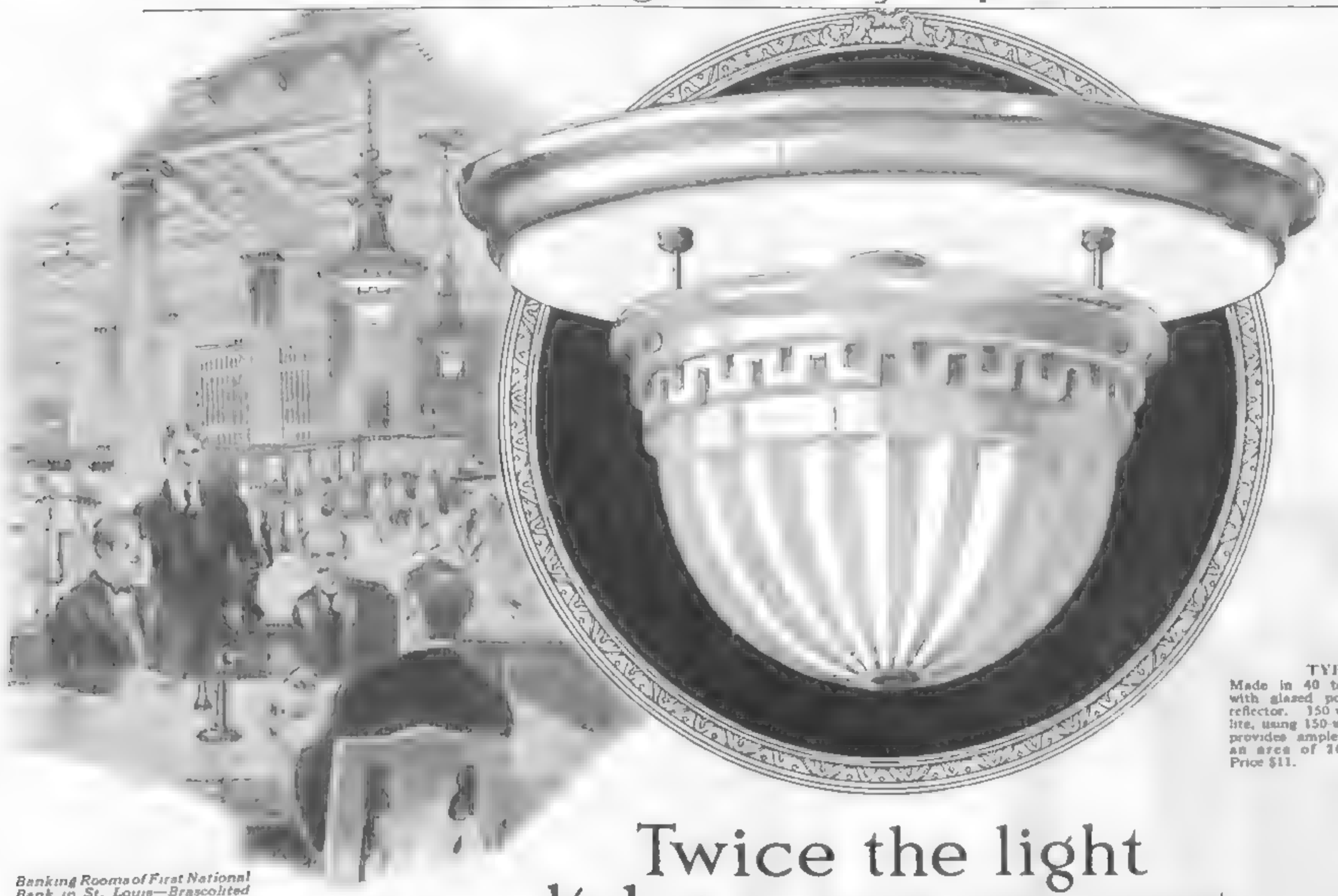

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Comer weather-proof coats can be had in dozens of rich fabrics—cashmeres, tweeds, twills, satins and mohairs—at a wide range of prices—fashionable models that have the style and fit of fine overcoats and are made with an inner proofing of light, flexible rubber that keeps out wind and rain.

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COMER
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(Continued from Page 78)

nail. Imitations usually give out nothing but a dull, sickly plunk.

Generally speaking—speaking, that is, for the vast body of travelers who wish to take home a few attractive antiques as souvenirs, and who lack the experience and the money to permit themselves to be stung on such a large scale as the genuine experts—one would do well to adhere strictly to the following rule:

Never pay any European antique dealer as much for any object as a cheap reproduction of that object would cost on the day of purchase in the country where it is bought. The person who sticks to that rule won't get many museum pieces, but he is just as likely to get genuine things as the person who pays high prices. A genuine three-hundred-year-old Piedmontese *credenza*—which is a peasant product of the North of Italy resembling our Dutch cabinets except for richer carving and more graceful lines—can be bought to-day in the North of Italy for the equivalent of fifty dollars; but the high price of labor and material makes it impossible for a new piece of furniture of the same type to be made and carved and marketed at a profit in any part of Italy for fifty dollars.

There was a time, during 1919 and part of 1920, when some surprising bargains in antiques could be picked up in Europe because of the rapid fluctuations in rates of exchange. These days have largely gone by. The average prices of good antiques are about the same all over Europe. A friend of mine was furnishing an apartment in Paris late in 1920. He had heard that the prices of old furniture in Vienna were very low, so he sent his wife to Vienna to get enough antique furniture to supply the apartment. When she reached Vienna she found that the prices were just about what they were in Paris, so she went back to Paris to do her buying.

Prices of antiques and near-antiques all over Europe are neither very low nor very high. For the most part an attractive antique or imitation antique can be sold in America for a good deal more than it costs abroad; but the cost of getting it to America is high. I shipped two boxes containing two hundred dollars' worth of antiques from Rome to Maine. They entered as antiques and I paid no duty, but the cost of getting them home was another two hundred dollars. If they had been bought in America they would probably have cost about seven hundred dollars.

Russian Icons

If a person knows what he wants in the antique line, and is willing to hunt for it, he still can find some genuine stuff at prices that would make a Fifth Avenue antique dealer pass into a thick dark-blue silence. A struggling young friend of mine who has a mad passion for ship models stopped writing novels and plays last winter for a sufficient length of time to send me some money and ask me to get him a few of his favorite playthings. In a Danzig antique shop I found three of them—one a renovated old model of a thirty-two-gun Danzig frigate of the 1650 period; one a beautiful four-foot model, complete in every detail, of a seventy-gun ship of the line, made around 1800 and in perfect condition; and one a modern model of the turreted ships used by the crusaders six or seven hundred years ago. The cost of the three models was sixty-five dollars; and since Danzig is a seaport with a steamship line running direct to New York, the cost of shipping was very low. Yet no importer in America would have sold the three for less than twelve hundred dollars, for ship models are popular, and the prices that are charged for them are high, wide and handsome.

Like the late Lord Kitchener, I am greatly addicted to Russian icons. This, I think, is the only resemblance between Lord Kitchener and myself. At any rate, I have a craving for icons, and find it difficult to control myself when I run across one unexpectedly. Icons, as you may or may not know, are symbols of the Russian church, and every devout Russian has an icon hanging in the corner of his room. They are religious pictures of saints or clusters of saints or various holy happenings, and may be made of wood or brass or stamped silver or hand-wrought silver. Some of them are ornamented with enamel and semiprecious stones and most of them are very beautiful, albeit a trifle barbaric. The oldest and—to my way of thinking—most beautiful icons are those which are made of four brass plates about six inches square. Each plate is carved with four or more scenes from the Bible and inlaid with old Russian enamel, and the plates can be folded into each other so that they appear to be a single plate. They cannot be imitated, and when they occasionally appear in New York antique shops they bring very high prices indeed. Even in Russia perfect specimens of this type are not common. In 1918 a Russian in Siberia offered me a fair specimen, without enamel, for the equivalent of one hundred dollars. Yet—I mention this to show that you still can find bargains if you know what you want—I ran across a perfect specimen of folding icon, beautifully enameled, in a little shop on the Rue Saints Pères in 1921, and the shopkeeper sold it to me for six and a half dollars.

Stuck Going and Coming

Away back before the war, when one dollar could easily do the work that four dollars now get apoplexy over, I bought a pair of pewter candlesticks for a few dollars in a New York antique shop. Their design was good, and I hunted fruitlessly for a similar pair in many cities. Last winter, while walking past the long row of bookstalls and near-antique stalls that line the left bank of the Seine, my eye caught sight of a familiar-looking candlestick. I investigated and found a pair similar in every respect to the pair I had bought in New York. They were in exactly the same excellent state of repair, and had unquestionably come from the same mold. The price of the pair was sixty cents, and I felt guilty when I carried them away. I have never seen another candlestick like them.

Antiques can be brought into the United States free of duty if their antiquity is greater than one hundred years. Foreign countries, however, have started to charge an export duty on antiques. This has given rise to a situation that has caused enormous amounts of hair-tearing and tooth-gnashing. A young man of my acquaintance shipped a lot of antiques to America from Italy. The Italian Government looked them over, admitted that they were antiques and charged him a generous export tax. When they reached New York the customs officials looked them over in turn and informed him that he could set himself to pay duty on all of them. The wails of the young man made the welkin ring resonantly.

"They are antiques," he protested, "and so are exempt from duty."

The customs officials looked at him pityingly.

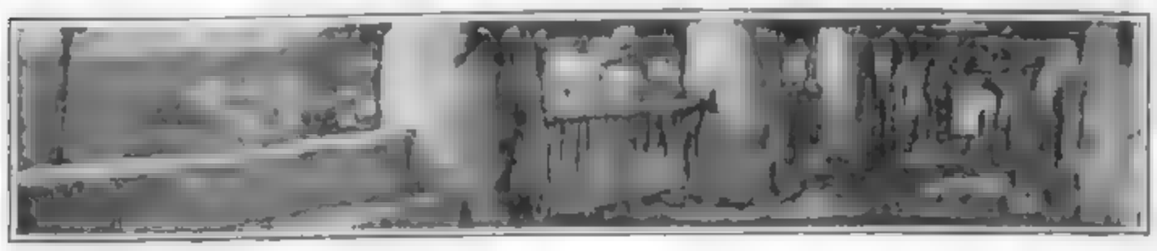
"Antiques our neck!" they replied in effect. "They're about as antique as a three-dollar alarm clock!"

And the young man paid. That's one of the little things that antique weevils ought to bear in mind.

Among the antiques that I shipped home from Italy was a fine specimen of a pewter paten, which is a flat dish elevated about four inches on a single fat leg. A customs inspector came from Portland to Kennebunkport to open up the packing cases, and the Kennebunkporter who happened to be assisting in the freight shed that day crowded up close to the proceedings and watched the unpacking with somewhat aloof interest. Some of the venerable objects which were uncovered filled him with evident contempt, and when the dingy and battered paten came to light he could restrain himself no longer.

"Gosh!" he bawled, with a burst of Homeric laughter. "Why in time do folks want to ship stuff like that across the ocean?"

Sometimes I wonder why myself.



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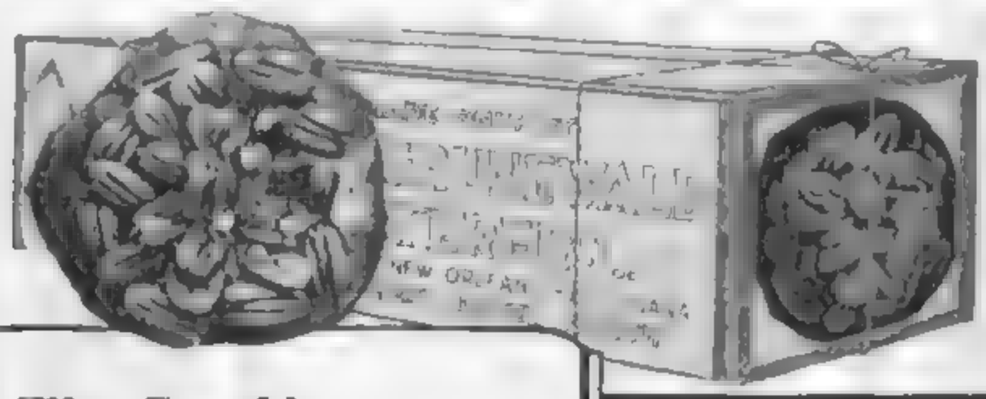

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ORIGINAL
CREOLE PRALINES
GRUNEWALD

COUNTRY LIFE IN OLD RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 7)

summertime, and in winter boots like the men's; but I am bound to say that nearly always have I seen these ladies tramping along the roads of Bouromka carrying their footgear slung across their shoulders by a string, and their short, broad and rather flat feet plodding on in tranquil freedom.

These northern-blooded Slavs were slow to anger, but their feuds were more enduring than were those of the hot-tempered southerners in the villages about them. Their church was large and beautiful of architecture and the splendid trees around it were cared for and respected. The whole village of Mihailovka was a pretty sight, but it had the reputation of being poor for Little Russia, and its people lived in somber solitude on the northern portion of our Bouromka estate.

The manner of these northerners' arrival in our midst was curious to me. A century or so ago, it seems, the owner of Bouromka had decided to build a distillery. The people of a certain province in the north were well known to be experts at the production of vodka. So, sending north an agent whom he could trust, the master charged the latter to choose and buy for him a whole village of these people, and he moved them in a body south to his own district.

Since then Mihailovka had been built and Kassoulia had grown rich.

Some fifteen or twenty miles away from this village stood another, also with a lovely church of white stucco and Empire architecture, smothered in fine trees. Here the population was descended from the Cossack freemen, who in olden days had wandered over steppe lands as the vikings swept the seas. When the nomad times and later those of battle had passed these tribes had settled in villages scattered over the plains of Little Russia. More nervous, thinner, straighter, the type of these peasants was quite different from that in our other villages. They dressed in identical manner, but they lived in smaller, different cottages, more neatly and compactly arranged and better furnished. They had a larger school and used it for their children, and they seemed generally more prosperous as well as more adventurous than the rest of our village folks.

Peasants of the Better Class

They had never been serfs, and their independent ways struck one. They had furnished good soldiers, especially for cavalry service, to our armies. During the war, both in 1904 and after 1914, they had managed their own affairs without calling on us either for food or for advice, which they usually resented. Many of them sold out and emigrated to Siberian fields after the land reforms in 1910. Their brains were capable, their bodies lithe and slim. They had delicate, regular features, clear, steady eyes, independent spirits, and were a fine type altogether, with great potential qualities of body and of mind. They were more civilized than their brethren in the other villages. The women did less heavy work, and to carry a burden, instead of ladening their backs or filling their arms, they had tiny carts like a child's express wagon on which the load was placed, and they dragged it to its destination then with less fatigue. They also had more utensils of local pottery for cooking, and more finery to wear, and from Leshovka many a bold man went forth and made a success in the big world of town or city.

The village was built on a small hill, and the inhabitants climbed up and down its sides with energy, and seemed to like the wind. The sunny side of the hill was chosen to lay out gardens, where they raised fruit and vegetables, a thing our other peasants never cared to do. They also had excellent horses and cattle.

Many among the older ones of these peasants could read and write. Like all Russians, they were musical, and their part singing was well worth a trip to the village church to hear. They drove close bargains with us, but they worked hard and cared well for the land, and were always able to pay a big price when they chose for the best of the property we offered to rent out. These pretty Cossack women of Leshovka held themselves and moved with ease and pride.

Leshovka was a village I enjoyed driving through always, for it seemed much less poverty-stricken and was more civilized than any other within our possessions. Big Bouromka at our gates was quite different. With six thousand inhabitants, it was more patriarchal, less independent in its attitude. In old days, as serfs, this group supplied the labor on those parts of the estates which our family cultivated. Also, all the household servants and the people who worked in stables or shops, in the distillery, the flour mill and the brick factory came from this big village. They represented the local Ukrainian race and had the pronounced type of Little Russia. A northern strain was visible in some few blond individuals, but in the main their faces were dark and southern. With vivacious black eyes, many gestures and more talk than Russians of the north, they combined a shrewd quickness in adapting themselves to circumstances and people, and a capacity for getting the most effect out of the least effort, which won for them over all Russia a reputation for cunning incorporated in many a story. Smiling and amiable always, they made delightful servants. Intelligent to a degree, and devoted, they divined what one wanted before one could express a desire, and they catered to one's habits or whims with perfect understanding. Yet they were lazy and happy-go-lucky, and generally quite unscrupulous about small things, and immensely talented. They would never steal money or valuables. We could leave these in our rooms lying about with confidence; but cigarettes, fruits, candies, firewood or boards were always mysteriously disappearing; while one's servants, with the apparent innocence of so many children, would sympathize with one's losses and squabble over the probable thief, putting much violence into their accusations of one another.

The Singing Berry Pickers

The old housekeeper at Bouromka would keep our provisions of rice, sugar, cookies, and the like, carefully locked up in the great storeroom of the château, and punished the young girls among her aids who lurked about in the hope of getting some goody; yet these culprits would receive a comfortable portion of such things to bribe them or in recompense for some small service to Grandmother Ann-Wladimir, the tyrant who held the keys; and we knew that most of our people carried dainties back to their families in the village with the connivance of this old dame who scolded them so, or even boxed their ears. As the saying went, one looked through one's fingers at such occurrences in running the house, for leakage was part of the patriarchal charm of life; and though the young girls who, thirty to fifty at a time, picked strawberries, cherries or currants for preserving were made to sing in order that they should be unable to eat the fruits, one might count with certainty that their momentary self-denial would later be made up to them in some other way. They were most amusing to deal with—exactly like a lot of children; full of charm and easily amused, so grateful for small kindnesses, so confiding and devoted, so full of faith.

A queer type of Christian these peasants were—primitive, childish again, but with a deep belief which must have been near that of the early followers of Christ. Forgiving the failings of their brother sinners with all their hearts, they expected fully to be pardoned for their own; ready to aid others, even to their last kopeck and food or clothes, they in all simplicity expected to receive the same kindly help in their own time, should need present itself.

I have never seen hospitality or charity offered so royally and with such dignity as by provincial Russians, and also it was always accepted without embarrassment or lack of dignity.

In town a dozen houses where hospitable boards were spread claimed a visit from us, and our greetings and good wishes between the midnight mass and early dawn; but in the country, though the château gathering included the priest, schoolmaster, ispravnik—official government head of police for the district—and superintendent, with their wives, we stayed still and thought with pleasure of the homely groups in nearly all the *katas*—peasant cottages—where radiant faces reflected light hearts and where only kindly feelings reigned. Scraps of songs, shouts of joy often drifted

(Continued on Page 55)

A Good Sign

The Havoline Sign—displayed by all dealers who sell Havoline Oil—beckons to all car owners in search of a lubricant of the highest quality. It is a good sign for owner and dealer alike.

For Havoline we make none of the hackneyed claims so common in motor oil parlance. At this late date they are out of place. Havoline was the first high grade, branded oil put on the market. Before many other oils were known by name, it had made thousands of staunch friends.

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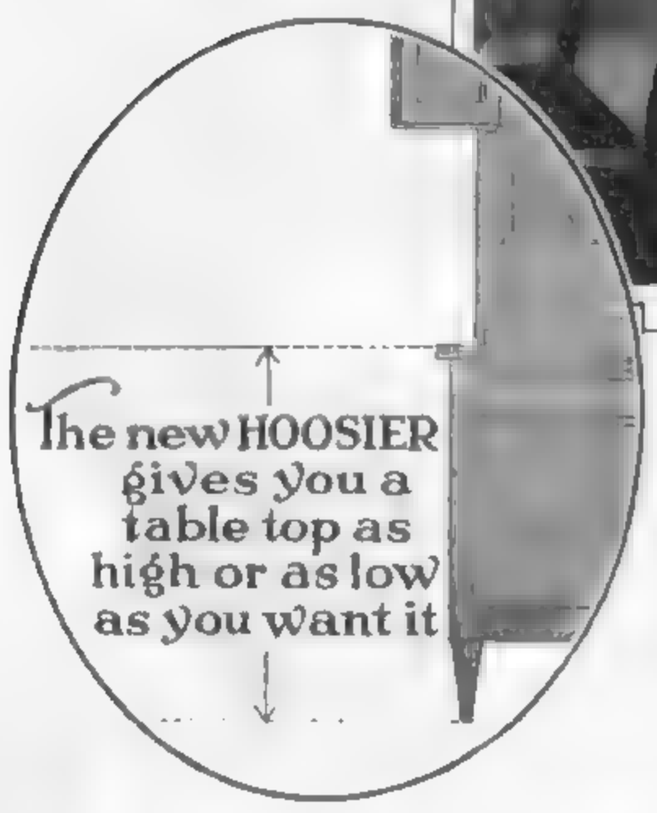

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(Continued from Page 82)

to us across the planted acres of the park; but I have no remembrance of any angry or discordant notes in all the village din, and no one felt ill will toward others. Russia seemed a nursery of happy children who ate and drank and sang throughout the night and also during Easter Sunday. Vodka had generally done its work by Sunday noon, and for a day or two after the majority of our villagers were very soundly sleeping.

Life at the château was a pleasant one for those who were fond of the land and its simple pleasures and healthy interests. My mother-in-law was always busy, keeping the gardeners at work, planting and cutting trees, laying out new roads in the great park, making additions to the house and terraces, the flower gardens and the tree nurseries, the fruit gardens and espaliers.

The farm, the poultry yards, the dairy and to a lesser degree the shops, factories and studs, together with the forests, were her pet occupations. She found time to read out loud to us all, and to knit and walk and drive, as well as for a game of bridge—her favorite relaxation. For our family much real work mixed itself with the many pleasures of the land.

There was all the administration of the thirty thousand acres—only a small part of which was farmed out—to give one occupation; the rotation of the crops for the earth's best exploitation, with its scientific fertilizing and cultivation; the proper cutting and planting of the forest lands; the hay raising in the meadows; the breeding and raising of our cattle, horses and sheep; the general economy to make each acre yield its best at minimum expense. This, with the work at the mill, at the distillery, in the shops and the offices, was a man's job, and was well handled by my brother-in-law, together with our superintendent.

My husband's functions in the estate's administration, because of his prolonged absences on military service, were merely consultative. For the younger women—my sisters-in-law and myself—there were the morning rides on horseback over the steppe lands or through the woods and the afternoon drives to see various parts of the estate and the activities being carried on on all sides—the lace and carpet schools which the princess had given to the village, the Ministry of Education's school and that of the parish, the convalescents' home for our wounded during the war years.

Friendly Peasants

Poltava province is the very heart of the Ukraine and offers some of the most charming scenery in Russia. Bouromka was one of two or three most lovely homes, and one of the richest of the great estates; and whether one looked out over the vast expanses of splendid waving grain, or whether one galloped in autumn over miles of springy stubble, or whether horses wandered with slow, lazy step along the gay river and through the charming oak forests, one always had the same joy in the color and the brilliancy of our Little Russian sky and the softness of the air. Life was so easy and well organized, one felt surrounded with devotion from the country folks. Those in the house were brought close to us by their service and we were fond of their quaint ways. They bridged the distance between the château and the village and brought us their daily troubles or small joys. When one drove by the cottages the smiles one won from them made our people seem our friends, and kindly friends I prized exceedingly.

Their lives seemed to me at first both sad and empty, and for a long time I tried to understand why they of all Europe should be so far behind the farmers of other countries, when they were in reality so very quick and capable. The world doubtless had been against them, and their own best natural characteristics had played them tricks. Nomadic patriarchal habits, a life spent between the rich black earth and the blue sky, with a dreamy taste for legend and for song, had made them gentle and idealistic, casual and patient, ready to drift with the changing seasons and conditions in which they found themselves. Viking and Byzantine influence on the upper classes had decided their fate, and the vague Slav hordes had been finally settled in spots. Agriculture had begun. Then the peasants had been allowed to loaf through the long winter while it was dark and cold.

The soil was so rich it required comparatively little effort to obtain what seemed a large harvest, so they kept their herds and their patriarchal democratic forms of life, and lived on beneath the sunny skies they loved. Consequently they were easily led into the new occupations, which still greatly resembled those of their old life. A new poetic touch was added to existence. Brought by Byzantine influence, Christianity was introduced, and in its early splendor it appealed vastly to the Russian mind. The peasant wove his own primitive superstitions into this new religion. He found it easy to fit his rustic ways to the rules of prophets and apostles who were as simple as himself. Later on the Tartar conquerors brought to these Slavs new rigors of domination, and they were obliged to labor harder to pay the tribute these arrogant masters of their land demanded. Even the nobles dared not resist the tyrants from the East.

Under our Russians' patient exterior, however, indignation and a desire for revenge were piling up, until rebellion came. The gentle Russians were found to be good fighters then. With the victory over foreign foes, Russian autocracy, its court modeled on those of the Orient, its splendor resembling in many ways the magnificence of the khans, was inaugurated. People in the villages had grown to habits of obedience and of hard work; but now and again their old tastes told, and a whole village would migrate north or south, east or west, as fancy moved them, leaving behind conditions or a master they disliked.

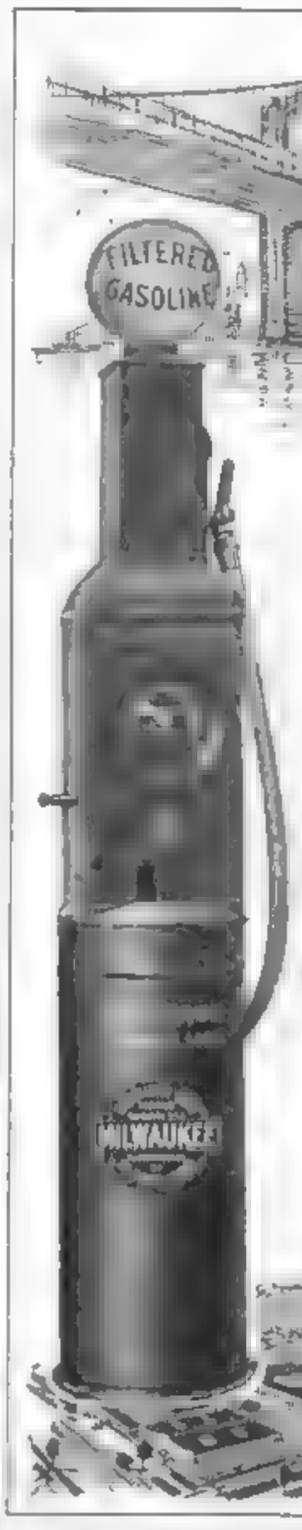
The System of Serfdom

Puzzled as to how they might be forced to remain where their strength was needed for productive purposes, anxious especially to win the nobility to his rule, the then Czar Boris Godunoff fixed the peasants by law to the lands where they were born and gave them body and soul to the proprietors of each estate. Then came the long period of serfage for the Russian peasant, where, dependent for two centuries on the master's whim for his happiness, it brought out in him the best and worst of his traits—patience in suffering or with work in hard conditions, adroitness in catering to those above. Favoritism developed fear of punishment from which there was no appeal, lazy enjoyment of any pleasure possible, waste without counting for the morrow, since one had no responsibility or obligation to do more than get through appointed tasks from which escape was impossible.

The fact that the owner of serfs was of one race and religion with his peasants and had many similar traits helped matters very much, for he too was very generally a gentle, kindly, careless man with a fondness for the childish crowd about him, and tolerant of their faults. Amused by their ways, ready to aid them in their troubles, he did them as much good as he chanced to discover a need for, and generally he lived with his serfs in amiably patronizing relations.

There is no denying the bad side of this system: its encouragement to selfish enjoyment, to cruelty and exploitation on the one hand; to irresponsibility, lack of initiative, trickery and sloth on the other. But strangely enough, in a general way, especially after the period of Peter the Great, when the nobility lost all power in the government and turned back to their estates for occupation, the Russian aristocrat was the peasantry's best friend. He even made an effort to teach the peasants and to develop them in various branches of industrial work. He gave the village its training in manual labor of many kinds, and frequently if a peasant boy or girl showed aptitude in art or science the child's education was at once undertaken and cared for by the owner, who carried all this through with real generosity and understanding pride.

It was largely among the nobles that the fomentation of liberal ideas took place which eventually brought about the liberation of the serfs by Alexander II. After this, through thirty years or more, the Russian landowners did much, at least in the province of Poltava, to help their peasants forward, and that with little or no encouragement from the bureaucratic government, which was an enemy of both these castes belonging on the land. It was not till the reforms which—following the revolution—in 1906 gave the peasant as an individual his land rights that any great



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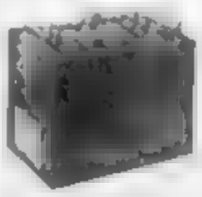

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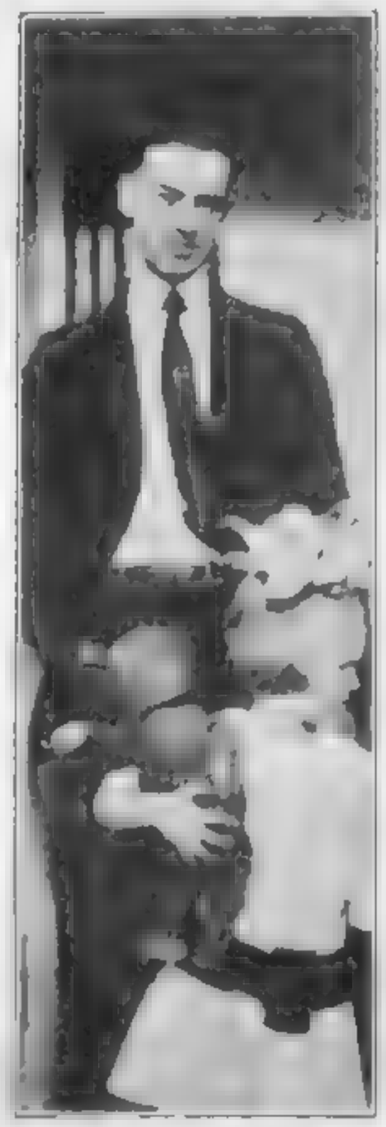

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progress was noticeable. He showed love of independence at once, and met well the responsibility of his new rôle. Till then he had had but a share in the ground owned by his village commune—mir—but now the peasantry came out of its long, sleepy, adolescent days into a full and worthwhile manhood. Slothful ways fell from our farmers in nine cases out of ten, and it was amusing and touching to see men who had grown so slowly under the old system spring into sudden life and turn to work on possessions which now in fact as well as theory became their own. And Mother Earth responded to their love and care.

I heard from a wise statesman, who knew his Russia well, how strongly he felt that if in 1861 the Emperor Alexander II had proclaimed the law giving our peasantry these rights of individual possession we would never have had the revolution of 1917. At the début of their release from serfdom the people were deprived of all reason for giving their large share of the national property good cultivation. It warped each man's mentality to have no obligation and no incentive to work harder than the next man, and the false humanitarianism which protected the weaker members at the expense of the stronger men among them was most unfair.

The peasants argued somewhat on the following lines: If the land did not belong to them individually, even after freedom had been granted, then why should the gentry own their share of the earth in a different way? The land evidently belonged to God or to the emperor, who could dispose of it at will. Brought up in the village commune, the peasants' moral atmosphere became vitiated. With no feeling of proprietorship, there was nothing in this group instinct to prevent the growth of a desire to profit by the neighbor's loss, no real feeling of the rights of anyone. Even in the short time between 1906 and 1914 the Stolypin-Krivoshene laws brought immense relief in this situation, and if twenty-five years of peaceful development had been granted Russia it would have wrought miracles.

The Land Reform

It was not the lack of land, generally speaking, which was so fatal, for the peasant class owned some 34 per cent of all Russia's agricultural lands, but its bad cultivation by the peasants, who were strangled by their commune. Individual ownership, together with practical training, could undoubtedly have brought our people forward immensely. As it was, the villages at Bouromka developed wonderfully during the three or four years previous to the war. The homes as well as the fields testified to the pride, enthusiasm and practical capacities which had been roused by individual ownership among our peasant class.

These new laws and the development which grew from them after 1906 made a great impression on my mind, as I had felt so sorry for our people during many years and had been anxious to see their lives made brighter. Schools had been provided and the home industries were being taught to the women on the estate as well as to the children; but till the land reform came results were negligible. By 1914 there was many a little home which would have done credit to Western Europe. The owners and their wives were also most comfortably clothed. The women even grew quite splendid in their dress, and sported red-leather boots and fur cloaks, the sheep wool well tanned and turned inside for warmth, while the outside was highly decorated with designs of red or green or blue leather sewed on them. The village feasts and celebrations sounded very gay as songs and laughter floated to us across the park. The autumn was the most animated season. The conscripts were gathered for their military service, and during the week previous to their departure the village entertained them and much vodka was absorbed. Later the classes which had finished their service that year returned, and then the village was full of enthusiasm over these trim soldiers, grown so handsome with proper training, good food and grooming. Soon they married. In fact the fall was the time of weddings in Bouromka village, and our quiet little maids, the Warkas and Ludmillas, the Dashas and the Moulinas, came to present an embroidered towel to their mistress at the château and to get her blessing and her gifts—generally an icon and a roll of money, some twenty-five rubles or so, to supply the expenses of the bride's trousseau.

The girls were so pretty in their lovely national dress—on their heads the bejeweled and pearl-embroidered kakoshniki, with long veils hanging to the bottom of their skirts. They made charming brides, with fresh young faces and bright dark eyes so framed, and of all Russians these Ukrainians have the prettiest features and most slender figures. Frequently one was struck by their lithe forms as well as by their slim, long-fingered hands and well-arched insteps, and I was always stopping on some dusty road to note with admiration the imprint of a peasant foot—the marks of five toes and the narrow ball, then of a tiny heel, with a space between them. Yet the owner of that foot was probably carrying a load.

They all rode on horseback easily, and men and women did heavy work at harvest time with graceful postures and movements that made their labor seem a pleasure. Young girls especially furnished a large contingent of the hands in field, garden and household service corps, and they were a most attractive group to have about. They were especially decorative in the park or the flower gardens, and a delight to ears as well as eyes, for they sang continuously—solos, part songs or in chorus—and their voices were soft and pure, rich and full of temperament. Through all their gayety, however, I noticed always the sad wailing undercurrent which has been a dominant trait of Russia's art for centuries back.

On the surface the Ukrainians were gay and the villages seemed cozy and attractive, nestling in some low hollow spot where wind and snow could sweep across the steppes above their population's heads The winter, though not long, is very cold, and the sheds and shelters for domestic animals are huddled against the *hatas'* walls, both for protection and to make feeding easier. Toward spring, with the drowsiness of winter life shaken off, the country and the people bloom anew together, and the sowing of the summer wheat or of other crops begins. The haying, then the harvesting fill midsummer, the latter ending in a pretty feast, when girls and boys dance and sing on the market place and the village is decorated with wreaths of wheat tied by bright ribbons. The priest's thanksgivings contribute their more serious note. There is also the blessing of the wells and of the orchards at the proper season, without which the first would go dry and our trees would not bear fruit, I was told. I loved these typical ceremonies, where our clergy, with grave mien and dressed in brocade robes, went about the estate surrounded by a delightful group of picturesque people who listened to all services with due respect and with innocent, rapt faces.

Fighting Village Fires

One event in the village filled everyone with dismay always. It was the ringing of our church bells with quick strokes to give the fire alarm. It was the single rapid action I connect with Russian country life, and one's heart stood still when one heard the call, for the peasants' only defense against fire was the little lake, a hand pump on wheels with a few yards of hose and volunteers with buckets. During the long dry summer the tinder-box *hatas*, with their thatched roofs huddled one against another, were an easy prey to flames, yet hardly ever were lives lost, for all structures were but a single story high. The little homes contained, however, each one of them, all the treasures of a family group, and in no time they burned. Nothing worth mentioning ever seemed to be saved. The women stood about and wailed when fires occurred, like paid mourners at a funeral. They used a standardized, loud, regular cry, which the first time it was heard distressed one and later got on one's nerves. Half the time these females, I found, had no concern for or sympathy with the trouble and were doing merely the proper thing socially in making all that noise. It was difficult to persuade them to stop the racket and get to work aiding the men pass buckets or to care for a child or an invalid now and again.

Another curious old custom I came upon was that it was traditionally accepted as a good thing to walk around the burning houses with a fresh egg in one's hand. I tried to find out how that egg affected the situation and never discovered anyone who could supply me with the desired information, but at least one egg seemed to be circulating at every village fire I ever saw.

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 86)

The château turned out when the church bell gave its sudden signal of distress. Night or day, we all hurried into old clothes, and by the time we were ready an open basket carriage or two, with rapid troika horses and the head coachman in his stable costume, were at the door. All this occurred as a habit, without orders being given, and every one of our twenty or thirty stable men had his appointed task, which was carried out with precision and great rapidity.

When we reached the scene of trouble our fire engines, with hooks and ladders, hatchets and buckets and three large pumps, were already there with two or three of the underintendants in charge and enough expert machinists from our shops to handle the situation. The peasants supplied hand power and were most obedient and helpful, while we women from the château did special duty on the outside edges of the fire line, looking after the children and such goods as could be saved, taking care of any invalids or old people, or trying to comfort those who were losing their houses.

My mother-in-law always promised the materials for rebuilding; everyone who needed it was fed from the château, and there was much help given to the sufferers. It was generally a terrific task to persuade our peasants to allow the fire line to be drawn, to allow the thorough wetting and occasionally the tearing down of buildings or even shanties about the fire in order to prevent the flames from spreading. Generally my husband or brother-in-law was obliged to scold and to give arbitrary orders, as the superintendent had not sufficient influence to quell the people's protests. In all this, as in much else, they were like children; and, as always in such cases, they were quite willing to listen to and obey our family, though they considered that others had no authority over them.

Only the richer and more developed peasants had anything insured. They had thought it a good idea to copy us, while the rest of our village population felt it was foolish to pay money to an outsider for no immediately visible results.

The Glories of Autumn

Through harvest time the scenes on the estate were lovely, and the mellow lights of August gave to the earth a special soft richness of atmosphere, one of lingering warmth. One counted with gratitude the sacks of grain our threshing machines were turning out per day, and life seemed good when the tally proved the wealth which autumn sales would bring us. Once the crops were in, the machinery put away, the autumn work began. It was cleaning and putting the machinery and everything in order, cutting and planting in the forests and the nurseries, gathering the fruits, plowing and sowing the winter grain.

To know the charm of autumn in Little Russia one must have lived a season through there. I loved it—the chrysanthemums and splendid fruits; the golden glories of our woods; the fragrance of the chocolate-colored damp earth as sharp plows turned it over in rich furrows; and the soft step of the magnificent gray cattle as teams of six or eight oxen dragged the glistening machinery to the accompaniment of gentle persuasion from the men and girls who guided them and addressed their animals with slow, rhythmic calls. This was the hunting season, too, and Bouromka was at its gayest then, with the château full of guests, generally old friends of one or another member of our family circle. They had most of them for years come to Bouromka each autumn, some for a few days' hunting, bringing their hounds and horses, their huntsmen and their kennel boys; others—older men and women—came for rest only, and the fine air.

For the latter group there was golf or shooting, since both birds and hare were plentiful, and the beautiful walks and drives were always there to tempt us out into the open. Often we could even sit out much of the day, till the late autumn rains set in. The picturesque southern terrace of the château was quite warm. Evening brought the sporty and the lazy members of the house party together, dinner in the great paneled dining room being the only function of our whole day. It was a gay group which assembled. Usually a few elderly beaux of the princess mother gathered about her at the table's center, then the younger generation, busy with tales of their work and pleasure, were placed; and finally the children, who, though only allowed to join in our talk when invited to do so by their elders, were often quite amusing. For the rest, they played gladly just the rôle of sympathetic audience, a gay laugh always ready for the stories of one uncle or another. At the table ends three or four governesses closed the horizon and sat with proper seriousness and stiffness throughout the meal.

Masses of belated flowers from the gardens and the hothouses, prize fruits from the princess' espalier fruit trees, beef, poultry, pork and vegetables, with cream and butter, one could be legitimately proud to have produced upon the place; soft candlelight which put the ugliest woman in a good humor; old wines and rare liqueurs, since Bouromka's cellars were among the best in the empire—all these contributed to the charm of those old times. Pretty light gowns and the men's uniforms enhanced the distinction of the thoroughbred company. After dinner came a pleasant evening in the large salons, with cards and billiards, gossip and music alternating with one another to give the hours wings; we parted late, in true Russian fashion, to dream of the pleasures planned for another day.

The hunting itself was one of the most typical occupations of old Russia, and all its ceremonial was most complicated, carried out as it had been through centuries past. The race of our *borzoi*, or wolfhound, was apparently as ancient as the land itself, and the costumes, saddles and all the paraphernalia were of design and material rooted in traditions too ancient to be dated at all.

Following the Hounds

Early morning starts long days of intense excitement and fatigue, strain on eyes and arms, not to mention tempers; delights and triumphs for the men and women ready to test all this. The rolling prairies and the deep-blue sky; the mysterious marshes and the golden forests, where a gamy hare or fox could hide; the long blue riding cloaks, full skirted, and the smart scarlet and black fur Cossack caps of the men and boys, who stood like statues at their appointed places controlling two or three splendid, straining hounds. The latter, while waiting for their prey to appear, made one feel conviction that a more splendid animal than the *borzoi* watching, one could not imagine. Elegance personified, with his long, shaggy, silken fur covering, the graceful strength of back and limbs, alert head and enormous eyes intently turned to the horizon, while a stillness that weighed on one reigned as the hunter, half hidden in convenient shadow of high brush or other protection, held his hounds in leash.

These hounds have almost no sense of smell, and depend on their protruding eyes and quick hearing for success; so they watch and listen as carefully as the man behind them, who sits his horse with an ease and confidence begotten of generations of hunters' blood. Men and animals are quite unconscious of the picture they make, grouped on such a perfect background. They don't know they look like Persian miniatures or Tartars of the Middle Ages, when splendor of equipment decorated every sport. Their silver or gilt filigree buttons, their engraved metal daggers with steel blades of the best that Damascus has produced—all this finery is very becoming to our men's types, whether it be the nervous, dark, thin face of the Little Russian and the Cossack or whether the face be that of a snub-nosed blond giant from the north.

Even the onlooker felt excited by the wait, and one tingled from the biting air. Soon a hare would break from some distant cover, frightened by the beaters in the woods. He would come running at top speed across the stubble, all unconscious of the danger lurking in the shadows there. Men and hounds for a moment bent in added tensity; then, the calculation of distance being exactly made, the leash was slipped and the hounds, which had been crouching ready for action, sprang as from a trap and rushed in hot pursuit. The rider followed, encouraging his *borzois* with wild shouts. They would go careering down the plain like mad, and if the race was long, or should a *borzoi* show fatigue or hurt himself, another huntsman placed a little farther down the line would slip his hounds' leash and, following, enable his unit to join in the sport.

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What was most amusing to me was to watch my boy aged fourteen and the girl just over ten years old hunting with their father. Dressed in miniature appropriate togs, they were both as keen as any of the sporty party, and the boy held one large white *borzoi* on his leash, which, with his pony, was all his strength could manage to control. Little Bertha could manage only herself and her mount. She was therefore always placed with the head huntaman, and what she lacked in strength she more than made up in quickness and in enthusiasm. Her big brown eyes almost popped out of their sockets with delight and saw farther than any other pair an approaching hare or fox. She had the great triumph during the last season before the war of getting the first and best fox of the year, and she made a boa of it. The children rode with the perfect seat of young cowboys.

Sometimes the whole of Bouromka's hunting group departed with their horses and their hounds to make a round of visits, returning those made to us or trying for new game and new experiences. Most exciting of all, each year my husband traveled for a time with his chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaiovitch, and he ended the season always at the latter's hunting estate, Pershino. Hounds, horses, huntsmen were all taken in two private trains, for the masters and for the service.

The Grand Duke's Trains

The grand duke took two packs of his own hounds—his *borzois* and his foxhounds, which latter were used to scent game and drive it out of the woods and bogs. His guests brought only three or four *spora*, or teams of three hounds each. Every team was a perfectly trained unit, and as perfectly matched for strength and rapidity as was possible. Each guest also took his own huntsmen and his personal body servant with him. All these were dressed in the classic fur bonnets and long, full-skirted cloaks, carried out in the family colors of their masters. Save for colors and quality, the masters wore the same type of clothes themselves.

On the grand duke's trains there were sleeping quarters, service, kitchen and baggage cars and an attractive dining and sitting room car, where his guests congregated. It was a gay group of friends who sat about that dinner table, talking with their charming host till late into the night. He did the honors with a personal show of warmth which made aide-de-camp and visitor feel they were friends and comrades in their chosen sport; but, as everywhere else, the power of his physical, mental and moral excellence dominated those whom he drew to him. Not only was he stunning in his picturesque dress but he rode well, knew more about the science of hunting and the breeding of the *borzois* than any other man, and his Pershino race of hounds was the standard of perfection both for the racing done in early spring and for the work and strain of autumn hunting. He never bragged, was always anxious to aid others and to encourage our national and most typical of sports. Those who knew this many-sided man, and loved him, always thought him at his best in the field among his hounds.

The hunts with his old chief were the most exciting Mike had. They were in the wilder portions of the steppes, where some of the crown lands or those of the rich aristocrats were visited. Less cultivated than our Poltava province, wolves were often still to be found; yet the company lacked nothing, for they had taken much of comfort with them in those two luxurious trains. Before dawn these were both drawn up at some way station, and by the time the party had dressed and breakfasted a fanfare of huntsmen's horns sounded their call and day had broken.

The grand duke and his guests stepped from their cars then to find the hunt lined up. On one side of the trains the black-and-tan foxhounds stood in a pack, tails waving with delight, and kept together by their huntsmen, all in bright red costumes. On the opposite side were the *borzois*, with their boys and keepers dressed in dark blue. Lazily lolling or sitting, the hounds were leashed in threes, waiting for the next signal. Everyone mounted, and the grand duke with his guests chose which animals they would use through the morning hours, and left the other hounds and horses in reserve for their afternoon's work.

The chief, or someone he appointed, placed each huntsman on his or her number and they waited there, while the foxhounds roamed the near-by woods to start up the game. A frightful din commenced. The horns, the calls and the baying soon roused the animal they were after, and a big fine wolf on the horizon was the signal for a wild chase and excitement of hunters and hounds. Sometimes the wolf, when run down, would fight; but the best trained and the strongest *borzois* were put against him and generally he was quickly mastered.

Preparing for Winter

An admirable lunch brought from the train and eaten picnic fashion, a change of mount and hounds, and sport made the afternoon hours fly. It was dark when the party, tired but content, returned to their cars and to dinner. These hunting trips ended with a week at Pershino, where game was very plentiful and where many other pleasures were added to the days of sport. Neighbors came to dine and joined the party for the picnic luncheons. In the evening cards or music, gypsy singers especially, added their quota of interest.

The grand duke was exceedingly fond of this typical music, and in spite of the fatigues of a long day of sport would sit late listening to the beautiful strains of Mother Volga or the legends of the Moscow period of our history put to rhythmic melodies by the gypsy band. Those who have not heard these songs and the strange rich wail of the Russian gypsies' music have missed one of the nation's greatest attractions. Evenings—or rather nights—thus spent leave me an impression as typical as do the religious memories of our church services. All this went with the sky's great expanses and with the mystery of the steppes and forests, typifying Russia.

Long after the balmy sun of the old woman's summer—as charming a season as is the Indian summer in the United States—was replaced by the gentle rains, which lasted through November usually, and covered the period when the winter grain sprouted and the rest of our agricultural land was plowed up and prepared for spring; long after this the peasant worked on in the woods, cutting and gathering material for building, for fuel and for market use. It was a season of cleaning up, a time for repairing homes and fences, or for doing any other chores about the village.

It was most amusing to see how some houses which stood in spots exposed to prairie winds were covered with blankets against the storms of winter coming on. Thatched roofs were fastened down securely with long thin switches tied with string, or weighted with whatever came to hand—generally a log of some size, since stones did not occur at all in our rich black earth—then reeds were brought up from the marshes, woven together and stood up against the wall of the *hata*, covering its outer sides from ground to roof, and this blanket was tied on in several thicknesses. The storms and the snowdrifts beat against such protections without reaching the inhabitants of the quaint little homes, and the village in its cold-weather garb took on a cozy, bundled-up aspect which I thought very picturesque indeed.

When the first snow fell and covered the whole country with its soft whiteness Bouromka grew into a scene from fairyland. One came upon it suddenly from the flat steppes—a hollow filled with habitations sparkling in the sun, and at the bottom of the fair slope a lake which reflected the heavens in its calm crystal. All up the farther side of the depression the houses were again piled helter-skelter, one above the other on terraces, while crowning them our lovely ancient church of white, with its green roofs and domes and golden crosses,

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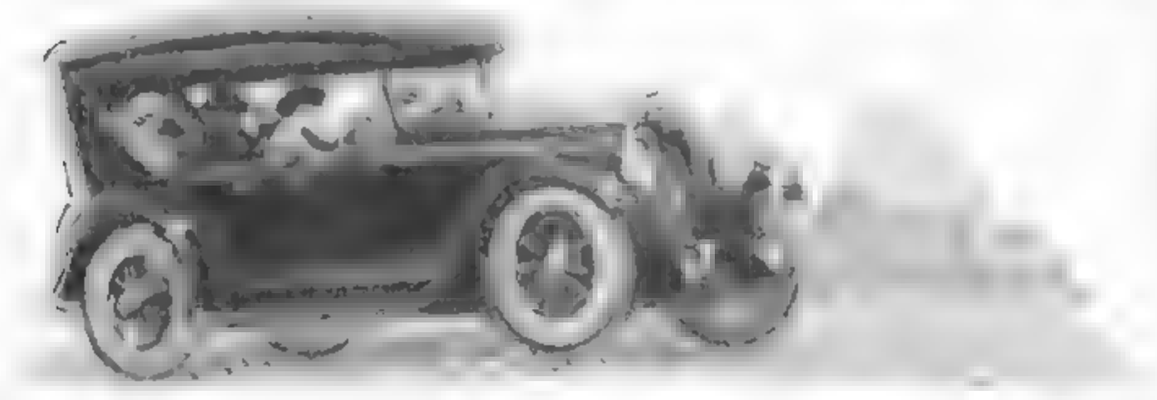

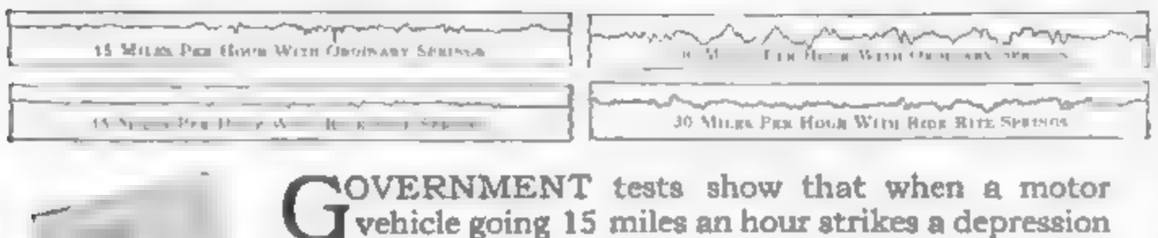

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outlined itself against the cloudless turquoise depths of sky. Smoke curled from every chimney, and here and there some peasant's figure moved, done up in furs and carrying a load, or driving some beast to water. Children playing gayly, and perhaps the soft low song of a woman, who thus forgot her burden of housework or crooned a lullaby, showed Bouromka held life, while high stacks of hay and straw and the animals were the only signs of wealth. But the household smoke and these little sounds in the surrounding silence gave the charm of comfort to the landscape. One could not but feel this was a season of real rest for the peasantry, and one was glad to have it so.

In each home the stove was warm. On it the bedding was spread and made a strange nest where a whole family slept; and though to my Western ideas this seemed an arrangement completely lacking attraction, to these people it was apparently most satisfactory thus to sleep in crowds. Sometimes the stove had several terraces, and the members of the household circle were scattered over them. Icons in a corner before which the sign of the cross was made at proper intervals—before meals and before sleep—with all due reverence; a few coarse pottery bowls and jars for the daily soups and kasha; a table, some chairs or benches of primitive shape, often handmade by their owner, with an ax and a coarse knife his only tools; a chest or two which held all clothes belonging to the family, and hanging about, if the wife were industrious, some gay embroideries on white linen which was homespun were all the furniture. Beneath the icons, and standing on a tiny shelf, was sometimes a taper or an oil lamp burning, sometimes a sprig of green in a small pottery jug, possibly a flowering plant or two; but these were rare luxuries and added notes of unusual cheer.

Every *hata* was full of children to overflowing. I never looked into our peasants' little homes without recalling the nursery rime of the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. Small cheery faces popped out from bedclothes, from under pillows or from behind such furniture as offered a hiding place, and in unbelievable numbers showed pairs of surprised eyes. Most of the children wore but one garment, a sort of straight shirt to their chubby knees, and this of homespun linen. In it a child would scamper out into the tiny courtyard, or even to the street, and back again to his place on the stove without suffering harm apparently from the sudden and great change of temperature. Such imprudence would have killed any but our hardy people; but they like heat and stand cold, and the contrasts are not much felt, I think. If they wandered far afield in the cold weather, however, they bundled up so they were imposingly massive, and lost in their winter silhouette their summer season's graceful elegance. Save to go to church and to feed their livestock, the Bouromka peasants hardly stepped out, but spent most of their winter shut in their *hatas*. The cold season was a time to sleep and eat and pray, so that with the springtime they might take up again life's round of duties in renewed primitive strength and obedience to those hard ancient laws they patiently followed.

I was always sorry when the time came for leaving Bouromka château for a season, as I loved to watch the village when it seemed to doze, wrapped in its cocoon.

After the revolution, as we left Russia—in January, 1918—knowing that Bolshevik rule was spreading its terror over our whole nation, I thought of quaint Bouromka, so far away on the southern steppe lands, buried beneath snow, and I wondered how it would stand the new ways and what our people there would do. I remembered how they had lived through those ancient centuries of hideous Tartar rule. How finally, when came their awakening from that bad dream, our people had slowly but surely driven the Tartar back.

Again there is a long and heavy tyranny to be endured. Yet I never doubt that the Russian people, once they have seen this as it is and feel their own might, will rise to overthrow the men who, pretending to idealism, have shown such lack of shame in hideous crime. After the Tartars were driven out Russia became a nation, and a great one; after the Bolsheviks' crime is ended will come that nation's rebirth and our people's real triumph of development and splendor.

Though Russia to-day seems to lie fainting, held down by her heavy pall of suffering, this is but a winter of inertia in her long life. With the spring's first appointed signal she will rouse herself and sally forth to overpower the aliens who have tried to crush her pride, her honor and her virtue to the earth. And those who know our peasant best feel most his future strength for good in our mysterious land.

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Table of Contents

January 21, 1922

Cover Design by Ellen B. T. Pyle

SHORT STORIES

PAGE

Gentle Annie—*Harry Leon Wilson* 3
Don Carlos Vittori—*Thomas Beer* 10
It'll Always Be Something—*Samuel Merwin* 14

ARTICLES

Country Life in Old Russia—*Princess Cantacusène* 6
The Notes of an Antique Weevil—*Kenneth L. Roberts* 8
Europe in Transition—*Isaac F. Marcosson* 12
The President's Forest—*Emerson Hough* 23

SERIALS

Only a Few of Us Left (Conclusion)—*J. P. Marquand* 17
The Driver (Fifth part)—*Garet Garrett* 20

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials 22
Sense and Nonsense 63

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address, as well as the new one.

A New Winter Resort

Fast New American Ships are Taking Thousands to South America This Year

NOW is the time to go to South America. Now as never before South America, the playground of nations, invites you. Its cafés and boulevards are filled with gay and sparkling multitudes. These are the warm and sunlit days of Summer. Everywhere is exquisite scenery —and modern luxury; the beauties of the Old World and the wonders of the New. And now, swift new ships will take you there in record breaking time. You should send the information blank below and learn more about South America and the luxurious new ships that take you there.

Now 5 Days Less

These new ships—21,000 ton oil burners—owned by the U. S. Government, sail from New York fortnightly and have brought South America 5 to 7 days nearer. All speed records have been broken. Rio de Janeiro is now only 11 days from New York. Montevideo and Buenos Aires are but a few days beyond. South America's treasure chest of pleasure and business opportunities is brought almost to your door. And the trip is now enhanced by all the comforts and conveniences of a modern hotel. These splendid new ships are operated for the U. S. Government by the Munson Steamship Lines, with 50 years of successful steamship experience.

The next sailings are:

S. S. Aeolus	*Feb. 2nd*
S. S. Huron	*Feb. 16th*
S. S. American Legion .	*Mar. 2nd*
S. S. Southern Cross . .	*Mar. 16th*

Fortnightly thereafter

For information regarding accommodations address

Munson Steamship Lines

67 Wall Street, New York City

Hotel Comforts at Sea

The spacious staterooms are equipped with beds, not berths, electric fans, running water, toilets, bed-reading lamps. Nearly all have private baths. A positive system of forced ventilation keeps the ship cool on the hottest days. Diversion for every hour is provided by the shaded promenades, library, card room, and grand salon for dancing. The food is prepared by chefs who know how to cook for Americans. The cuisine is unexcelled by the finest hotel.

A splendid new vacation will start the day you step on board. Send the information blank today (as thousands of Americans are doing). Read for yourself what South America offers—and how your ships have broken all records for service and speed.

Write for Booklet

Your Government wishes the name of every prospective traveler. If you are considering an ocean voyage anywhere, send the information blank now—no matter when you intend to go. You will receive without cost the Government's booklet of authentic travel information; complete description of the U. S. Government ships that sail to the ports in which you are interested, and descriptive literature telling the places to go and things to see in foreign lands. You will be under no obligation.

If you yourself cannot take an ocean trip, clip the information blank anyway and urge some friend who may go to send it in. Then you too will be helping the American Merchant Marine.

M

INFORMATION BLANK
To U. S. Shipping Board

Information Desk 2471 **Washington, D. C.**

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts and also information regarding the U. S. Government ships.

I am considering a trip to South America ☐ to Europe ☐ to The Orient ☐ —Will go first ☐ second ☐ third class ☐.

I have definitely decided to go ☐ I am merely considering the trip ☐ alone ☐ with family ☐ with others ☐.

If I go date will be about_____

*My Name*_____

*My Street No. or R. F. D.*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

Managing Operators for

United States Shipping Board

Information Desk 2471 **Washington, D. C.**

Fresh beef cannot be held for price advances

Swift & Company's 1922 Year Book tells why.
Your copy is ready.

Do You Know—

That your meat supply does not depend entirely upon the packers?

That the great beef markets lie hundreds of miles from the great live stock producing sections?

That fresh beef cannot be held for price advances?

What beef cuts are popular?

Why certain cuts cost more than others?

Whether wholesale meat prices have declined as live stock values dropped?

Do You Know—

How wide is the packer's market?

How meat and meat products are distributed to the world?

How management and employe keep in touch with each other's problems?

* * * *

A vital presentation of these big facts in the packing industry, as they affect your daily life, is made in the new Swift & Company 1922 Year Book.

Send for the book; read it; it is a revealing document; it is yours for the asking.

Address Swift & Company
4117 Packers Avenue, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 40,000 shareholders

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

THE floor of Armstrong's plain brown linoleum is a harmonious element in the color scheme of this comfortable and tastefully appointed living-room

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

A

The Floor is Linoleum

HERE is a charming living-room. The color harmonies of furniture, hangings, and floor add to the beauty and restfulness of the decorative scheme.

The floor in this room is linoleum—modern linoleum, such as you will now find in many attractive homes. Rugs are used on these floors, as on any floor.

There are many reasons why people like floors of Armstrong's Linoleum. Such floors are comfortable under foot—restful to walk on and stand on; and you may depend on them to remain permanently as smooth and solid as the day they were installed.

You keep these modern floors in perfect condition by occasional waxing and polishing. Expensive refinishing is never necessary—and no other floor is so easy to clean as linoleum.

As for decorative value—just go to your merchant and ask him to show you the plain colors, delicate two-toned Jaspés, inlaid designs, and really distinctive patterns from which you can choose in selecting Armstrong's Linoleum for the floors of your home.

A living-room of average size, 12 x 18 feet, can be floored with the B Gauge Plain Brown Linoleum shown in the illustration at a cost of about $55.00 (slightly higher in the far West). This linoleum is cemented down firmly over builders' deadening felt. A floor laid this modern way is not only durable, but beautiful.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT

946 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

(Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum suitable for kitchen, dining-room or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing colorplates of many pleasing and artistic designs.

Cleans

Windows Easily Quickly

A little Old Dutch folded into a thin, dry cloth sifts through, and cleans and polishes the glass. This method saves time; eliminates rewiping; avoids sloppy work. Use a damp cloth for obstinate accumulations

Economical · Thorough · Sanitary